

# MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY

1914



*J. W. Brough*

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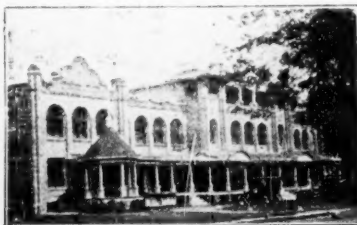
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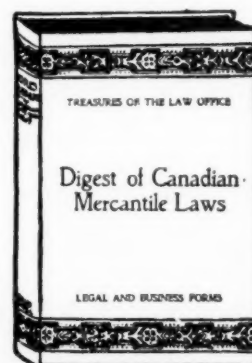
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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Edited by Frank Mackenzie Chapman

## FEBRUARY, 1914

### CONTENTS

#### CANADIAN SPECIALS

- The Solidarity of the Gooderhams** - W. A. Craick 5  
**Wm. McMaster's Dynamics.** C. Lintern Sibley 13  
 How a business creed is worked out in practical Affairs.  
**Canada's Mountain Motor Road.** L. Valentine Kelly 17  
 A sketch of scenic surprises that will rival Europe's wonders.  
**\$1,000 for Country Teachers** - E. C. Drury 34  
 The real source of national greatness lies in the little Red School House of Canada.

#### FEATURE SPECIALS

- Why Mexico Boils Over** - David E. Anthony 14  
**Best Selling Book of the Month.** Findlay I. Weaver 16  
 The Broken Halo.  
**Marschall Von Bieberstein—Ambassador.** Frederic W. Wile 25  
 Bismarck's Dogma about ambassadors not applicable to this Diplomat.  
**Electricity** - Alan Sullivan 33

#### SERIALS

- Between Two Thieves** - Richard Dehan 23  
 This thrilling story will be concluded in the March MacLean's.  
**Spanish Gold** - George A. Birmingham 26  
 This amusing story of a treasure-hunt in Ireland is developing along original lines.

#### SHORT STORIES

- The Coward (Illustrated)** - G. Frederick Clarke 9  
 A stirring story of the North-West Mounted Police.  
**In the Matter of a Memorial (Illus.)** E. J. Graham 19  
 Momentous difficulties of social life as they appear at the Manse Fireside.  
**The Test of Danforth (Illus.)** Bertram Costain 37  
 A story of Wall Street intrigue with a romantic setting.  
**Greater Love Hath No Man (Illus.)** H. A. Cody 42  
 The story of an attempt to storm the Rockies.  
**India's Army of Idlers, Post-Impressionism Doomed, Fashions and Insanity, The Luxury of Being Educated, Authors as Peace-makers, Antics of the Driven Ant, My Dream Newspaper, etc., etc.** 45-96

**M**ACLEAN'S Magazine has been fortunate in securing a series of cover designs from the famous Canadian artist, F. S. Coburn. The series will commence with the March number.

Mr. Coburn is perhaps best known to Canadians as the artist who illustrated in an inimitable way the stories of the *Habitant*, by the late Dr. Drummond. He has, however, a European reputation as a painter of rare technique and strong originality. His canvases have been hung in many of the art galleries of Europe.

Although his home is in Quebec City, Mr. Coburn finds it advisable to spend a portion of his time in the old world, where he is in closer touch with art developments and where he readily obtains the inspiration and material for much of his work.

The cover designs that he has painted for MacLean's Magazine possess that most desirable of attributes—originality. Each painting is a study of the feminine face, treated with the deep insight of the psychologist as well as the skill of the artist. He has endeavored to escape from the hackneyed treatment of the typical magazine "girl cover" where surface beauty or voluptuous pose are the effects aimed at. Instead he has instilled character into his studies, so that the face which looks out is a real, living, recognizable face. A different sentiment or emotion will be depicted in each cover—abstraction, meditation, delight, and so forth. In addition, the arrangement, the coloring, the whole setting of each cover will reflect a new style of treatment. MacLean's Magazine will be distinctly different from other magazines. The Coburn covers, we are confident, will "set the pace."

## MACLEAN'S



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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXVII

Toronto, February, 1914

No. 4

## Solidarity of the Gooderhams

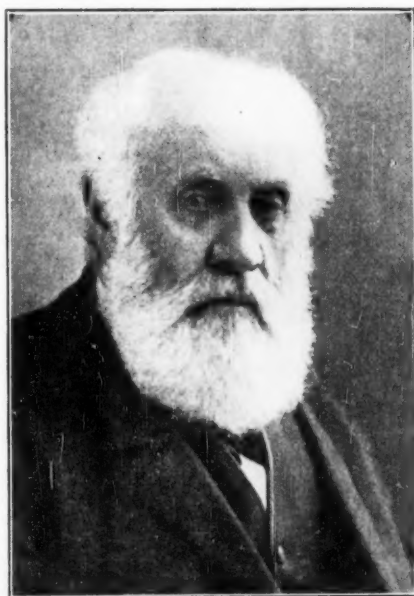
Industry, Thrift and Attention to Business Exemplified

By W. A. CRAICK

THERE are many older families in Canada than the Gooderhams, if by age is meant the length of time that they have been naturalized to the Canadian soil. William Gooderham, founder of the family, did not set foot in the country until 1832 when already second and third generations of earlier settlers were in evidence. Yet few families have multiplied so extensively or have come to enjoy a reputation for responsibility and solidarity so unquestioned as they. It has been frequently said of them that no instance has ever been known when a Gooderham was not as good as his word and as reliable in the performance of his obligations as a human being could possibly be.

The Gooderham connection was a considerable one even when the founder of the Canadian branch crossed the Atlantic. A fairly accurate report has it that no fewer than twenty-four relatives accompanied him on the ship in which he emigrated to the new world. Since then men and women of the Gooderham name have not become any scarcer.

William Gooderham himself had a



WILLIAM GOODERHAM,  
Founder of the Canadian Family, who  
settled in Toronto in 1832.

Interest in the series of family sketches which have become so prominent a feature of MacLean's Magazine will be well maintained this month by the history of this prominent Ontario family. No one can read this sketch without admiring the solid qualities of thrift, industry and close application to business which are the characteristic attributes of the Gooderhams, and which have been instrumental in placing them in the forefront of the notable business families of Canada. It is qualities such as these which have enabled our pioneer ancestors to place our country well on the way to becoming one of the foremost in the world.—Editor.

large family and several of his sons after him had large families. So much so that when he died in 1881, there were no less than ninety descendants,—children, grandchildren and great grandchildren,—to mourn his loss. Since then yet another generation has risen and has added materially to the total.

The military streak which is noticeable in certain members of the family has been come by naturally enough. William Gooderham, who by the way was born at Scole in Norfolk, England, August 29, 1790, entered the army as a youth. He enlisted in the Royal York Rangers, an Imperial corps, which has been long since disbanded, and accompanied the regiment to the West Indies, where some hot fighting took place at Martinique and Guadaloupe. On the return journey which he took in H. M. S. *Majestic*, he had an exciting experience that might have put an end to the whole story. The ship caught fire and it was only after the most strenuous efforts that the blaze was kept under control until land was reached.

Arrived back in England, Mr. Gooderham obtained employment in the recruiting service, apparently a lucrative kind of job, for he was able to amass quite a large sum of money by the time he carried out his project of migrating to Canada. The nucleus of the famous Gooderham fortune, acquired in this way and amounting it is said to something like three thousand pounds sterling or fifteen thousand dollars, was very carefully conveyed to America, along with the worldly goods of the twenty-four relatives aforementioned.

One may well conjure up the picture of William Gooderham, old-time English settler in the crude backwoods town of York, going to the Bank of Upper Canada and there depositing his precious capital. Three thousand pounds was a pretty sum for any one man to be in possession of in those days and T. G. Ridout, cashier of the Bank, must have received the newcomer with considerable deference. Never before had the Bank seen such an amount put on deposit to a personal account and the Gooderham name was accordingly solid from the very first day it was known in Toronto.

Among the twenty-four family connections who made up the party of new arrivals was a brother-in-law, James Worts. He had married Elizabeth Gooderham, an only daughter. When it came to getting into business, as the pair were determined to do at once, he naturally took the lead. Some one tells how an old citizen of York came across him one day wandering around the wild marshy ground to the east of the town in the neighborhood of the Don River.



GEORGE GOODERHAM,  
Father of the present generation of the  
Gooderhams, and in his day one of the  
foremost citizens of Toronto.



Thinking he was out for sport, the citizen made some remark about the shooting, but the Englishman assured him he was not looking for game but for a good site on which to erect a windmill.

The topographical history of Toronto is inextricably woven into the old red brick windmill which James Worts and his brother-in-law put up on the eastern edge of the town. Though the structure itself has long since disappeared, the name and location of the building remain in the famous "windmill line" which still forms the basis of all subsequent surveys. It is the thread on which all Toronto property is strung and when old "Jim" Worts figured out a favorable place for its erection, he was unconsciously establishing the basic line of a metropolis.

The Gooderham name is of course associated for good or ill with distilling but it was not as distillers that William Gooderham and James Worts began their mercantile career in Canada. They were primarily flour millers and the windmill saw service for many years in grinding the wheat produced by the old York County farmers. Originally driven by wind power, the sweeps were taken down in 1846 and steam was substituted as a propelling force. A few years later, the hemispherical top of the building was lifted off by a windstorm and after flying through the air like an umbrella was dashed to pieces on the ground. A new roof was put on but about 1859 this early landmark of Toronto was removed to give place to a more modern structure.

A souvenir of the old milling days is still preserved in the office of Gooderham & Worts in the form of an early invoice,—perhaps the first,—which was made out on January 30, 1834. It was for a barrel of flour and the price the partners got for it was £1. 2s. 6d. or \$4.50. For a firm whose turnover now totals hundreds of thousands of dollars, this first transaction was surely humble enough. And yet one may venture to assert that it was good flour, for the Gooderhams have always given the best value in anything they have produced. They have not made their fortune by substitution or using inferior materials.

James Worts died very soon after the milling business was established and for eleven years William Gooderham conducted it by himself. Then he took his nephew, James Gooderham Worts into partnership and the present firm of Gooderham & Worts was launched. Their property lay at the east of Toronto's waterfront with the mill a conspicuous object in the landscape. Nearby stood the distillery and adjoining it the



THE YORK CLUB, TORONTO.

This handsome building, which now houses Toronto's most exclusive club, was formerly the residence of the late George Gooderham, and one of the show places of the city.

Gooderham residence, where William Gooderham brought up a family of thirteen children.

As the years passed the business expanded very considerably. Branch mills were built at different points and the younger Gooderhams were given charge of them. Ultimately these off-shoots of the parent business were disposed of and attention was concentrated on the distillery which was developing into a large and profitable industry.

The subsequent success of the distilling business must be attributed in large measure to the foundation laid by its originator. William Gooderham was an indefatigable and painstaking worker and what he did himself he expected others to do. Hours of employment were long but he kept them with the utmost punctuality. The success of the

business was everything and nothing that did not contribute to this end mattered. This may be taken as a family characteristic,—the steady and persistent drive that permits of no let-up to effort.

The lineal descent of the Gooderham name and wealth is through the third son of this Norfolk gentleman, the late George Gooderham, who up to the present time has been the ablest representative of the house. George Gooderham had two brothers older than himself but neither left families. William, the first-born, whose death occurred in 1889, was connected with the distillery in his earlier years but gave this up to engage in other pursuits. For a time he was managing director of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway. Latterly he developed a strong religious bent and did much to assist both the Methodist Church, of which he was a prominent member, and the Salvation Army, whose work for fallen humanity he greatly appreciated. At his death, he is said to have left the whole of his estate to charity.

The second son, James Gooderham, also had his share in the paternal business as a young man but he too retired later on. He met a tragic death on May 11, 1879, when being one of a party who were travelling on an inspection train on the new Credit Valley Railway, he lost his life in an accident, of which he was the sole victim. His wife was a sister of Senator Thomas N. Gibbs, of Oshawa, and a strong Methodist, and went to Japan for a time as a missionary.

Before referring to the third son and his descendants, mention might be made

of the other members of William Gooderham's family. Edward Gooderham, who was born in the year which witnessed his father's arrival in Canada, only lived two years. Henry, the fifth son, is still alive in his eightieth year, but he has no children. Alfred Lee Gooderham, the sixth son, is also living. He has one son, E. G. Gooderham, head of the Toronto Silver Plate Company, and four daughters. Robert Turner Gooderham, the seventh son, whose death occurred recently, had two

sons, both of whom died in childhood, and six daughters, of whom three are living. Charles Horace Gooderham, eighth and youngest son, left two sons and four daughters.

During the later years of his father's life and up to the time of his own death, George Gooderham was one of the foremost as he was one of the richest citizens of Toronto, if not of Canada. He



THE GOODERHAM WINDMILL, 1846.  
Front Street, York (Toronto).  
Built 1833 by James Worts, partner of Mr. William Gooderham. It was worked by wind power until 1846, when the wings were removed and steam introduced. In 1865 the old mill was entirely demolished.

#### THE OLD WINDMILL ON TORONTO'S WATERFRONT.

Long an interesting landmark, it was erected by William Gooderham soon after his arrival in Canada. (Reproduced from the John Ross Robertson collection, Public Library, Toronto.)





LIEUT.-COL. ALBERT E. GOODERHAM, Second son of the late George Gooderham, who has been active in military and philanthropical work.

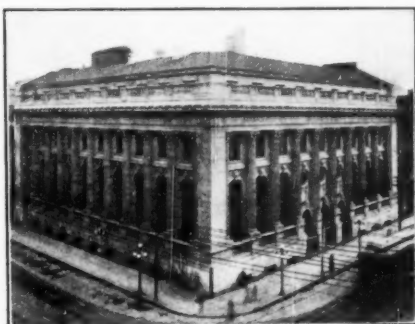
was in every respect a strong character, gifted with splendid business ability and excellent judgment. On the foundation laid by his father he raised the family fortunes to their present commanding position. His family, comprising the present generation, consisted of four sons and eight daughters, of whom three daughters are dead.

The four Gooderham brothers are worthy representatives of the family name, occupying prominent positions in the business and social life of their native city. William George, the eldest, who unites the names of both his father and his grandfather, combines in his personality many of the characteristics of each. Albert Edward, the second brother, who is associated with his elder brother in the Gooderham & Worts business, has attained considerable prominence through his connection with military affairs. George Horace, the third brother, is the only member of the family who has gone in for public life, being now M.P.P. for South Toronto. Melville Ross, the youngest of the four, is a lawyer by profession and is now a member of the firm of Blackstock, Galt and Gooderham. Of the daughters all are married and have families.

Such a category as the foregoing may make somewhat dry reading but it is necessary to give in some detail the family connection to form a basis for the further consideration of the family characteristics and achievements. If one were to seek for the traits which have contributed most to their success, it would be found that practically all the members of the family have been gifted with a good supply of common-sense. They have been shrewd, practical and sagacious men of affairs, never dissipating any of their energies through

useless channels. Even the women of the family have been seemingly dowered with an equal capacity for business. A prominent Toronto lawyer, commenting on the family stated that he was surprised at the aptitude shown by the nine children of George Gooderham, when it came to the division of the estate. There was not one of them who was not capable of handling his or her share without assistance.

When it came to work, there was the example of father and grandfather to follow and live up to. George Gooderham may never have formulated his theories in words, but he had a good notion of how to bring up a family. His sons had to obey, and for years they were compelled to get down to office or distillery at an hour when most people turn over for their second sleep. It is said that he paid them no fixed salaries, rewarding them at the end of the year with such sums as he thought fit and varying the amounts according to their merits. Beyond this he encouraged them to marry young. Presumably he had no rule of thumb as to the precise age at which young men should marry, though



THE NEW BANK OF TORONTO HEAD OFFICE.

The Gooderham Family have long been prominently identified with this institution, which used to be nick-named "Gooderham's Bank" some years ago.

Oddly enough the two eldest sons were just twenty-two when they entered the connubial state, his third was twenty and his fourth twenty-one.

With their incomes dependent on good behavior, unspoiled by a lavish supply of pocket money and early in life anchored to homes and families of their own, small wonder that the Gooderhams have developed into exemplary men. There is this credit to be given them that, in spite of a life-long association with the liquor traffic, they have all been noticeably temperate men and have one and all been examples of clean living. This, when the coming of wealth, particularly in such a calling, has brought disaster on many families, is an indication of the sturdy, self-respecting character of the family stock.

George Gooderham was himself a plain-living man despite certain appearances. The big house on Bloor Street, now the home of the aristocratic and exclusive York Club, which he built at a cost of something like a quarter of a million dollars, scarcely represented the

character of the man. His simple tastes did not assort particularly well with the magnificence of his mansion.

In all his business dealings, George Gooderham was the soul of honor. He was extremely sensitive about the good name of the family and on several occasions is known to have assumed obligations that were not strictly his own, just because his name was associated with them. It is said that during the building of the King Edward Hotel, when others fell down in their support of the undertaking, he stuck to it through thick and thin and kept the venture from going to the wall. Torontonians owe it to him personally that they were provided with a first-class hotel at a time when it was greatly needed.

It is undoubtedly the case that in Toronto the Gooderhams are regarded in many quarters as people with plenty of money, who might give liberally to various causes but who do not often head subscription lists with large amounts. There is perhaps an element of truth in this, though it has been magnified out of all proportion and has done rank injustice to the family. The Gooderhams do not put their names down with a flourish for this and that philanthropy but not for the reason commonly assigned. To understand their attitude one must consider several features of the case.

First of all there is an absence of ostentation and snobbishness among them. Despite their wealth they are very friendly and decent people, who ask nothing better than to be allowed to go their own way without molestation. W. G. Gooderham, the present head of the family, typifies this attitude most of all, for he has all along shrunk from public position and display, being quite content to go about his work in a quiet



GEORGE H. GOODERHAM, M.P.P., Third son of the late George Gooderham, and the politician of the family.

and unassuming manner. This trait furnishes one reason for the family's dislike of publicity, even in the shape of public giving.

Coupled with this there is a feeling lest the making of contributions to charity might be considered as a bribe to secure public favor for the business in which they are engaged. They are extremely sensitive on this point and it is to their credit that they should be so. Cases are known where members of the family have refused to give to certain causes, not because they did not sympathize with them, but because the promoters insisted on having their names appear on the list.

For these reasons the Gooderhams rarely give publicity to charity or philanthropy, but this is not to say that they do not give at all or are not liberal in their gifts. As a matter of fact nobody knows the extent of their generosity, for secrecy is one of the conditions imposed on those who approach them for help. Their benefactions, if one is to believe those in close touch with them, are neither few nor small. They are loyal to their dependents and never forget the services of those who deal squarely with them.

In matters educational they have been most friendly towards those institutions in which they have a personal interest either through early association or through their children. W. G. Gooderham is chairman of the board of trustees of Upper Canada College, and is most loyal to the school. He it is who was leader in the movement to sell the present College property and transfer the school to a distance from the city where it can be made into a purely residential institution on the lines of the great English public schools. Albert Gooderham is a prominent supporter of St. Andrew's College, whilst George H. Gooderham is interested in Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines, to the extension of which he has given liberally.

Excepting the latter, the family have steered clear of public life. George H. Gooderham, the exception, has been more in the popular eye than any other member of the family. At a time when men of his social position rarely enter municipal politics, he has shown himself willing to put up with the abuse that is usually showered on such as have the temerity to enter the field. Yet his very position has made him immune from the usual kind of attack and he has come through several contests without much unpleasantness.

His first essay at testing his popularity among his fellow-citizens was when he offered himself for the Board of Education in 1899. He succeeded and served four years as an ordinary member and one year as chairman. Then he made an attempt to gain the mayoralty but failed. Still later he has stood out prominently as president of the Toronto

Exhibition Association. In the provincial election of 1908 he contested one of the seats in South Toronto for the conservatives and of course had little difficulty in winning such a sure thing. He has represented the constituency continuously ever since.

Albert Gooderham occupies a semi-public position through his connection with the 10th Regiment, Royal Grenadiers. The regiment, with which he has been associated since 1885, has been his hobby. He is to it very much what Sir Henry Pellatt has been to the Queen's Own. He rose to the command of the Grenadiers six years ago with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and has only just retired from the position. His wife, who is one of the most capable and ac-



E. G. GOODERHAM,

A prominent representative of the younger branch of the family, and head of the Toronto Silver Plate Company.

complished ladies in Toronto, contributed to the fame of this branch of the family through her position as president of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire and her work in connection with various public and semi-public organizations in Toronto.

It has already been indicated that the eldest brother, W. G. Gooderham, has shrunk from public life. At the same time his share in the promotion of yachting in Toronto should not be overlooked in any estimate of the family's achievements. While all the family including the late George Gooderham, have been extremely fond of yachting, he has perhaps done more than any of the others to encourage racing and promote the interests of the Royal Cana-

dian Yacht Club. In emergencies he has been ready with support and, though the public may not be aware of it, he has been at the back of most of the international contests for several years. Incidentally his son, Norman Gooderham, is now regarded as the most expert skipper in Toronto.

There are two financial institutions with which in particular the Gooderham name has long been associated. These are the Bank of Toronto and the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation. The former might not inappropriately be called Gooderham's Bank. The family are extensively interested in it and are largely holders of its stock. William Gooderham was one of its first presidents, George Gooderham succeeded him and to-day W. G. Gooderham is vice-president, with Colonel Albert Gooderham as a fellow director. As for the other institution, W. G. Gooderham is president and Colonel Gooderham a director.

The family has many other financial interests and business associations. George H. Gooderham especially has taken up a variety of undertakings, more perhaps than his friends imagine. He is into this, that and the other enterprise with tireless energy and yet finds time for considerable relaxation. In short the Gooderhams are all workers. There are no voluptuaries or "idle rich" among them. They say that even when old William Gooderham was approaching the nineties, he would still insist on going to the Bank, where he busied himself signing bank notes seated in a chair in the board room. The same thirst for work extends down to the rising generation. All W. G. Gooderham's sons for example, —and he has nine of them— are occupied in some mercantile venture.

Blessed with large families, there has been little need for the Gooderhams to go outside the immediate circle of their relatives for society. Yet they have not limited their intercourse to such. The present generation at any rate has evidenced agreeable qualities of sociability, and has been most hospitable. The homes of the brothers are the scene of pleasant family gatherings, for family affection is strong among them, as is also the desire for the genial and lavish entertainment of the temporary guest. They are all fond of the lighter side of life, appreciate the company of congenial friends and go in for a good deal of sport.

Yachting has been the family amusement par excellence. The late George Gooderham knew no more enjoyable form of pleasure than to get together a small party of friends, go aboard his yacht the "Oriole," and take a ten-day cruise around Lake Ontario. His sons have inherited this fondness for the water and all own yachts, which they are quite capable of handling themselves. George H. Gooderham in particular used to be one of the keenest yachtsmen on the

(Continued on page 140.)



# The Coward

Where the Straggling Cat-Spruce must Furrow their Monotony into the Soul

By G. FREDERICK CLARKE

THE MAN in the bunk groaned and opened his eyes and Serjeant Fennety and Constable Wade, of the Royal North-west Mounted Police, stationed at the post at the junction of the Athabasca and big Serpentine rivers, breathed sighs of relief and thanksgiving.

They knew the man, a Frenchman, who, with a half-breed companion had a line of traps one hundred and fifty miles North, on the little Serpentine. He had wandered into the post a couple of hours before, in a half frozen and fainting condition, and as soon as the warmth struck him, he had sunk into a coma, from which he had only now partially recovered.

"Pierre," he muttered faintly, "He sick—senrvy—up on Serpentine," and closed his eyes.

It was enough.

"So," whistled Serjeant Fennety, "That means a long trip, Wade."

Wade nodded. "The trail is good," he said, with a smile.

Fennety drew a service button from his pocket. "Heads or tails, Wade?"

"Heads."

Fennety spun the button into the air and as it struck the cabin floor, both laughed, and Constable Wade prepared to take the trail. The mail sledge was away south and the runners with it, so Wade must perforce go alone.

In an hour he was off, seated on the toboggan behind six powerful huskies, — great Northern dogs, whose progenitors had been half wolf. On the toboggan was packed food for man and beast. For the latter, frozen fish, for the former, bacon and oatmeal and pemmican.

All day, stopping at noon only for a short respite and to feed, the man followed the trail along the big Serpentine. When night set in, he dug a hole in the snow and

Canadian heroes are not all crowned. In this thrilling episode from the life of one of our North West Mounted Police, the writer draws a fine distinction between courage and bravado, a clear line between the love of adventure and the cool-headed bravery that hazards all personal considerations for the sake of others. Every reader will follow with keen interest the unravelling of this tangled thread of misunderstanding and love and chivalry until it ends just as it should. —Editor.

set up his tiny tent, and, heaping the light snow about it, and gathering a little wood, built his fire. The dogs, having quarreled over the last morsel of frozen fish, drew away from the fire and composed themselves in the snow.

Constable Wade filled his pipe. He was a little under six feet in height. In ordinary garb, he would have appeared taller; dressed to withstand the Arctic cold, with a thick sweater beneath his red tunic, and woollen socks over his

trousers, and with his feet encased in moosehide moccasins, he looked massive. Four years in the North had done much for Constable Wade. Besides giving him a remarkable physique, it had imbued him with a confidence in himself that he had hitherto lacked.

There were times, though, when on some long patrol, that the silence—the utter loneliness of the routine—appalled him, and he longed again for the old life with its round of pleasures. In fancy he could see his old friends, the jolly crowd, which had been the envy of those not favored with its society. At these times he ceased to wonder at a brother constable, upon whose mind the lonely silence had worked, until, with a devil-may-care laugh, he had walked out into the night and calmly blown out his brains.

But then, despite its drawbacks, the life had still lured him on. There was enough of the adventurer in his spirit to respond to the magic of uncertainty. The great North-west, that has beckoned man towards its last frontier since history began, had charmed and then captivated him. The man in him responded to the wanderlust; the poet to the infinite mystery of the North.

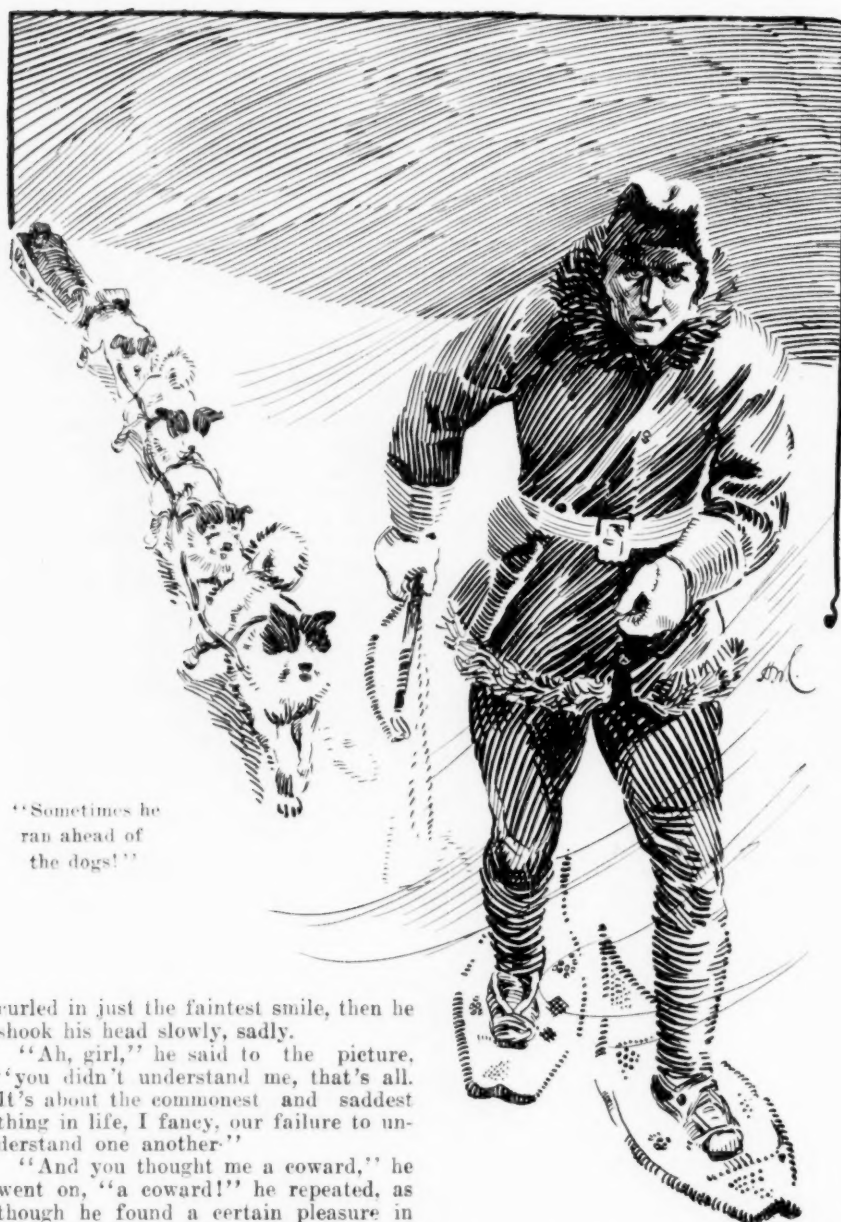
He drew out his watch. It was nine o'clock. He studied the hands abstractedly for a moment, then, with an intake of the breath, that might have been a sigh, he opened the back and bent nearer the fire to catch more clearly the features of the girl looking up at him. There was thoroughbred stamped on the womanly face; proud, daring, impetuous womanhood; with a sweet, with a tenderness in the sweet eyes that had been more than one man's undoing.

The steel blue eyes of Constable Wade softened, and the strong mouth of him



"Heads or tails, Wade?"





"Sometimes he  
ran ahead of  
the dogs!"

curled in just the faintest smile, then he shook his head slowly, sadly.

"Ah, girl," he said to the picture, "you didn't understand me, that's all. It's about the commonest and saddest thing in life, I fancy, our failure to understand one another."

"And you thought me a coward," he went on, "a coward!" he repeated, as though he found a certain pleasure in weighing the word. "Aye, maybe I am," and he nodded his head slowly at her. "Maybe I am, Jane; but not the kind of a coward you mean, I may lack a certain moral courage, my dear, but God knows it's not a physical cowardice."

"I know, I know your argument, Girl. You say you saw it there, before—on the river."

He laughed low, and a little bitterly. "Why, Jane, it wasn't myself I was thinking of; it was you and—mother. You and mother," he repeated softly. "The two sweetest women on earth."

"You must also agree, Jane, that a man owes certain duties to those who love him. And that day, Jane, when Van Tassel was so wantonly reckless with the car and I remonstrated, it wasn't cowardice, I was thinking of you and mother. Dear, pardon me for having an imagination! You asked me if I was a coward, and you couldn't understand my explanation, and now—here am I, loving you, away up here in this forsaken land, proving to myself that I'm not a coward,

and you—I wonder where you are Jane? Married? Perhaps."

For a few moments he let his eyes rest on the great bowl of the sky. The stars shone, seemingly brighter to-night than he had ever seen them, while across the heavens the Northern lights swung to and fro with a rhythmic motion, as though someone, beyond the far horizon, controlled a great magic lantern. There was something appalling in the sight, in the sound, for, as they swept the sky, his ears were conscious of a sound that reminded him of nothing else than the soft silken swish of a woman's skirts.

"I wish Jane was here to see this," he said, and, pressing his lips to her face, snapped to the lid and placed the watch in his pocket. In a few moments he was sound asleep.

All the next day Wade pushed his dogs further into the north, following the trail which skirted the big Serpentine. Towards the middle of the afternoon he crossed the ice and struck across the country. At times the trail was over

ground, which, having been washed by the spring freshets, led through trees of birch and alders; again, on the higher ground there was nothing but the ill-nurtured cat spruce. Several times he sighted small herds of caribou on the barrens. Always at noon he stopped to feed the dogs and wind them, but not until night set in did he hold up and pitch his tent.

He spared neither himself nor his huskies, who, all day long responded so bravely to his cry of "Marche, Marche!" As he swung the long caribou-hide thong about their ears and they strained forward with renewed efforts, his soul cried that it was justifiable. A human being was sick and starving in that camp on the lonely Serpentine. It mattered not that it was a half breed whom he was to succor. The Mounted knows no creed, no race, no color save the maxim of the force engrafted into his nature—"Maintien le Droit—maintain the right."

Wade's tutelage had been under an old sergeant, who had served on the force in the Reil Rebellion, and from him he had learned invaluable facts about the Northland. There was nothing new in this journey of Wade's. The scraggly cat spruce, the great caribou barrens, stretching off into unknown distances, had become monotonized into his soul, three years before, yet the deathly silence, the snow by day transformed into millions of diamonds, by night overflung with ghostly shadows; the North with its million years of mystery yet captivated him.

He had seen the sky overcast, dull, leaden, lifeless. Nights when the blackness was so dense as to be almost felt, and from its yawning mass the snow fell in blinding sheets, while the wind came sighing over the barrens until the tired huskies awoke, and, sitting back on their haunches, howled to the sky their doleful answer.

Ah yes, Wade had long been initiated into the life. If you had asked him why he still clung to it, no doubt he would have been puzzled for an answer. Without knowing it, the North spirit had entered his very bones. The lure of the nameless things kept pulling at his heart, and yet, down south there was the woman for whose love he would have chucked it all.

At the middle of the third day, he reached his destination, a pitiful shack, ill placed, ill made, and, in one of the bunks the suffering, scurvy-ravaged half-breed whom he had come to save.

He made a fire in the little stove, and putting some frozen moose in a pot, set it to stew, whilst he attended to the fevered wretch for whom he had travelled almost two hundred miles. The man was half Cree, half French, and his dark eyes lighted up with hope, when they opened on Wade's red tunic. In the Northland, Indian and white, law-breaker or honest habitat knows that from the North West Mounted Police he will get justice. No sneer, no high-and-mighty lord-it-over-you-manner marks his demeanor. Quiet, resourceful, determined in the cause of duty, the rider of the plains is one of God's noblemen.

He needs no monument to his fame. It is engraven forever in the souls of men. The prairies give tongue to his praise. The Northern lights have seen his unparalleled deeds of heroism—brave Fitzgerald and his men for instance, who froze to death in the North a couple of years ago—and who knows but that they are reflected to the God who made them?

That night and all the day and until dawn of the second, Wade nursed the half-breed, brewing him the spruce tea, and tending him with every kindness, then, wrapping him warmly on the long toboggan, he stood on the little step behind and started on the return journey. Sometimes he ran ahead of the dogs, urging them with his voice, talking to them, singing some chanson he had learned from a French Constable of the force. Again, he would climb on behind and crack the long caribou-hide whip over their short ears. Once or twice the breed roused himself and feebly joined in the cry of "Marche, marche!" which has been corrupted so often into mush, mush.

Hardly had Wade pitched his tent for the night, when a storm blew out of the North, and the barrens were blotted out in its blinding snow.

He gathered what firewood he could, started his fire, brewed some spruce tea, and a pot of coffee, and, also feeding the dogs, crawled within the tent beside the breed.

"Big storm come, M'sieu," said the man, his anxious eyes on Wade.

The latter nodded cheerfully. "Oh, that's all right, Pierre. A storm is just a storm, that's all. You'd ought to be used to the snow, Pierre."

Once, just before Wade closed his eyes, he thought he heard the long, drawn out, wavering howl of the grey wolf, and his mouth set in grim lines, and he saw that his service colts were ready to hand.

The night passed off without disturbances, however, and, long before daylight, Wade had fed the dogs and was ready to start. A foot of snow had fallen. But it was of that light, fluffy kind, peculiar to the North, that forms no great impediment. However, Wade had perforce to strap on his snowshoes, and, now walking, now running ahead of the dogs, he proceeded to break trail.

Still it continued to snow, and the wind wailed over the barrens and swooped down and swirled about the men and dogs, almost enveloping them at times in the powdery spume, while, ever ahead of his panting huskies, ran Wade of the Royal Mounted. Now and then he had difficulty in locating the trail, sometimes even getting far out of his course, but always striking it again farther on. The snow settled in the fur of the huskies, and their dark eyes shone with all the glory of the storm, as they drew the laden toboggan after Wade. It was their life, merely part of the dog's work to battle with the elements.

Night closed in, and, tired out with the day's labor, the dogs being fed and having curled themselves up in the snow, Wade, his charge comfortable, fell into a sound sleep.



"Big storm come, M'sieu," said breed.

It seemed to him that he had only been asleep a few minutes when he was awakened by the breed's voice, "M'sieu, M'sieu—the dogs, M'sieu—the dogs," and jumped up.

At first he thought that they had somehow broken into the pack and were quarreling over the frozen fish, and, as he sprang through the small tent opening, he began cursing them in good, strong English.

But the sight that met his eyes was one that he was never to forget. Trailing past the tent, their heads pushing into the blinding North, was a mighty herd of caribou. Silently, ghost-like, the herd, fully ten thousand strong, came out of the storm, and disappeared into the storm. Their nearest flank was not fifty feet away. As far as his eyes could reach there was naught to be seen but one swaying, heaving mass. On their nearest flank hung the huskies, giving tongue to their desire.

For a moment the blood in Wade's veins seemed to stop, then he called to them, using all the cajolery at his command. If they heard his voice they failed to heed it, so he grasped his caribou-hide whip and started toward them.

The tail end of the herd was now passing, and, seemingly with one accord,

the dogs sprang at and pulled down a young bull, and were at its throat in a smother of fierce joy. The unheeding herd passed on.

With shouts of command, Wade jumped in among the dogs, plying his whip, calling them by name, until at last they drew off sullenly, and gazed up at him with fiery eyes and blood-stained fangs. Then the lead dog, he who had led them over all the miles of waste land, turned and bounded after the vanishing herd. One by one, despite his blows and commands, the others followed. They had tasted blood. The fierce spirit of their wolf progenitor had been awakened, and God alone knew when they would get satisfied and return.

For a few moment Wade stood there, with the storm swirling about him, a disconsolate figure in that desolate waste. If it was not for the odor of the thousands of advancing caribou wafted back to him on the North wind, he would have thought the passing of the herd a dream, a phantasmagoria of his tired brain. But a few feet away was the dead caribou calf, and beyond the snow was trampled and beaten down by innumerable hoofs.

Wade groaned. Days might elapse, perhaps, before the huskies, gluttoned,



might return, and long before that time his scant provisions would be exhausted.

He went back to the tent, but not to sleep. The breed received the news with dull apathy. Wade filled his pipe and thought the problem over. He had yet sixty miles to cover, and there wasn't much chance of help coming from the post for some days. Therefore, he set his jaws grimly, and the lines about his eyes became more pronounced as the blue changed to steely determination.

There was a noble cast to Wade's features. The well-shaped nose and mouth and the square jaw betokened pluck and endurance. The eyes, at times so blue, betrayed the mystic and the poet. His thick hair curled crisply and was a little greyed at the temples. He was thirty-six.

As soon as day began to break and they had partaken of their coarse fare, Wade lifted the stolid half-breed on to the toboggan, and, putting on his snowshoes, fastened the harness about his own broad shoulders.

The breed gasped at this. Some men would have left him to starve and freeze, but these Royal Mounted! *Le Bon Dieu*—the breed was a good Catholic—surely dwelt in their hearts.

It was yet snowing, and over the illimitable barren lands the wind still raged. Had they wanted refuge there was none—no trees of any size. Here and there in the hollows were a few birch and alders. On the higher ground the everlasting cat spruce, that wouldn't afford shelter for a jack-rabbit.

On, on, the harness galling his shoulders sadly, Constable Wade drew the toboggan. He wished Jane, the original of the girl in his watch, could see him now. He smiled grimly. Would she call him a coward now? he wondered. Yet she was a great girl, was Jane Cameron. Knowing no fear herself, she had scorned it in others. She had sadly misunderstood Wade.

"I wonder if she knows that Fraser, who she thought such a dare-devil, was a coward at heart?" he mused. "That Billy Van Tassell showed the white feather when the yacht came near foundering off the Jersey Coast. She don't, of course, and I'll never tell her."

"Never mind, Jane," he said, "some day, perhaps, you'll know that I'm not a coward. I wonder now if it would make any difference?" he asked of the storm.

All day he pulled the toboggan through the snow. Towards evening the fever had gone to the breed's head again, and he laughed and chattered and sang like a wild thing. Now he was counting his season's catch of fur and bargaining with the factor of some fur post over his supply of winter's grub. Again, he was in some fierce wrangle with one of his own breed, and the patois he spoke, now French, now Cree, and a jumble of both, was uncouth and uncanny. At times he imagined he was driving a team of dogs, for he would cry "*Marche, Marche,*" and again lapsing into Cree: "*Hi! Kuskey, Fay, O Atim, Mous, Marche! Marche!*"

No wonder the horror of it all worked on Wade, and his nerves were all of

a tingle when he made camp. But he set resolutely to work, and, brewing more spruce tea, coaxed the breed into taking it; then, despite the gibbering voice, he sank into a sleep wherein the doings of the day haunted him.

Morning found the storm unabated and Wade, every bone in his body aching, stumbling along on the last forty miles of his journey. But now, to make it worse, the cold became more intense, and the food, which would have been all sufficient had his dogs not deserted him, gave out. He had nothing now but frozen fish and caribou meat. He figured, if he could stand the strain, he would be at the post in two days.

But the terrific physical and mental activity was telling on Wade. He was becoming exhausted, and the snow, beginning to pack, hauling the toboggan became more difficult. And ever, as he bent his shoulders to the task, the groans and ramblings of the half-breed reached his tired ears, until he wondered if he, too, was going crazy, for at times strange figures danced before his eyes, and once he fancied, through the snow wrack, a dog team driven by a white man, with a breed ahead breaking trail. But, as he shouted, and there was no answer, he told himself that it was only a vision. Again, late in the afternoon, as he lifted his numbed feet slowly and bent his shoulders to the strain, he imagined the trail ahead of him to be covered with purple fireweed, and he laughed hysterically as he thought how like her eyes the deep blue of the weed was. Then he knew that he was losing his senses—that the tremendous exertion, the loneliness, the crazed breed behind him were telling on his nerves.

It had happened so to others. This sameness of things, the illimitable barren wastes, the snow and the cold with its misery had turned their heads, and converted them for a time into blithering idiots. But, Oh, God, how he wished he could hold on a little longer—just a little longer.

Aye, but he, too, was going—going, and he cursed the dogs that had deserted him. There was a conspiracy afoot to rob him of his chance to prove to Jane he was not a coward. This new thought became a mania now, and he turned at times and jabbered to the jabbering thing behind him.

"Ah, Pierre," he cried, "her eyes are almost as blue as the purple fireweed. And they say we can't do this trail, Pierre. She says you're a coward and I'm a coward. Is that so, Pierre?"

"She's waiting back there at the post for us, Pierre," he went on, "and we've got to show her, eh?" And on he went with renewed effort for an hour.

He stopped again and took out his watch, and opening the back with his stiffening fingers, leaned forward in a confidential attitude towards the breed.

"Now, Pierre," said he, "what would you say to that for a woman, eh? You aint much of a judge, I fancy, but you've got a Klotech of your own, no doubt, somewhere, and should know a thoroughbred by the look."

"Now, she thinks I'm a coward—a sort of a kind of a coward, Pierre, and

I've been trying four years to prove I'm not. You wouldn't call me a coward, would you?" he asked of the sick man, entreatingly.

"Her eyes," he went on, "are almost as blue as the purple fireweed that grows hereabouts, and her hair is golden-brown like the moss along the edge of the barrens. And I love her better than my own soul, Pierre."

At one time he thought he was running ahead of his dogs, for he tugged and increased his pace, calling them by name. "Hi, Larka, Berta, marche, marche! Hi, Keena, Hudson, Larka, charge, charge!"

Once he had a glimmering of consciousness. "My God," he cried, "I'm crazy—crazy as hell!"

Night fell and still the interminable snow and, for he had now reached higher ground, the wind was colder. Automatically his feet moved to the command of his fevered brain, searching, searching out the right trail.

It was a sight to make the angels weep. The night, the storm, the crazy white man hauling the crazy breed through the storm wrack; mumbling, grumbling, stumbling along, the while the icy wind drove against the freighted toboggan until the breed looked like a frozen mummy. For hours he mechanically obeyed his fevered brain, then, exhausted, numbed with the cold, he laid down in the soothing snow.

God alone knows how he had managed to blunder along the right trail. An hour later, Fennety, who had become anxious about his comrade, came along with a dog team and a trail breaker and found him. It was only a couple of hours' run to the post, and in an agony bordering on despair the big-hearted Sergeant urged his dogs to their utmost.

The next day, while Wade was yet unconscious in his bunk, Sergeant Fennety sat down and wrote to a girl back south. He had never addressed her before, but his chum had often spoken of her in the past.

Now, from his delirium, Fennety gathered the true state of things. The tears choked him as he listened. Constable Wade a coward! Wade, who had, two years before, while on patrol in the prairie province, fought, single-handed, a fire, and saved a settler's house and stock. Wade, who had carried the dead child of a widowed Cree Squaw a hundred miles that its mother might bury it by the side of its father! Wade, who was all generosity and chivalry, a coward! And, in his intense feeling, Sergeant Fennety spared nothing. He told her of the man who had hauled the breed over the frozen barrens at the risk of his own life, and who now in delirium crying to her to know if he was yet a coward.

Four days later the letter was carried by dog team to Calgary, and in two weeks a woman was brought into the post by the mail.

She spoke no words, but, going over to the man who sat by the stove, dropped on her knees, and, throwing her arms about him, laid her face against his red tunic and sobbed like a child.



# William McMaster's Dynamics

## How a Business Creed is Working out in Practical Affairs

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

"I BELIEVE that the psychological influence of enthusiasm is incalculable; and while I can scarcely claim to be the possessor of any extraordinary ability, yet perhaps enthusiasm has been the principal factor in my success," said Mr. William McMaster whose recent appointment to the directorate of the Bank of Montreal has brought prominently before the public of the Dominion the name of one of the most successful, and at the same time, one of the most unassuming of the business men in that Commercial metropolis at the foot of Mount Royal.

"It is my firm belief," he continued, "that if an employee is enthusiastic in his work, that enthusiasm is bound to mark him out for promotion. Similarly, enthusiasm at the head of a business communicates itself right down along the line. If the man at the head is lazy and indifferent, so is his staff. If he is busy, optimistic, then, other things being equal, so are those who work under his direction. The power of personal enthusiasm is wonderful."

Here we have the key to the success of one in whose career there has been nothing dramatic. Mr. McMaster has not flashed into the public view as a brilliant financial genius. He never started out on any great crusade of reform or fought political battles, or wrote letters to the papers, or bludgeoned his way into the public notice as a "captain of industry." He never made a lucky strike in Cobalt or a sensational coup in high finance. And yet he stands in the very front rank of the financial and industrial forces of the Dominion. His success has been the success not of opportunism or of luck, or of daring speculation, but the success of real, solid, old-fashioned business virtues. Indeed, I think if you were to search Montreal over you could not find a man better fitted by instinct and experience to write such a book as "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" than William McMaster, manufacturer.

Mr. McMaster belongs to that gradually diminishing body of men who may be termed the pioneers of modern industrial Montreal. He was born in Montreal in 1851, of hard-working Scottish parentage, and he started his career, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with intangible assets of far greater worth, namely, a rugged constitution and the high and stern ideals of life and duty which are characteristic of all that is best in the Scottish race.

He gathered the fundamentals of his education in the old Montreal Collegiate School, but he did not cease to be a student when as a lad he left school to earn his living in the offices of Moreland,

Enthusiasm, loyalty, and perseverance are the old-fashioned virtues which have contributed to place Mr. McMaster, the subject of this article, in a position of widespread influence in the great staple industries of Canada, and these are the three qualities which he places in the front rank as leading to success in life. No one could be better qualified to express an opinion on the business problems of the present day than one who has, without money or influence, worked himself up to one of the foremost business positions in the country, and his ideas, as quoted at the latter part of the article, will be read with surpassing interest by all business men.—Editor.

Watson & Co. All his life he has been a student, and to-day he is as keen as ever.

In the offices of Moreland, Watson & Co., he was gradually promoted from one position of responsibility to another and finally he was transferred to the Montreal Rolling Mills, which his employers at that time controlled. Here he became successively sales-manager, secretary-treasurer, superintendent, and finally vice-president and general manager. The Montreal Rolling Mills, not incorporated

in the Steel Company of Canada, Ltd., were long among the most important iron and steel works in the Dominion, and as the business expanded under his direction to keep pace with the expansion of the country, so did the influence of Mr. McMaster increase. He came to be recognized as one of the outstanding figures in industrial Montreal and his influence and services were much sought on the directorates of other companies.

### Power in Trade Organization

Similarly he became a power in various trade organizations. The Metal and Hardware Association elected him as president in 1891. He served upon the council of the Montreal Board of Trade in 1898 and 1899. In 1903 he became president of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and he was one of the influential body of delegates chosen to voice the views of the Dominion at the Commercial Congress of the Empire in London, England.

The widespread character of his influence is shown by the numerous companies of which he is a director. These include some thirteen of the larger commercial, manufacturing and financial concerns of Canada. One industry in particular he has done much to develop; viz., the manufacture of explosives. He is at present president of a corporation of this kind with branch houses from end to end of the Dominion, and it is to the business of this company that his best energies are now devoted.

A man who, without money or influence, has worked himself up from a humble situation as an office hand to a position of such widespread influence in the great basic industries of the country, and who now has been given a voice in the inner counsels of the premier financial institution of the Dominion, must need have qualities above the ordinary.

Those who know him best can confirm Mr. McMaster's statement given at the beginning of this article that he has one quality that shines out above all others—the quality of enthusiasm. Work is a positive joy to him. He revels in it, glories in it. The sunshine of his enthusiasm reaches every department of the business he directs, and touches every individual. It is magnetic. It makes him a good "mixer" in the world of men. It stamps him as a born general.

### One Secret of Success

"Apart from enthusiasm, what else would you commend to an ambitious young man," Mr. McMaster was asked.

(Continued on page 137.)



MR. WM. McMMASTER.

# Why Mexico Boils Over

## A Striking Example of National Decadence

BECAUSE OF its present turbulent condition, convulsed as it is by an internecine strife between forces contending for supremacy, which are actuated rather by personal ambition than by any spirit of true patriotism, much lately has been published regarding Mexico. Daily despatches have kept us informed of the details of the controversy. Yet to the outside world but little is known of the causes which have contributed to make such conditions possible. Huerta is the central figure and he is playing the leading role in the terrible drama. The entire stage presents in perspective a scene which epitomizes the whole structure of Mexican civilization, as developed through and by four hundred years of struggle and combat.

At the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, about four centuries ago, Cortez, the leader of the invading forces, found it peopled by a stalwart race, the origin of which has never been clearly traced. The Aztecs of Mexico, like the Incas of Peru, had developed a civilization which, while less advanced in the arts and sciences than that of mediaeval Europe, in the direction of social organization, had progressed to a stage not unfavorably comparable with that of the Old World. Indeed, when the intrigue of the European courts at that period and the wrong and oppression inseparable from the feudal system are recalled to mind, it may not be doubted that the Aztecs had attained to a civilization in many important particulars, so far as it affected the general welfare of the individual member and accomplished the greatest good for the greatest number of the community, not at all inferior to that of Continental Europe at the same time.

While, by Cortez and his followers, they were denominated Indians, they differed essentially in every characteristic from the warlike tribes which were the aboriginal inhabitants of the territory now embraced within the boundaries of Canada and the United States. Their pursuits were mainly those of mining and agriculture, rather than those of the chase and conquest. Sober, intelligent, tractable, peacefully disposed, they fell an easy prey to the cruel and rapacious Cortez and his Spanish cohorts, and speedily were brought beneath the yoke of Spain. Once subjugated, they became the enslaved servitors of their conquerors, and for three centuries Spain continued to reap the fruits of their unrequited toil, by means of which she was enabled to load her galleons with the glittering riches of the Mexican mines, until her wealth exceeded that of any other country of Europe.

Even at the present time, notwithstanding the millions of pounds of the precious metals which have been taken

By DAVID E. ANTHONY

Nearly everybody knows that there is trouble of some kind in Mexico. Few, indeed, know why such political ebullitions should go on. Anglo-Saxon minds may fail to understand the situation. This article, by one who has visited the scenes of this former civilization will tend to clear up the situation for those who do not understand it. The old Aztec civilization following the Toltec and Chichimec, included in its arts, a form of agriculture, weaving, pottery, stone-working, and a rudimentary metallurgy. They possessed pictorial records, a ritual, a calendar, and an educational system. They had a well-defined social system, sacerdotal and other orders. Its repulsive features were human sacrifices and ritualistic cannibalism. But the modern Mexico—the successor of this early civilization, seems to be a reversion to the lowest types of each of its ancestral hybrid components.—Editor.

from her mines, Mexico is still one of the richest countries, in natural though only imperfectly developed resources, in the known world. The processes by which the gold and silver were extracted from the ores which were mined were primitive and crude, so that only the richest of the minerals were treated, and at the present time, near the mouths of some of the Antigua mines formerly worked by the Spaniards, lie great heaps of untreated metalliferous ores and the residuum slag of those which have been treated, which will assay in gold or silver, or both, higher in value than the raw ores of many successfully operated mines in Canada and the United States.

To such labors were the Aztecs goaded by the Spanish lash, and it is remarkable that they should have survived as long as they did. But no people, however sturdy, could endure so many centuries of cruelty and oppression under such task-masters as were the Spaniards, and at the present time, so far as is known, the Aztec race in its purity is extinct, although collateral branches are supposed still to have survived and to be represented by some of the Indian races yet inhabiting parts of Mexico—and in the aggregate Indians constitute about one-half of the entire population of Mexico.

In this article, however, we seek to deal with modern Mexico, if truly it may be deemed ever to have become modernized. It is feared the tale may be one of decadence and retrogression, rather than of national progress and development in modern civilization. To consider this intelligently a brief glance at her history as a so-called republic becomes necessary.

Her independence was recognized by Spain nearly a century since, in 1821, but for nearly fifty years thereafter she was almost continuously convulsed by internal dissensions and revolutions or

foreign invasion, until the patriot Benito Juarez, a Zapotecas Indian of the full blood, succeeded in overcoming Maximilian, the deserted emissary of Napoleon III., and at last established Mexico as a real republic. And so long as Juarez remained as its President, which unfortunately was for a few years only, Mexico remained at peace with the other nations of the world, and free from any serious internal dissension not speedily suppressed, and bid fair to take its place among civilized and truly progressive nations.

After the death of Juarez, in 1872, Lerdo de Tejada succeeded him as President, but his administration was a somewhat turbulent one, chiefly engaged in combating the revolutionary plots of Porfirio Diaz, who at that early date had aspired to the presidency, and finally, after three defeats at the polls, in 1876 was successful in establishing himself by force of arms in the palace in the City of Mexico, and in having himself proclaimed President of the Republic of Mexico.

With the sole exception of the four years from 1880 to 1884, during which period Diaz, by prearrangement and quite temporarily, and with a full understanding regarding its re-delivery to him, permitted his personal attache, Manuel Gonzalez, to occupy the presidential office, he continued to be President from 1876 up to the time of his abdication about three years ago, and at each recurring election was chosen to succeed himself by the "unanimous" vote of his countryman, except only in the last, which led to his downfall. Up to that time he had no opponents at the polls, for reasons not difficult to discover.

### Ballots Must be Signed

Under the Mexican law, not only is the ballot not secret, being selected by the voter in the presence of the election officials and any others present at the polls, but it must be signed by the voter. Not only is the ticket he votes known to every observer, but his signature identifies it as documentary and conclusive evidence of how he voted. And neither Nero, the Roman Emperor, whose name will always remain the symbol of cruel despotism, nor the Czar of all the Russias, nor the Shahs of Persia in the days of their most autocratic rule, exceeded Porfirio Diaz in despotic sway during all the years of his encumbency as President. A signed ballot adverse to him might become the death warrant of the voter, or at least an instrument for his oppression and imprisonment. And the polls were policed by the soldiers of his army, carrying weapons capable of shooting at the slightest command and at times none too considerably aimed



for the welfare of those who dared to oppose him.

I am aware of the fact that several gentlemen, who are quite prominent in the world's politics and as magazine contributors, from time to time have taken occasion to laud Diaz highly as a statesman and one upon whom solely depended the well-being and progress of Mexico. With such I am seeking no dispute, but the fact remains that, after so many years under his rule, Mexico is a century behind any other civilized country in the world in all that goes to make for true civilization and progress. Her natural resources are wonderful, practically inexhaustible and excelled by few, if any, of the nations of the world, and yet she is no further advanced than she was under her first Constitutional Emperor, Urtubide, nearly one hundred years ago.

#### A Slavery that Survives

Slavery was long since abolished, yet peonage, involuntary servitude for debt, insidiously planned and unscrupulously effected, and not one whit less hopeless than slavery, still survives throughout the greater part of Mexico, and in some localities, notably among the hennequin kings of Yucatan, in its most cruel form. And Diaz and his family and the officials of this so-called republic have profited by this survival, as well as by the operation of an infamous registration land law, which has resulted in the wholesale eviction of small farmers for failure, through ignorance, to register their titles to lands which had been held by their families for generations, because some one higher up coveted their holdings. And the enormous natural resources of the country are untouched because of the apprehension on the part of those who might develop them that, once their real value became known and their possibilities proven, they would be confiscated officially. Neither life nor property rights are as adequately safe-guarded as they were under Aztec rule. Then wherein lies the merit of Diaz to the title of a statesman?

During his successive administrations he did succeed in keeping Mexico at peace with other nations, but Holland and Switzerland have been at peace with all the world for centuries, and yet we hear nothing of their claims to superior statecraft, and hardly the names of their leading statesmen. And they, too, have mingled with the great family of nations, as Mexico has not done, and have been factors, possibly not ponderous, yet more than appreciable, in the world's progress.

But is Mexico any better off under the equally tyrannical Huerta, or could it be improved under the control of any other of its numerous presidential aspirants than it was under Diaz? Does not the trouble lie far deeper than the mere personality of its President? Has it the inherent elements essential for

success as a republican form of government?

Probably no other country in the world has as conglomerate a population and one as difficult of amalgamation into a homogeneous whole as has Mexico. As already stated, approximately one-half of its inhabitants are Indians of the full blood—and as a whole they stand the equal of if not superior to the average of the other one-half, composed of about thirty-five per cent. of Mestizoes, who are of mixed Indian and Mexican-Spanish descent, fifteen per cent. of Creoles, Mexicans of pure Spanish blood, and a mere sprinkling of Gachupinos, or native-born Spaniards, and other foreigners.

#### A Hybrid Race

Ethnologists are quite agreed that a hybrid race, especially where its progenitors are of widely diverse racial types, does not tend to an improvement of the human species. The offspring seem almost invariably to accentuate the

this small percentage of the population dominates all public affairs. It would be dangerous for any country to be so governed, even if the dominant class were harmonious and of accord on all public questions. Such a condition would not be tolerated in the Dominion of Canada for a single day.

#### Fifteen Per Cent. Control

But even this small percentage is divided and sub-divided into parties and cliques, each controlled by one of many ambitious leaders, whose only goal seems to be to become President. With the rank and file of the several armies recruited from the lowest classes of the people, as is the case, illiterate, tatterdemalion and degenerate, it is difficult to conceive how, even with the franchise open, free and untrammelled, such an electorate could judiciously choose a President, and when it is remembered that eighty-five per cent. of the voters are under the absolute domination of the remaining fifteen per cent., and that a recalcitrant is liable to most serious consequences, it seems improbable that a majority of the voters should ever be able to record their choice.

And it is no exaggeration to say that the masses of the people are kept so in ignorance of public affairs, and of the supposed principles for which any candidate for office stands, that not one in ten would be able to tell for what he was voting. The first liberal Constitution was adopted in 1824, and another, closely patterned after that of the United States, in 1857. This was largely amended in 1873 and 1874, so as to still more closely conform to the original model. Yet in the summer of 1911, after Diaz had been deposed, I attended the first political meeting ever held in one of the principle cities of Lower California—and this was all Madeiro, for he was then in power. I have no doubt an anti-Madeiro meeting would have met with the same fate as would have an anti-Diaz one under the preceding regime—execution at sunrise, the next morning for the projectors and imprisonment and persecution for the lesser participants. And this is no exaggerated view of the elective franchise as it exists in Mexico to-day.

The process by which such complete domination is retained is a very simple one. It is an excellent exemplification of the reductio ad absurdum of the logicians, or, better still, of the ancient symbolism of the serpent swallowing itself. Whoever happens to be in power as President controls the finances of the country, by the legislation of a subservient Congress, if found possible, as recently successfully accomplished by Huerta, and if not then by force of arms; the Treasury pays the army; the army mans the polls and thereby controls the vote; the vote naturally and consequently retains the dictator in

(Continued on page 141.)



Election Day in Mexico.  
—From the New York Herald.

faults and vices and to inherit none of the virtues of the parents. This seems to have been the universal result, and such it has surely been in the admixture of the Spanish and Indian races in Mexico, which has produced one of the lowest orders of the human race making any claim to civilization, known to us, rather uncharitably, I think, as "greasers."

From these figures it will be observed that the Creoles and Gachupinos together comprise only about fifteen or sixteen per cent. of the entire population, and they constitute the sole governing class in Mexico to-day. There is really no amalgamation with either the Indians or the Mestizoes, and the result is that



# Best Selling Book of the Month

## Something About "The Broken Halo" and its Author

A MOST remarkable record for longevity as a best seller has been made by "The Inside of the Cup" which comes out at the head of the Canadian list for the fifth month in succession. "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" also keeps well up in the race, but for second honors, it has had to give place to Florence M. Barclay's "The Broken Halo."

Readers of MacLean's will recall the extraordinary success scored by this writer's first big novel "The Rosary" which in point of sales has seldom been eclipsed, the total reaching over 500,000 copies. "The Mistress of Shenstone," and her other subsequent novels have been highly popular but their aggregate sales have scarcely exceeded the total number of copies sold of "The Rosary."

"The Broken Halo" is not likely to approach "The Rosary" in that respect but its wholesome sentiment and spiritual meaning, as evidence of the ultimate victory of unselfishness, is bringing for it wide appreciation.

The opening chapters of the book deal with the meeting of the hero, Dick Cameron, with the "Little White Lady," the former as a young but capable medical practitioner and the latter as his patient. Cameron is twenty-eight, and she is sixty, a remarkable feature of the story being that the author, despite the difficulty of the problem presented develops it to the marriage of these two, bringing about that eventuality so that it seems perfectly natural and beautiful.

The reader is taken back to the boyhood of Dick Cameron. His mother dying when he was very young and his father being with his regiment in India, the little fellow was taken into the home of an uncle and aunt of cold and austere piety, the former being the rector of the parish church at Dinglevale. They repress his childish affections and beliefs and circumstances combine to bring him into rebellion against the artificial restrictions of the upholders of religion so that ultimately he grows up an avowed disbeliever in God.

As a little fellow of seven he goes to a children's party of the Manor House and there he gets into undeserved disgrace and the punishment he receives at the hands of his uncle hardens his little heart so that, seeking to do the wickedest thing he can think of, he sends a stone through the halo of St.

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER

The author of "The Rosary" whose latest novel, "The Broken Halo," is the subject of this month's review, comes from a family trained in the traditions of the best literature, many of its members having achieved distinction in their writings. Mrs. Charlesworth, whose "Ministering Children" was one of the literary successes of half a century ago, was her grandmother, and she is a niece of the learned Arabic scholar, Professor Cowell, whose services were so valuable in connection with the translation of "Omar Khayyam." Mrs. Barclay is a sister of Maud Ballington Booth, who has written several delightful books for young people.

Peter in the stained glass window of the church. This incident is subsequently described in the words of the "Little White Lady," as "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual loss."

How his final redemption is accomplished through her instrumentality is the big theme of the story.

At the time of the halo-breaking inci-

dent, Dick, seated on his mother's grave, determines that he will never pray again.

"I'll come out on top of everything and everybody always." In his determination to get "to the top of the tree" he has a brilliant school and college career and he comes back to Dinglevale a full-fledged doctor. Here, on the day of the opening incident of the story he finds himself installed in the Manor House, the master of the situation in the house that was the scene of his boyhood's disgrace.

Under the transforming influence of the heroine, a woman of intrinsic goodness, which remains unimpaired by experiences that would have left bitterness and devastation of soul in anyone less harmoniously constituted, comes Doctor Richard Cameron, the self-sufficient young agnostic and that influence is finally the agency that wins him back into spiritual re-awakening, overcoming inclinations and acts, prompted by the perversity of his ambition, which are at variance with his better nature. At first it is only to advance his own position that he seeks the marriage, but in the end, through the beauty of their relationship his halo is restored complete.

Florence M. Barclay is the wife of the Rev. Charles Barclay, the vicar of Hereford Heath. She comes of the Charlesworth family whose representatives have served the Church in an unbroken line since the days of Queen Elizabeth. From the walls of the vicarage look down family portraits including old prints of bishops and clergymen in wigs and white surplices. Her grandmother was Mrs. Charlesworth who wrote "Ministering Children" which was received with such acclaim half a century ago and she is a sister of Maud Ballington Booth who has written several successful books for young people and a novel, "Was It Murder?" showing how circumstantial evidence, however convincing, may lead to miscarriage of justice.

Most of Mrs. Barclay's writing has been done at her home with its beautiful garden, redolent with flowers and echoing with the song of birds. But the garden setting in "Through the Postern Gate," suggesting the charming green-embowered homesteads of the English countryside, was writ-

(Continued on page 139.)



'Dick Cameron sends a stone through the Halo of St. Peter,' an incident in "The Broken Halo."

# Canada's Mountain Motor Road

## A Stretch of Scenic Surprises That Will Rival Europe's Wonders

By L. VALENTINE KELLY

Motorists all over Canada and the United States should be watching the progress of the motor road through the mountains of Western Canada, for it is a tremendous undertaking and will eventually prove one of the finest opportunities for motor pleasures. It will show prairies, hills, timbered slopes, mighty mountains capped with perpetual snows, massive gleaming glaciers, heaven-climbing cliffs, wonderful hot springs, and more wonderful colors. It will open the wilds of the deep valleys to the motorists, the scenery, the hunting, the fishing; it will show cliffs and mountains as brilliantly painted as those of the far-famed Colorado Valley, and at no time will the motorist be more than thirty miles from a railroad and all the comforts of civilization.

Any man who is interested in motor roads will remember that it was scarcely two years ago that the work on the great Canadian mountain motor highway commenced. Federal and provincial authorities joined with the railways to construct a motor artery second to none in the world, planning to build across the mountains and eventually across the plains to Winnipeg, then Toronto, thence to the Atlantic seaboard. Starting at the Pacific coast this great work has been carried on with steady progress, the work being done in sections, and the worst sections being about completed. At the Pacific end it will, in the course of time, be linked up with the big highway being constructed down the coast from the boundary to California, and will give a thorough motor route of many thousand miles of wonderful motoring.

### The Picturesque Rockies

The Calgary-Banff-Columbia Valley section of the Canadian road is one of the most picturesque and varied of the entire route. Its completion is promised before the end of the coming summer. When this section is done there then only remains a portion through the Selkirks to link the prairies with the western ocean by roadway.

To the citizens not particularly in touch with constructive development in Canada, this account of the building of the Coast-to-Coast highway will come as a practical confirmation of the many rumors of such. That Canada possesses scenic wonders and unusual beauty spots, has been almost hackneyed by its assertion, though many, as yet, fail to appreciate what a treasure house we have in the Rockies. The gain from this tourist traffic will be a new source of income for Canada. The writer gives us an insight into the progress of the mountain section.—Editor.

The most vivid scenery along this section is from the Columbia Valley end into the valleys of the Kootenay and Vermilion rivers. The Columbia River rises in the Windermere Lakes, eighty miles south of the town of Golden, and it is a magnificent stream from its very beginning. It is one of the few streams which are navigable from its source; steamboats ply up and down the wide



The pioneer stopping-place at the entrance of the motor road into Sinclair Pass.

waters from the lakes at Athalmer and Windermere to Golden, on the railroad. The valley is broad, rich in timber, verdure, scenery, wealthy in fruit farms and tourist attractions. The Selkirks frame the western side, the Rockies the east, and a ribbon of goodly road climbs and drops, switches and swoops from Golden on the main line to Cranbrook on the Crow's Nest Pass line, one hundred and seventy miles south. But this is not the motor highway proper.

### Where Bears Cured Their Ills

A few miles north of Athalmer where the Golden trail passes the gates of the Pierson ranch the new motor trail swings off toward the dark defiles and gleaming masses of the Rockies, just where the Sinclair Creek comes through the canyons. From the benches it climbs through the slopes of great timber, zig-zags around deep precipices, plunges into the open cut through which the sparkling snow-fed Sinclair Creek leaps and rumbles from the mountains to the comparative placidity of the hills and benches. Right here on the edge of the thick, clean timber and the grey and red rocks is a pool of hot springs, one of Nature's marvels. The springs are fifty-three hundred feet above sea-level, and have been valued for their medicinal qualities for many years by the few who knew of them. In the beginning it is said that aged and stiffened bears utilized the waters to limber up in spring-time; later the Indians took a leaf of instruction from the book of the wild animals and went there to wallow in the waters when the pangs of rheumatism or other illnesses gripped them; then white men followed suit. It is admitted that in the early days there were many western men who drank poisonous liquor until they became physical wrecks, and it is well known in the Columbia Valley that during the past years scores and scores of men have wandered more or less blindly up the narrow rocky trail to seek relief in the clean, hot waters when on the verge of the terrible delirium tremens.





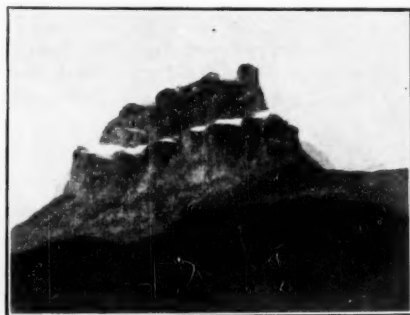
Sinclair creek canyon, two hundred feet high on each side of road. The falls of the Sinclair creek are here and drop eighty feet. The cost of this one cut in the construction of the road was \$26,000.

It is a beautiful spot unmarred by any puny attempts of man to beautify. Mighty cliffs tower hundreds of feet into the air, and through the fifty-foot gap between them the icy current of Sinclair Creek snarls and thunders as it is hurried down its stumbling, leaping way to the more level channel in the open. On a narrow, rocky shelf just where the creek bends from the cliffs into the foothills there is a dish-shaped hollow perhaps twelve or fifteen feet across each way and four feet deep. Here it is that the hot waters bubble up with a temperature sufficiently hot to cook an egg in fifteen minutes. A person bathing in this pool can thrust a leg or an arm over the edge and dangle the member in the absolutely ice cold waters of the creek. Red cliffs shut out the sunlight most of the day; down the slope the fresh, bright green of the timber and valley meadows rests the eyes; far across the valley a dozen miles to the west the snowy caps and grey rocks of the Selkirks gleam and stare.

#### The Lair of Wild Things

Up and up between the walls, around sharp bends the trail pushes in, ever-climbing for some nine miles until the summit of the Sinclair Pass is reached and the downgrade shows the wide Kootenay River valley in the distance. This valley is practically virgin game-country. For years the natives of the

Kootenay tribe have considered it as their own, and few others, excepting a few hunters and prospectors, had been in there up until a very short while back. Mink, marten, weasel abound, while the winter snows show the tracks of coyotes, moose, lynx. Summer, spring and fall the valley benches and heights are the homes of grizzly, black and cinnamon bear; sometimes mountain lions are there, and the deer live on the lower flats in hundreds. The Kootenay River and the streams flowing into it are dammed and choked with the work of the beaver, who are often seen at their labors; the waters of the river and streams are rich in cut-throat (Dolly Varden) trout. It is an ideal hunting and camping country, and will in time become a splendid farming land, the soil being rich and the benches and bottoms well watered. Two years ago the beaver had so dammed and choked the valley streams that wide stretches of meadow land and trails were flooded and the



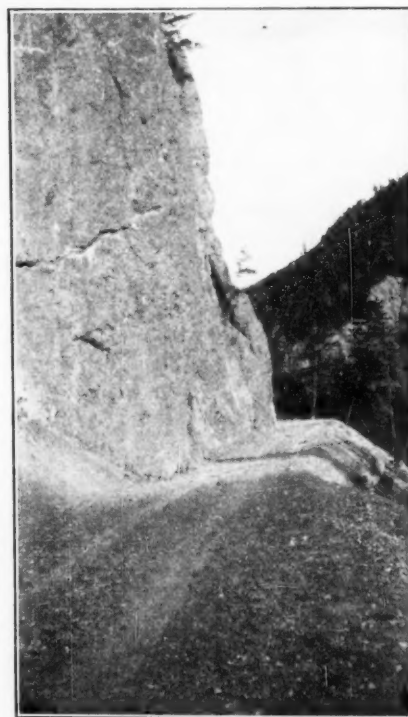
The strange Castle Mountain.

government was forced to withdraw the bar of the closed season. Hundreds of beaver were trapped there that winter and spring. That fall, as has doubtless occurred every fall, the black-tailed deer who had been fattening all summer in the valley migrated from the north end to the more open southern portion, and herds of them, numbering anywhere from fifty to a hundred head each, passed a given point every night during a period of a week or ten days. On the heels of these herds the trails of mountain lions were plain.

Goat and sheep were thick on the peaks and cliffs, wonderful scenery is everywhere, and the motorist is carried through on perfect road and good bridges. The highway follows the Kootenay River for fourteen miles, and then swings up along the Vermilion River, turning along this stream at its junction with the Kootenay. Another high range of mountains must be crossed here, and the Vermilion trail leading up over the pass of the same name mounts to an altitude of six thousand feet by easy grades. Red, black, green and grey are

the colors, topped with the bright blue of the mountain sky. Dark, shuddery depths edge some portions of the trail, while tangled brakes, brawling rivulets, rippling springs are everywhere. Over the summit the road goes down into the Bow Valley, crossing that river at Castle mountain by a steel bridge, and bending eastward toward Banff. Here, too, are hot springs, boating, bathing and fishing. Banff is a tourist point well-known over Canada, and little need be said of it as an attractive spot. Eastward yet the trail runs past buffalo pastures, herds of elk and deer that are behind the barred wires of the park fences; past the Three Sisters, the Kananaskis River, and out into the swelling, rolling foothills that stretch their grass or timber-crowned summits as far as the eye can reach north, south and east. After the hills come the level prairies, and through them, alongside the motor road the Bow waters ever tumble downward into the open country.

It is a magnificent section of Canada through which this motor road runs, and the distance is not too great for a car. The mileage from Calgary to the Windermere Lakes by this route is only about one hundred and seventy miles. The construction will be completed, and the highway open by next summer, and no Canadian need fear comparing the scenery, the attractions, and the road construction itself to any on the continent.



This rock is blood-red and is within two miles of Sinclair summit on Sinclair creek. The rocks blasted from the face of the cliff were used as road crown, and the stretch of road is also red.



# In the Matter of a Memorial

## Momentous Difficulties of Social Life as they Appear at the Manse Fireside

By E. J. GRAHAM

"MALCOLM, I want your advice."

The Reverend Malcolm Gray had been a husband for the space of six months; but he had learned already the significance of this tone. Marion had made up her mind.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, with a note of cheerful resignation.

"You know there has been a feud for three years between Mrs. Merritt and Miss Letitia Bradley."

"I have heard of it," was Mr. Gray's reply—and his face assumed the expression of awe with which man regards the woman militant.

"Well," triumphantly announced his wife, leaning forward with her hazel eyes alight. "I am going to reconcile these women. Why, they have not spoken to each other for three long years. Mrs. Merritt won't contribute to foreign missions because Miss Letitia is interested in them and Miss Letitia has no interest in our home work among the Galicians because Mrs. Merritt sends a box to them."

"That's an excellent idea," said Mr. Gray genially. "It divides the talents, as it were."

"But Malcolm, they are Christians."

"Christians are very human, my child."

"Malcolm!"

"For instance, at this moment I am thinking of how becoming blue is, and of how long your eyelashes are, instead of worrying over the feminine feuds of Knox Church."

"That's all very well," said his wife, while a dimple which no orthodox mistress of the manse should possess deepened in her right cheek. "I believe," she continued, "that you're afraid to say a word about it—and you are their pastor."

"I am afraid of them," Mr. Gray admitted without shame. "Yesterday afternoon, as I was coming out of Mrs. Merritt's gate, I met Miss Letitia, and she looked as if she could have stabbed me with her umbrella. I'll tackle most problems cheerfully, my dear, but a woman's quarrel of three years' standing is too much—even for their Minister!"

"Do you know what it was about?"

"I don't think any one knows."

"Well, I am going to find out. I shall call on Mrs. Merritt this very afternoon."

"She has an interesting collection of shells. You might say that I had mentioned them, and so introduce the subject to Miss Letitia."

The absurdity of many personal whims ever among the workers in religious organizations forms the subject matter of this amusing romance. The humor, as well as the tragedy of the minister's home creep out in the narrative. The writer is one of our cleverest Canadian writers.—Editor.

"Malcolm, you're horribly unsympathetic—and too frivolous for a clergyman. And you haven't given me a word of advice."

"Go ahead, my dear, but remember that you were not brought up a Presbyterian and that you have not a drop of Scotch blood in your veins. Also remember that you are only a charming young person twenty-four years of age."

"It sounds terribly young when I think of all the old ladies in the Missionary Society. Do you think it would help if I were to wear a bonnet?"

"A bonnet! No, indeed!" The Reverend Malcolm Gray almost snorted indignantly. "Be yourself, Marion, and don't try to dress for the part of an imaginary piece of perfection. Just remember that, if you get into trouble with these warrior ladies, I'll stand by you."

"You're a brave man," said his wife mockingly; but she laughed with a wistful face as she watched him go down the path to the gate. "I wish I knew how to be a minister's wife," she murmured confidentially to the coffee-pot. "Men take things so much for granted."

"Will I do?" said Marion Gray several hours later, as she entered her husband's study. He surveyed the neat brown suit, the little brown turban and the anxious young face beneath it.

"You ought to melt those two hard hearts into one," said the Minister gallantly. "You would be an acquisition to any Peace Conference."

"You're a great comfort, Malcolm, even if you won't give much advice—and I'll come home early and make grid-dle cakes for tea. Jane doesn't seem to understand them."

She smiled and waved her hand from the gate; but, in reality, the heart of Marion Gray was fast in her throat as she reflected upon Mrs. Merritt's severely-banded hair and the awful repose of her parlor. As she reached the corner of the cottage garden where the widow of the late James Merritt kept an immaculate house, she was accosted by Miss Maria King, who had played the organ in Knox Sunday School for the last fifteen years.

"I suppose you'll be at the meeting to-morrow, Mrs. Gray—for the Chilliwack Home in British Columbia."

"Oh—yes—certainly."

"I don't know that it does much good to gather in those Indians. They're a shiftless lot and get tuberculosis so easy. But perhaps it's our duty"—and Miss Maria sighed decorously. Then she continued: "You'll find Mrs. Merritt real interested. She's taken them up ever so much, especially since Miss Letitia is so down on home work."

"I'm sure it's very good of her," murmured Marion ambiguously as she hurried on, thankful that Miss Maria had suggested a topic for discussion.

Mrs. Merritt, in a severe black gown, made a sombre contrast to the windowful of geraniums, as Marion timidly glanced in the widow's direction.

"This is such a nice bright room, Mrs. Merritt. My husband was speaking to me of your collection of shells."

"I have some unusual ones," said Mrs. Merritt, unbending somewhat to the younger woman, who was so obviously anxious to be friendly. "My poor husband was fond of the collection and had some curious shells from California."

Mrs. Gray spent about half an hour over the pink and fluted loveliness of a trayful of these shells, but refrained from comment when Mrs. Merritt displayed with pride a dull brown specimen from Niagara Falls inscribed with the Lord's Prayer. Then the subject of the Chilliwack Home was introduced and Mrs. Merritt waxed eloquent on the subject of the neglected Indians.

"We're spending too much time and thought on those missions in China," she asserted strenuously, "and giving too little attention to our own country. Some people can't see any want nearer than Cheng Fu."

Mrs. Gray ventured a feeble remonstrance on behalf of China, but was silenced by the retort:

"I believe in taking care of our own first. The Lord wouldn't have left the Chinese so long without the Gospel if He'd intended us to be in a hurry about their souls."

The photograph album was the next object of interest, for Mrs. Merritt had the photographs of several workers among the Indians of British Columbia. Their training and toil were described at length until Mrs. Gray was impressed duly with the overwhelming importance of the Chilliwack Home. Suddenly they came upon an old photograph of a bridal group and Mrs. Gray seized upon it eagerly.

"How interesting! Isn't it lovely to keep souvenirs of one's wedding day. What a fine-looking man your husband

was! Your wedding-dress must have been charming, with all those little ruffles. And isn't that Miss Bradley standing beside you?"

"She was my bridesmaid," said Mrs. Merritt icily.

"She is such an active worker in the foreign mission cause," continued Marion nervously. "Do you think it would be possible to interest her in the Chilliwack Home?"

Mrs. Merritt's eyes assumed the expression of a well-bred agate. "I really do not know," she answered with an air of chopping each syllable.

"You have been such old friends that I thought you might influence her," was the next advance.

There was a silence of almost a moment during which Marion felt that the beating of her heart could be heard as distinctly as the purring of Mrs. Merritt's favorite cat, "Danny," which slowly winked a yellow eye as if deprecating this discussion. Then the hostess said blandly:

"You will be interested, perhaps, in seeing my willow pattern plates."

Marion walked away from the cottage, defeated, but not utterly cast down. She would try Miss Letitia before she gave up playing the part of mediator. But she was beginning to realize the force of a personal antagonism, where friends are few and affairs are petty. A Varsity girl was hardly prepared for such quiet insistence on the eternity of small enmities, but she was supported by a desire to be "a real help in the ministry."

Miss Letitia proved less formidable. As she rose from a writing-desk, littered with loose papers and smiled wanly at the bright, young visitor, Marion recalled that Miss Letitia had an awesome reputation as "poetess."

"I hope I am not interrupting your literary labors," she said solicitously.

"Not at all. I must write only when the feeling comes—and this is one of my gray days." Miss Letitia passed a thin hand wearily across her forehead.

Marion felt properly impressed by this manifestation of the artistic temperament and proceeded to adopt a sympathetic tone.

"Your gift is one which brings its own penalty, of suffering." Then the minister's wife experienced a pang of conscience, for Malcolm had informed her that Miss Letitia's writings for the local papers were "awful stuff." She reminded herself that her object was above reproach and that if becoming a peacemaker meant becoming a temporary hypocrite, there could be no great harm in it. With this practical application of a certain famous doctrine she continued to soothe the weary scribe. "You may know moments of depression, but you have the supreme satisfaction of expressing your very self." Then she added to her own ego; "Marion Gray, you are talking like a prig and Malcolm would faint if he could hear you."

However, a faint color came in Miss Letitia's thin cheeks and her faded blue eyes almost sparkled. "Oh, it is so good to meet with one who understands!"

"The stock-in-trade of the artistic temperament! What a mercy she is not

married!" was a further confidence which Mrs. Gray made to her own heart. Aloud she said smoothly:

"I have been denied such a gift. But I am very fond of poetry, and if there is anything you would care to read to me I should be so glad to hear it."

"Really, Mrs. Gray!" There was a fluttering movement of Letitia's hands and Marion felt rewarded for her small duplicity by the expression of heartfelt gratitude in the eyes of the poetess. "I have just been trying a few poor lines on 'The Faded Rose.' I dare say the theme is not entirely new; but the flower which has died always makes an appeal to the poet's heart."

Marion nodded gravely and Miss Letitia proceeded to read in a voice of melancholy cadence a poem of several halting stanzas on the decease of the rose. Lost lovers were much in evidence and Marion found herself wondering why spinsters with washed-out blue eyes insisted on being sentimental. "I'm a brute," she confessed, "how dreadful it would be to lose Malcolm!"

"How touching!" she exclaimed aloud. "The pathetic side of life evidently appeals to you, Miss Letitia."

"The shadows make the world's beauty," declaimed the poetess, rubbing her right eye with a lean forefinger. "Even in religious life, sadness has always appealed to me. I care most in the hymns which picture our dying state."

Marion gave a fastidious little shiver. How could the woman like what the minister's wife called "wormy" hymns?

"I think the most comforting reward for such work as yours is the thought that you have helped others. Mrs. Banks told me that when her little girl died five years ago your poem about her was the greatest comfort."

Miss Letitia's lips trembled. "I called it 'The Withered Violet,' and it was published in the Thornton Chronicle, with a heavy black border. But I have written no memorial verse for years, though I think it the noblest form. There was Milton's 'Lycidas' you know, and Gray's 'Elegy.' However, I have given it up entirely." Miss Letitia sighed over this relinquishing of memorial poetry and Marion felt as if she were near the clue to a mystery. Miss Letitia continued, "Even when Dr. Markham, the medical missionary at Cheng Fu was taken away by fever, I did not feel that I should write of the sad event, although several friends urged me to do so and send the poem to the Gospel Herald. They said it might comfort the widow and would show that our foreign missionary cause was flourishing in Thornton."

"But don't you think that a death like Dr. Markham's is more inspiring than sad? He had worked so well and was such a good fighter that I hardly felt his death a tragedy."

Miss Letitia gazed with disapproval on her pastor's wife. This was no way to regard a departure from this planet. It almost savored of cheerfulness and should not be encouraged.

"Dr. Markham was a good man who might have done much in Cheng Fu, had

he been spared. It was a most mysterious dispensation."

Marion recognized that it would be futile to quote Browning's "Epilogue" and reflected on the possibility of interesting Miss Letitia in the Chilliwack Home.

"There are heroes in our own country as well," she said brightly. "Look at the young men who go into the far north. I saw such an interesting letter the other day from a missionary who has been as far as Yukon." Then all diplomatic moves were discarded and Marion said boldly, "I should be so glad if you would come to our meeting about the Chilliwack Home to-morrow."

Miss Letitia bristled in a manner of which Marion would have thought her hardly capable. "I am not interested in the missions in British Columbia," she said, with spiteful energy. "I know that some people are so taken up with the Indian work that they can hardly spare any sympathy for the nations of the Orient."

The last phrase sounded so imposing that Mrs. Gray was silenced for the moment and wondered wearily if the role of peacemaker were worth the struggle.

"But this is our own country, and work is needed here, as well, Miss Letitia. I am sure that you could be useful to me in the home work too." Marion's tones were dangerously persuasive, but Miss Letitia preserved a hostile attitude.

"My time is fully taken up as it is." Marion realized for the second time that afternoon that she was beating her brown-turbaned head against a stone wall.

"What a pretty girl that is!" she said, indicating the framed photograph of a smiling bride.

"That is Gladys Summers, the daughter of my cousin Maria. Some thought Gladys a terribly fancy name for her, but I believe in poetic names myself. I wrote some verses on her, called 'Crowned With Orange Bloom.' As a matter of fact, she didn't wear any flowers in her hair—only had her veil bunched up in a kind of rosette. But she liked the poem ever so much. It was in the country paper, the Erie Signal, and some friends thought it was the best I had written."

Marion's courage suddenly arose to her lips. "I think it is so charming when a bride keeps these old photographs and souvenirs of her wedding day. I was so interested in seeing a picture of Mrs. Merritt and you as bride and bridesmaid."

Miss Letitia turned a white and pitiful face to her guest. "Do you mean to say that Sarah Merritt hasn't torn that photograph to pieces long ago?"

"She seems to think a good deal of it," said Marion mendaciously.

There was an electric pause, during which the visitor felt that an emotional hurricane was near. Then Miss Letitia's face went down into the thin, trembling hands and sobs shook her until Marion was terrified at the result of her attempts at peacemaking.

"Dear Miss Letitia! Please don't! I would not have mentioned it at all if I had known it would hurt you."



Miss Letitia, in spite of the artistic temperament, was of Puritan breed which considered tears a crowning weakness. She regained her self control, but remained huddled in the corner of the sofa.

"I think I may as well tell you about me and Sarah," she said in gulpy accents. "The trouble happened three years ago and no one knows about it but Mary Wilson, who's out in Saskatchewan and will never tell. But if you mention it—even to Mr. Gray—I'll never forgive you."

Marion murmured a comforting assurance—to which she loyally adhered.

"Sarah and I were always friends, ever since we were little tots and wore pinafores. She had a stronger will than I had, but I had more imagination and she was always interested in my fondness for flowers and books and was rather proud that I took all the prizes for essay-writing. She was good at mathematics and was sure to have first place in arithmetic. Well, we had desks together at school and gathered wild flowers together in the spring and I was the first person she told when James Merritt proposed to her."

Marion leaned forward and patted the clasped hands sympathetically. "I know, I have a cousin Mabel who is just like that. She was my bridesmaid, too."

"You see, neither of us had a sister and we just seemed to fit in to each other's disposition, even if our thoughts were so different. It was always like that and Sarah's marriage didn't make any barrier in our friendship, for James was one of those broad-minded men who liked to see a woman have her own friends. It's seven years since James died and I was with Sarah all through her trouble. It just seemed as if she couldn't do without me."

"Then," continued Miss Letitia, in faltering tones, "about three years ago Sarah was taken terribly ill with fever and the doctor insisted on a hired nurse. I was hardly admitted to her room, and, at last, I was told that she was dying. Mrs. Gray, you have no idea what that night meant to me. It wasn't as if I had been like a girl who had had a sweetheart of her own. Sarah had always been the stronger and I had just made her life my own. I could not sleep, at all; but just as dawn was breaking I got up and sat at this very table. Before I knew

what I was doing, I had written a poem in Sarah's memory, and the writing seemed to bring a great relief. Early that morning Mary Wilson came in to tell me that there had been a change. Sarah had rallied and the Doctor thought with great care she might recover. It seemed somehow, as if the poem had brought her back for she began to mend about that time I had the last line written. So, I told Mary Wilson about it and she went away, telling me I might see Sarah the next day. But it was more than a week before they would let me in to her room and then there was a scene

made her believe I was cold and vain and wanted to make a sensation out of her being taken off. So, we've not spoken to each other from that day to this and Mary Wilson was so scared of Sarah that she promised never to say anything about the poem. The worst of it was"—and here Miss Letitia's thin voice deepened into tragedy—"Sarah completely forgot herself and allowed herself to say things about my writings which no author could forgive. She said it was a waste of time and worse!"

Marion surveyed the limp figure with a thrill of sympathy. "I quite understand, Miss Letitia. It was a beautiful impulse which led you to write the poem, but, of course, Mrs. Merritt was so sick that she could not understand."

"But if you'd heard the things she said about the poetry!" repeated Miss Letitia, whose hands went out in a fluttering, protective fashion towards the scraps of paper on the table.

"Have you destroyed your poem on your friend?" asked Marion.

"No. I couldn't bring myself to do it, even if she has misunderstood. It's put away in my copy of Longfellow."

Miss Letitia made her way to an ancient mahogany bookcase and carefully abstracted a folded paper from a blue-bound Longfellow.

"If you'd care to take it home and read it, you may take it for a while. Someway, I think I'd be more comfortable with it out of the house. But I simply can't burn it. You have been very good to understand."

"I shall consider it a privilege to read it. And now I want you to promise me something in return!"

Miss Letitia eagerly gave the promise.

"I want you to come to the meeting to-morrow for the Chilliwack Home and then to tea at the manse afterwards.

You have not been to see us yet and you and Mr. Gray can have a pleasant chat about books."

Miss Letitia faltered. Then she flung back her head with an unusual gesture of defiance. "Yes, I'll go. Sarah Merritt will be amazed to see me there, but I guess the church parlors are a home to all of us."

The griddle cakes were a delicious success and the Reverend Malcolm Gray did justice to their brown perfection with the appetite of a lumberman.

"Pastoral calls must be exhausting



"Marion felt that the beating of her heart could be heard as distinctly as the purring of Mrs. Merritt's favorite cat."

that I've never got over. If you'll believe me, Sarah thought I was cruel and heartless to write about her dying and that I wasn't thinking of anything but getting my own name into the Thornton Chronicle. She had always heard that poets were selfish and hadn't a speck of principle and she'd believe it after that. You see, Mrs. Gray, she didn't understand that it was because I thought so much of her and felt so terribly sad over losing her that I'd turned to writing just as some women would have gone into hysterics. Mary Wilson had told her, thinking to please her, but it had just



work, Malcolm," said his wife, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Healthier than trying to make peace between cantankerous ladies," he replied. "You haven't eaten anything but a piece of toast. How was Our Lady of the Rueful Rhymes?"

"She's coming here to tea to-morrow night—and I promised that you would talk to her about books."

"Shades of Robert Browning! And you vowed to be a helpmeet!"

"The poor thing has such a drab existence, Malcolm, and she is so serious about her poetry."

"Her metres are certainly no joke. Thank goodness, she did not know you or she would have done an ode at the expense of our wedding. Very well, my dear, I'll do my share—only I hope she is not fond of Marie Corelli. By the way, I had a letter this afternoon from Ernest Grant, who is away up in a mining village in British Columbia. He wants us to send books and magazines out there."

"Oh give me the letter and I'll run over and see Mrs. Merritt about it. I want an excuse for calling again."

Mrs. Merritt wore an expression of surprise when her pastor's wife appeared for the second time in twenty-four hours. The letter from Mr. Grant furnished an excellent excuse for an appeal to the elder lady's experience and judgment, and Mrs. Merritt became positively genial over the requirements of western miners as to literature and art.

"We must put in some leaflets on the evils of strong drink," she said solemnly. "Those men will need a warning."

"There is something else besides Mr. Grant's letter which I want to show you," said Marion slowly. "I suppose Mrs. Merritt, you have heard of such a thing as the artistic temperament."

"None of my people had it," said Mrs. Merritt, with pardonable pride. "They were all respectable farmers who owned their own land and died with a balance in the bank."

"The best in the world!" said Marion with enthusiasm. "But there are people with certain gifts or talents who have certain drawbacks, too. I have known one of them who suffered greatly because of her desire for self-expression and who was always misunderstood. She was very sensitive and helpless in some ways, and in others was older and wiser than most of us. My friendship with her has helped me to understand the type."

Mrs. Merritt looked blandly interested and Marion continued.

"These people are seldom practical. The women are hardly ever the best of house-keepers and so they usually form an attachment for someone stronger. Miss Bradley is one of that type and when she wept to-day over your estrangement I felt that I should like to help the poor thing to a happier state of affairs. You see, her expression in poetry is just what tears would be to most of us."

The sudden turn of conversation had been so unexpected that Mrs. Merritt was completely non-plussed at first. A dull red flush appeared in her face and she said warmly, "Letitia Bradley is a meddling fool. Queer friendship it is to take a person's death for granted and sit

down to write a poem in cold blood about it."

"But it wasn't written in cold blood," cried Marion impetuously. "It was a cry of grief in the greatest trouble of her life. Your friendship meant more to Miss Letitia than anything else. Why, she had always depended on you for advice and comfort—and in her great distress she just naturally turned to poetry as you or I would never think of doing. These poets are not like others. They are not unfeeling—just children."

Mrs. Merritt's lips showed signs of unbending. "I always said Letitia had a lot of dumb foolishness. But to write about your corpse before it was cold—in fact, when it wasn't a corpse at all!"

"She wrote because she could not help it—she hadn't a thought of exploiting herself. It is such a touching poem—and I should like to read it to you. Miss Letitia has kept it all these years."

Before the worthy widow could protest Marion was fairly into the first stanza of the memorial verse, and Mrs. Merritt had the unique privilege of listening to an elegiac poem over her own departure from Earth. Mrs. Gray had a sweet and musical voice and she put her best effort into the reading of Letitia's mournful lines. Slowly the sternness died out of the listener's face, as she heard her own virtues most glowingly described, and she gave a slight cough over the reference to their plucking the June daisies together. Danny slept peacefully near the grate fire which cast a crimson glow on the crayon portrait of the late James Merritt and danced witchingly over the curly head of the minister's wife. One could not be offended with such a young creature, mused Mrs. Merritt, and really perhaps she was right about Letitia. As the concluding lines were read—

"She's laid her earthly honors down  
And now she wears a heavenly crown."

a tear slowly splashed down Mrs. Merritt's cheek and was lost in the black silk expanse of her bosom.

On the following afternoon, Miss Bradley arrived early, at the meeting of the Chiliwack Home. Mrs. Gray with an excited streak of red burning in her cheeks met the shrinking poetess and whispered in confidence:

"Oh, Miss Letitia, I don't know what you'll think of me—but I read your beautiful poem to Mrs. Merritt last night—and she was touched by it. I think she understands fully now and I'm going to ask her to tea with us too—so that you may have a talk over old times." Before the agitated author could say a word, the minister's wife was at the other side of the room inquiring about old Mrs. Harrow's rheumatism.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Merritt, who presided with somewhat less than her usual severe dignity. It was found that there was a vacancy on the Executive Committee.

"I move that Miss Letitia Bradley be asked to act," piped Mrs. Harrow's thin, little voice.

"Would you be willing to act?" asked Mrs. Merritt.

Her gray eyes met the faded blue eyes of Miss Letitia and suddenly the years were as naught and they were pig-tailed girls in pinafores again.

"Yes—I think so," replied Letitia faintly. There was a curious hush over the members, as the Secretary wrote down the name.

"Then that completes the committee," was Mrs. Merritt's gracious comment.

And over in the corner, Marion Gray was saying to her tumultuous heart—"Now I'll see what Malcolm will say—and I do hope there's enough cream for tea."

## Danish Doctor on Food Values

Dr. M. Hindhede, director of the laboratory for nutritive research of the Danish Government, has written a book, of which an English translation is published, entitled *Protein and Nutrition: an Investigation*. He brings forward evidence supported by facts that the value of protein as a food has been much overrated, and that men as well as animals can live on half the amount prescribed and accepted as necessary by scientific authorities. From their own figures and experiments he claims to disprove the deductions of Vort, Attwater, Hutchinson, M'Kay, Chittenden, and other dietetic authorities. He founds on personal experiment and his own experience. Dr. Hindhede, who is the son of a farmer in west Jutland, Denmark, was born in 1862. It was his observation of the wonderful working ability of the Jutland farmers which set him in opposition to the claims of the advocates of so-called strength-giving foods. He studied medicine with distinction, and settled down for twenty years amongst the west Jutland farmers as a doctor. Here he began to propagate his views as to the overrated value of protein in the feeding of milk-cows, and recommended a smaller quantity of oil-cake and more turnip fodder. His experiments led to his appointment at the head of a Government laboratory, with five assistants, exclusively for the study of human nutrition.

He came to the conclusion, that we are all more or less guilty of overeating, and that a vast number of common ailments are due to over-feeding. He says that a natural sense of health and well-being springs from his regimen, with a perfect appetite and pleasure in work. The moral of the book is that the richly albuminous food-stuffs are by far the most expensive, and that it is, therefore, sheer extravagance to squander the house-keeping money in a superabundance of protein unnecessary for body-building. Dr. M. Hindhede is neither a vegetarian nor a food-faddist, but approaches his subject from the scientific side. The vegetarian, however, will find a good deal of comfort in many of his conclusions.

# Between Two Thieves

By RICHARD DEHAN

LXXXVI.

"They were fine men at first, some of them giants. Now they are boys—mere infants, one might say! . . . Conscripts, one might say also; but that they are without the conscription in England. Food for the Hungry One all the same. For Death is a glutton, Monsieur, not a gourmet. All he asks is—enough to eat."

"There was loss upon our side naturally. But upon the side of the British it is astonishing what slaughter!" pursued the news-vendor. "And what numbers of wounded there are to be dealt with Monsieur may conceive. In litters, or upon the backs of mules and horses, they are being conveyed to the coast, where transport-vessels wait to receive and carry them to the Bosphorus. On board—Heaven knows whether they will get any medical aid or surgical treatment until they arrive at the Hospital Barracks of Scutari. . . . And even there—since the English Army owns no trained nurse-attendants, or sanitary organization—and the building covers some six miles of ground and accommodates—according to the published reports—fifteen thousand men—the greater number of these poor devils are likely to spit up their souls unaided! For what can one young, high-bred English lady, aided by a handful of Catholic Sisters of Mercy and Protestant religiouses, do to assuage the sufferings of thousands? Why—nothing at all! Not even so much as that!"

The close of the sentence was snatched from the speaker's lips by the hurricane-passage of another of the gray-painted expresses, crowded with English troops. It flashed by and was gone. With the thin hair upon his big head yet stirring, with the wind of its passage, the hunchback said, pointing to the lowered indicator of the up-train signal:

"The Paris mail is due in another moment. . . . Monsieur is travelling by that train?"

But Dunoisse, hardly knowing why, responded with another question.

"The English lady who has gone out to the great Hospital of Scutari to nurse the British wounded. . . . Oblige me by telling me her name?"

The deformed newspaper-seller answered, not knowing that he spoke with the mouth of Destiny:

"Merling, Monsieur; Mademoiselle Ada Merling. . . . Just Heaven!

Is Monsieur ill?"

For a mist had come before the burning eyes of the man who heard, and his heart had knocked once, heavily within his breast, and then ceased beating. Another moment, and the thin red stream

## Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The story has for its main subject the sufferings of the English soldiers in the Crimean War, due to the malpractices of the British Army contractors and the treacherous conduct of the Emperor of the French, who is depicted as having drawn England into war with a view to her defeat and discomfiture.

Hector Dunoisse, the hero of the tale, and the chief tool of the Emperor, in laying his plans, was unaware of the object of the net he himself was engaged in spreading. To ensure his silence he was imprisoned by the Emperor, and we find him in the present chapter on his way to Paris just after his release, it being supposed he had gone insane.

Mortimer Jowell is an officer in the British Army and son of one of the swindling army contractors, and Joshua Horrobian, his cousin, is a trooper in a cavalry regiment.

Florence Nightingale, so well known in connection with her hospital work at the Crimea, is the prototype of Ada Merling, whom Dunoisse has met upon two occasions, and for whom he has conceived a strong attachment.

within his veins, rushed upon the ceaseless, hurrying circle of its life-journey, bearing a definite message to his brain.

His star of pure, benignant womanhood, his light of hope and healing had risen in the pestilence-smitten, war-ridden East. Well, he would follow her there. And, if she would hear him, he would tell her all, and ask one word of pitying kindness to carry with him on the path he meant to tread.

Dead Marie-Bathilde had pointed it out with her little shrunken finger. He seemed to hear her saying: "For Peace is only reached by the Way of Expiation."

To have Carmel in the blood is no light heritage. Thenceforth the feet of Hector Dunoisse were to be set with inflexible purpose upon that way of thorns and anguish. He lived but to atone.

LXXXVII.

About this time a new voice began to be heard in England, a big insistent voice that the deafest ears could not shut out. It spoke with candid fearlessness and direct simplicity. It painted, with rough, sure touches, in the very colors of life, pictures that were living and real. It gave praise where praise was due. It pointed out neglects and denounced abuses, having begun by drawing the attention of Britannia to the fact that the sick among her troops—and we had brought the Cholera with us from England—had been landed without blankets or nourishment at Gallipoli.

To Ada Merling, dreaming one gold October noon under her Wraye Rest cedars, it came, as of old, to the virgin Joan of Arc. If Tussell of the roaring bull-voice and the pronounced Hibernian

brogue was her St. Michael, who shall wonder? . . . God chooses His Messengers when and where He wills.

For as the Sainted Maid was chosen, consecrated, inspired, and sped, nearly five hundred years before upon the errand that was to end in the deliverance of her dear land of France; so certainly the path this woman was to tread was pointed by a Hand from Heaven; so surely the words she was to utter, the deeds that were to be done by her—were prompted and helped by the Angelic Messengers of God.

One wonders whether any foreknowledge of her high fate, her great and wonderful destiny, the sufferings she was to alleviate and soothe; the sorrows she was to pity and console; the crying wrongs she was to redress; the prim and mean and narrow Officialism her generosity was to put to shame—may have been vouchsafed her, ere that sunset hour?

With her to decide was to act, swiftly and certainly. To Bertham, once again in divided, incomplete authority at the War Office, the quivering butt for every shaft launched at Officialism, she wrote in words like these:

"It is asked whether there is not at least one woman in England who is fitted by knowledge, training, character, and experience to organize and take a Staff of nurses to the East, in aid of these suffering soldiers? I know that I am capable of undertaking the leadership. If you think me worthy, say so, and I will go!"

Bertham was devoid of the base quality of vanity. Single-handed he had striven against colossal and venerable prejudices, moss-grown abuses, corruption wide-spreading as unsuspected and unseen. He had fought a good fight against overwhelming odds, and he knew it. The night before receiving her letter, as he walked home, with his long light step, through the graying gaslit streets, he repeated:

"We need three remarkable men to save the country. We have not got them." And then he added: "But we have one woman who might help us! Why have I not thought before of Ada Merling? I will write and ask her now!"

No answer came to his letter. We may know she had not received it. She was hurrying to London, to beg him to let her go. Ignorant of this, unable to endure suspense longer, he went next morning early to the house in Cavendish Street, and found that she was there.

She had arrived on the previous night. She expected him—came hurrying into the hall at the sound of his voice, speaking to the servant. And her air seemed so gallant, her eyes were so beautiful



and calm and courageous, that the sick heart of Robert Bertham lifted on a wave of hope as he looked at her, and said, taking her hand in his courtly way:

"In this my hour of sorrow and humiliation I have turned to you, dear Ada. Give me your answer. Decide—not as friendship dictates, but as reason counsels, and let your great heart have the casting-vote. It is tender to those suffering men, I know!"

She had answered in that voice of warm, human kindness:

"It would break for them, if it could not serve them infinitely better by keeping in working order. But you speak of your letter. Has not mine?—no!—mine must have travelled up in the very train by which I came. You will find it on your table when you go home presently, asking you to lay upon me, if you think fit, this burden of duty. Ah! if you do, God knows that I will bear it faithfully as long as He gives me strength."

So she had entreated to be let help when her help was the one thing needful! A passionate gratitude dimmed his brilliant eyes as he looked at her. He had no words, who was usually eloquent. But he took her white, strong, slender hand, and stooped low over it and reverently kissed it. Then he threw on his hat in his careless, breezy fashion, and, hardly speaking, and with his face turned from her, went upon his way. . . . And so out of the story, taking with him the love and respect of all true men and women, for one of whom, in the best and most chivalrous sense of the words, it may be written:

"He loved and labored for his fellow-men!"

#### LXXXVIII.

In the Paris mail, as in the Southern Express speeding to Marseilles, Dunoisse, per medium of the newspapers, plunged once more into the arena of worldly affairs.

At Marseilles he learned of the great battle that had raged two days previously, upon the scrub-bushed slopes of Inkerman. And of the War Council resulting in the decision that the Allied Forces should winter in the Tauric Chersonese.

The steamer by which Dunoisse took passage for the East was crowded to overflowing with French and English officers going out to fill up gaps created by Alma and Balaklava casualties.

Among his countrymen and countrywomen, Dunoisse had at first feared recognition; but, thanks to the change wrought in him by sickness and mental suffering, the eyes of people whose names and faces were familiar to him, glanced at him indifferently and moved away.

They gossiped in his near vicinity as freely as though he were deaf or ignorant of their language. One day it was mentioned in his hearing that de Moulney, Secretary-Chancellor of the Ministry of the Interior during the Presidency, had abandoned the diplomatic career, received Holy Orders, and gone out to the Crimea as chaplain-in-charge of one of the war hospitals at the French base of Kamiesch. Upon another occasion a

knot of French officers discussed with mordant relish the funeral of St. Arnaud.

As the steamer threaded her way amidst the swirling currents of the Cyclades, their accusing shapes began to start up, in some eddy of water and sunshine, or water and moonlight, under the steamer's side, and vanish in the flurry of her paddles and reappear in her wake, drifting away.

These were the dead, French and Turkish, but chiefly English soldiers who had sailed from Varna in September, and had been thrown overboard during the transit of the Black Sea.

And the wheeling cloud of gulls that came with and followed the visitors would scream as though in derision, and settle again to their feast in the transport's wake. But Dunoisse leaned upon the taffrail of the steamer, and stared at the floating dead men with eyes that were full of horror. It seemed to him that the empty sockets glared at him, that the stark hands pointed at him, that the lipless mouths cried to him: "Thou art Cain."

Had he not been going to her he could not have borne it. . . . He said to himself that, of all women living, Ada Merling alone would pity and understand.

Said a ruddy-haired, high-colored, handsome young British giant to another, graver, older man, and both were officers of a crack Dragoon Regiment going out to fill up Balaklava chinks in Redlett's Heavy Brigade:

"That white-haired polyglotter in the shabby togs, who answers you and me in English, and talks Parisian French with the French fellows, and Greek with the Cypriote currant-merchant who makes such a hog of himself at the cabin table d'hôte—and is civil in Spanish to the opera dancer and her aunt from Madrid whenever he can't avoid 'em — and swoops Turkish with the Osmanli Bey who's been Consul for the Porte at Marseilles—is a queer kind of chap, uncommonly! Do you know, I've seen him looking at those floating soger-men as if he'd killed 'em all!"

Answered the speaker's senior officer, lighting a large cheroot:

"Why should he look as if he had when he hasn't, and couldn't have? My dear Foltlebarre, you're talking bosh!"

"Bosh, if you like, Major," agreed the ruddy-haired boy, good humoredly; "but such a melancholy customer as that white-haired chap I never yet came across!" He broke off to cry: "By Gad! what a thundering big Government transport! That must be The Realm, going out with the forage and stores and winter clothing to the tune—a fellow I know at Lloyd's told me—of five hundred thousand pounds. They've been keeping her back in Docks at Portsmouth on the chance of the war being over before the winter, and now they're rushing her out for everything she's worth!"

She was a great three-masted screw steamship of two thousand six hundred tons, and as, with her Master's pennant flying from her main top-gallant mast,

and the red Admiralty Flag with the foul anchor and the Union Jack canton bannered splendidly from her mizen halyards—she bustled by—hurrying under full steam and every stitch of canvas for her pilotage through the Dardanelles—she was to the inexperienced eye a gallant sight. But the experienced eye saw something else in her than bigness. And the senior officer who had been invited to admire her, being a keen and experienced yachtsman—shook his head.

"My own opinion — supposing you care to have it!—is that your friend at Lloyd's—take it he belongs to one of the firms of underwriters who've insured her?—is likely to find himself in the cart. For I've seen some crank Government tubs in my time, and sailed in 'em—very much to my disadvantage. But never a cranker one than this, give you my word of honor! Why, she sits on her keel with a crooked list to port that a bargeman couldn't miss the meaning of. And she has no more buoyancy than a log of green wood. Look at our skipper shaking his head at the Second Officer as he shuts his glass up. Lay you any money you please he wouldn't like to have to chaperon her through a November Black Sea squall! By Jupiter! you were right just now, and I beg your pardon, Foltlebarre!"

He had been following the course of the "thundering big transport" through a Dollond telescope, and the face of the white-haired man in the shabby togs, as he leaned upon the taffrail of the passenger deck forward, had come into his field of view.

He said, after another look: "It's a disease, the existence of which is denied by the Faculty, but he has got it! That man is dying of a broken heart!"

#### LXXXIX.

Upon the deck of a large, luxurious steam-yacht, anchored with other private vessels in the roadstead below Beshiktash, and flying the Ensign of St. George, with the white, red-crossed, gold-crowned burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron, were gathered so many men and women representative of society in Paris or London, that the background might have been Cowes, or Ryde, or Henley at the height of the season, instead of the European shore of the Bosphorus in November drear. And though many brilliant uniforms were present, with handsome men inside some of them, the loveliest ladies icily ignoring these, vied with each other in attentions to certain hairy, ragged, bandaged, and limping tatterdemalions, who sported their rags with insufferable arrogance, or the profound reposeful pride of old Egyptian kings. For they were officers of infantry and artillery who had been wounded at the Alma, or they were cavalymen whose stained red jackets, striped overalls, and battered brass helmets, proclaimed them to be of Redlett's Heavy Brigade. . . . And he who lolled under the green and white after-deck awning in a big Indian cane chair, with a little

(Continued on page 113.)



# Marschall Von Bieberstein— Ambassador

## Bismarck's Dogma About Ambassadors Not Applicable to This Diplomat

DEVELOPMENT of German sea-power was predestined to make relations with Great Britain the predominant foreign question of William II's reign. It was inevitable that sooner or later he should call upon the greatest diplomat in his service to help in its solution. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was sent to the Court of St. James early in the summer of 1912. Death struck him down almost before he had entered upon what he described as his "steep and stony path." But his place in history is secure. German paramountcy in Asia Minor, which will survive the collapse of Turkish power in Europe, is his imperishable monument. Baron von Wangenheim, Baron Marschall's successor at Constantinople, has just proclaimed that "neither to-day nor in the future, will anyone be able to lay a hand on Anatolia, where we have vital interests." If the day ever comes when legions of the Kaiser must back up this "Hands Off!" warning with their bayonets, they will leap to action to safeguard the sphere of influence secured to Germany primarily by the diplomacy of Marschall von Bieberstein.

A blue-eyed, slightly stooped giant, with intellectual force clearly marked on his scarred face; fearlessness and resource incarnate; a manner which could swerve irresistible bonhomie to icy reserve; an amazing gift for adaptability to conditions; a German of Germans, who believed to the depth of his being in the righteousness and eventual realization of his Fatherland's ambitions—such was the Ambassador entrusted in the evening of a long career with the mission of bargaining for peace and friendship with Britain. No one probably more than Marschall himself—so was he popularly known—resented the silly reputation variously imputed to him, that the statesman who inspired the Kruger telegram went to England and Anglophile to the core, determined to cement Anglo-German amity at all costs. Baron Marschall's luggage, when he arrived at Carlton House Terrace, contained paraphernalia much more like an ultimatum than an olive-branch. Not a Government's last word as customarily spoken, but an ultimatum in this issue—that the dispatch to London of the Kaiser's most virile diplomatic personality was Germany's final effort to re-

By FREDERIC W. WILE

The subject of Mr. Wile's portraiture follows rather fittingly the sketch on Von Tirpitz that appeared in the January issue. Just as the latter was the creator of the German Navy, so Von Bieberstein is the logical outcome of those relations with Great Britain which were made by the development of German sea-power. In fact, this celebrity has had premier prominence in the diplomatic events of Europe. More interest will attach to him from the fact that he is credited with being the author of the famous Kruger telegram.—Editor.

concile her aspirations for more world-dominion with conditions held fundamental for the security of the British Em-



*Marschall*

pire. Baron Marschall is understood to have coveted the mission just because of its "steep and stony path." Before leaving Constantinople he publicly pledged that all his strength would be placed at the disposal of his Emperor in the task he had undertaken. Had he failed to master it, there would have been a disposition in Berlin to banish Anglo-German relations to the realm of the incorrigible.

Bismarck's dogma that Ambassadors have but to wheel about in obedience to orders, like a file of Prussian infantrymen at drill, never applied to Baron Marschall. He was sent to England because his chief stock-in-trade was resolute initiative. Marschall was a diplomat who acted, and reported afterwards.

He was, moreover, essentially what is known in his country as a Realpolitiker. A Realpolitiker is a statesman who, eschewing the chase for the chimerical, concentrates on the pursuit of the practical. When the time came for him to tell Downing Street what it was that Germany "wants," there would have been little beating about the bush, and a minimum of diplomatic blarney. He was an apostle of brutal directness. At the Hague Conference he supported stubbornly the German enterprise in Turkey and Asia Minor and though her designs on the Persian Gulf may not be officially indexed under the category of aggrandizement, they amount to that. The Bagdad Railway is German for "penetration pacifique." All the items in the calendar of Teuton aims and ambitions had a convinced adherent in the Giant of the Golden Horn. His whole political career was steeped in hostility to British policy. He fought it in South Africa, he opposed it at The Hague, and he combated it in Turkey.

Details of circumstances differ, but there is now agreement on the fact that Baron Marschall, while German Foreign Secretary in 1896 inspired, if he did not actually formulate, the Kruger telegram. It is certain that he was the author of the Circular Note which apprised the Powers that the continuance of Boer independence was "a German interest." When the Emperor William arrived at the Foreign Office for the first time after the Jameson Raid to counsel with his Chancellor, Prince

Hohenlohe; with the Secretary of his Navy, Admiral Hollmann, the Kruger dispatch lay ready for the imperial signature. The Kaiser was opposed to the whole idea of burdening the cable with that fateful message. Baron Marschall insisted. He represented that the telegram was demanded, and would be cordially approved, by German public sentiment. The Kaiser yielded, but it was not until after His Majesty had radi- cally "edited" the Foreign Office draft that the telegram was permitted to go on its ill starred way. Baron Marschall remained an ardent member of the group of Continental statesmen who advocated a coalition to defeat British purposes in South Africa.

It was not surprising that the Foreign Secretary during whose administration Anglo-German relations were at the breaking-point should be assigned only a year later to take up the struggle against British supremacy in Turkey. With what telling effect he dedicated himself to the task is a commonplace of contemporary diplomatic history. Baron Marschall is given somewhat more personal merit for the rise of German power at Constantinople than is actually his due. The foundations of the work he was sent to do were laid deep and well several years before his entrance on the scene. The Kaiser had long since paid personal homage at the Yildiz Kiosk to the "great assassin." The newly arrived Colossus from Berlin was not the first to bring Abdul Hamid proofs of German friendship and disinterestedness.

What the Ambassador set himself to do, and did, was to reduce the Sultan to a state of practical subjugation to German ambitions in Turkey. Wholly unskilled in the arts of professional diplomacy at a foreign capital, it was not many months before Baron Marschall dominated the perspective. His influence was enthroned both at Yildiz Kiosk and at the Sublime Porte. Nobody, Turkish or foreign, could withstand him. He became a sort of unofficial Grand Vizier. German authority throughout Turkey rose as surely and as irresistibly as the sun itself over the placid Bosphorus. By a process of auto-suggestion, people came to regard the German Ambassador as omnipotent and invincible. He exploited his power to the full, and often with a high hand. A gang of Turkish dock navvies who refused, during the anti-Austrian excitement over Bosnia, to unload a perishable cargo from a German ship, cowered when the captain brought the broad-shouldered representative of Germany to the quayside. A word of command from Marschall sent the mutinous dockers scampering back to their work in the hold like a pack of beaten dogs.

#### A Man Who Could Wait

If Baron Marschall's career in the last decade of the Hamidian regime was a

story of incessant triumph, his record during the four years following the overthrow of the autocracy was still more remarkable. It is within the memory of all students of contemporary European events how soothsayers chanted the funeral dirge of German power at Constantinople after the revolution of 1908. But they failed to reckon with the amazing adaptability to new conditions, which was one of Baron Marschall's marked attributes. He completely reversed the tactics which had raised him to the pinnacle in ante-revolution days. He bided his time. He let Young Turkey come to him. Then he proclaimed that as the Old Turkey was an autocracy, pure and simple, he had necessarily cultivated relations exclusively with the despot; but now that Turkey was become a constitutional monarchy, his services were as freely at its disposal as they had been at the disposal of the discredited regime. No tribute to Baron Marschall's diplomatic skill could be higher than the mere statement that, despite Abdul Hamid, despite Bosnia and Tripoli, he left German influence in Turkey as strong as it was in the heyday of the autocracy.

Baron Marschall was a native of the South German Grand Duchy of Baden and was sixty-nine years old at the time of his death. After a dozen years of practice as State Prosecutor, he entered politics and was selected to the Reichstag. Always a favorite at the Karlsruhe Court, he was sent to Berlin in the eighties as Baden's diplomatic representative, with a seat in the Federal Council. Von Holstein, that long-time sinister and all powerful figure in German politics, was then at the zenith of his power, and Baron Marschall became one of his votaries. The Baden "State's Attorney," as Bismarck came contemptuously to call him, aligned himself with the group which successfully plotted for the overthrow of the Iron Chancellor, and when the latter's son, Count Herbert Bismarck, retired from the Foreign Secretaryship, Herr von Holstein handed over the office to his Baden protege.

#### Bismarck Nicknames Him

There was much opposition among the professional diplomatic clique to the appointment of the untrained "State Attorney," to the direction of the Empire's foreign affairs, and his tenure of Wilhelmstrasse, No. 76 was destined to be a period of stress and storm. It became an era of departmental scandals, litigation, duels, intrigues and exposures, from which the forceful Foreign Secretary did not escape unscathed; but his record there on the whole was credible. The Triple Alliance was renewed during his regime, and Russo-German co-operation in the Far East, after the Chino-Japanese War, took place under his aus-

pices. His experience as a special pleader at the Bar and his forensic skill proved valuable assets when he had to face the Reichstag in debate. When the implacable Bismarckians finally accomplished his fall from the Foreign Secretaryship in 1897, he was sent to Constantinople.

A physical giant, Baron Marschall was amiable and gentle of temperament, with an ample supply of reserve force. He was never hail-fellow-well-met, but could be taciturn without becoming austere. He did not make the impression that he was almost a septuagenarian. He spoke English quite fluently, French indifferently. A graduate of Heidelberg, he carried on his left cheek the unfailing sign of university education in Germany, a series of Schmissee inflicted by sabres in student duels. Considerably over 6 ft. in height and broad in proportion, Baron Marschall looked every inch the strong man, an impression not lessened by his habit of walking with the suggestion of a stoop.

His hobbies were chess, music, and gardening. One was surest of finding him in leisure hours at the Teutonia Club in Constantinople manipulating the little wooden men, or playing Beethoven sonatas on his own piano, or perhaps trimming rose bushes under a spreading umbrella in the lovely Embassy gardens overhanging the Bosphorus.

Baron Marschall's sudden exit from the European stage came in time to spare him what would have proved almost a personal humiliation—the break-up of Turkey and her German-trained army before the invincible hosts of the Balkans. Marschall, who had helped to develop it, was a firm believer in Ottoman power. Its ignominious decay would have torn the heartstrings of the once uncrowned autocrat of the Bosphorus.

(This is the fourth of the German series by Frederic A. Wille, Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail. Ballin appeared in November; Bebel, in December, and Von Tirpitz, in January. In March we present to our readers Germany's big Banker and Railway Builder.—Editor.)

#### The Country Faith

By NORMAN GALE

Here in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green.  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain.  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all!

—Country Life in  
America.



# Spanish Gold

A Story of a Search in Ireland for Hidden Spanish Treasure Where  
the Quaintest of Humor Pervades a Pleasing Romance

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

## VI—Continued.

"Looks very much," said the Major, "as if he was trying to catch a Paphlagonia What's-it's-name, too."

"Athalonía miserabilis," said Meldon. "Do try to get things right, Major. You set up to be a tidy man and take it on yourself to lecture me every now and then for getting things into wrong places, but you're the most untidy person I ever met in conversation. You never get a name right."

"Well, Athalonía whatever you like. Anyhow, he's trying to catch one."

"He can't be, can't possibly be. There's no such creature, so far as I know."

"Well, he's catching something, and what's more he's caught it and he's bringing it over to you."

Thomas O'Flaherty Pat came towards them, and certainly carried booty of some sort in his hand. With a dignified and gracious bow, he presented Meldon with a large red crab.

"Good Lord!" said Major Kent.

The curate took the creature carefully, and bowed politely in return.

"Thanks awfully," he said. "I mean to say, of course, merci beaucoup."

"Ni Beurla agam," said the old man.

"Oh, never mind about the Beurla. What I want you to know is this, I'm greatly obliged to you for the crab. So's the professor here. We weren't exactly looking for crabs. We were looking for an Athalonía miserabilis, but we're just as much pleased as if you brought us one. The fact is we're both passionately fond of crab, dressed with breadcrumbs and pepper, you know. And in London, where we come from, the chief city of the Sassenach—you know the place I mean—crabs are too expensive for poor men like us to buy. You can't pick them up there the way you do here. You'd hardly believe the price a fishmonger would charge for a crab like this."

Thomas O'Flaherty Pat shook his head solemnly.

"Ni Beurla agam air bith," he said.

"All right," said Meldon. "Good-bye for the present. So long, old boy. We oughtn't to be taking up your valuable time. I really believe he doesn't know a word I'm saying. Look here—"

He seized the old man's hand and shook it heartily.

"Ceud míle failte—there, that's all the Irish I know, and if that doesn't send you off home I can do no more."

This hearty welcome produced the effect intended. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, after a courteous salutation, turned and

## Synopsis of Previous Chapters

The Rev. John Joseph Meldon, a genial Irish curate, and his friend, Major Kent, of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, take a trip to the Island of Inishbowlan in search of treasure supposed to have been hidden there by a captain of one of the vessels belonging to the Spanish Armada. The major does not believe in the existence of the treasure, but Meldon is very sanguine.

On arriving at the island they meet Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's. Higginbotham is engaged in surveying the island for the Government and arranging for sanitary dwellings to be built there. Meldon not wishing to mention the cause of their visit tells Higginbotham that the major is an expert mineralogist sent by the Government to explore the island. The following day Meldon and the major start to explore the island but find that one of the inhabitants, an old man named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, is following them everywhere they go. Meldon to put him off the scent pretends to be hunting for sea beetles and the old man then goes down on his knees and plunges his hands into the water, in which position we find him at the opening of the present instalment.

climbed slowly up the path which led to the top of the cliff.

"I hope," said the Major, "that that will be a lesson to you, J. J."

"A lesson about what?"

"About telling lies. You see the trouble they get you into."

"I see nothing of the sort. My lies, as you call them, got rid of that troublesome old fool, who might have gone on following us all day. Also they secured us this excellent crab, which I shall cook for supper to-night. And anyhow, they aren't lies. They are what is called—"



Geo. A. Birmingham, the author of Spanish Gold, General John Regan, etc.

diplomacy, and that's an art practised by the most honorable men—lords and marquises, and kings, and people of that kind. Do you suppose that the Prime Minister, when he thinks he'll have to go to war with Germany, tells the literal truth? Does he go and ask to have the first battle put off for a week because he's short of cartridges? Of course he doesn't. He gives the Germans to understand that England is chock full of cartridges of all sizes. The fewer he really has the more he says he has. That's diplomacy, and it's reckoned to be a very noble line of life. Well, the principle applies to treasure-seeking just as much as to international politics. No treasure would ever have been found if the people who were on the track of it went telling all they knew to every chance acquaintance. They simply have to put the general public—people like Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty Pat—off the scent, and there's no way of doing that except the one. Besides, it wouldn't be the slightest use telling the literal truth. People wouldn't believe you. Suppose I went up to Higginbotham and said that you and I were here on a treasure hunt. Do you think he'd believe it? Not he. He'd laugh. He hasn't got enough imagination to believe the truth if you hung it up before him. His mind isn't fit for it. If you knew any theology, Major, you'd understand that economy, as it's called, consists of dealing out to the average man just the amount of truth he's fit to receive, and no more. The Church has always gone on that principle, and I'm acting in the same way towards Higginbotham and Thomas O'Flaherty."

## CHAPTER VII.

Meldon, encouraging the reluctant Major by example and exhortation, continued to scramble southwards along the base of the cliffs. It grew very hot. Now and then Major Kent sat down, mopped his face, and declared that he would go no further. On such occasions Meldon lit his pipe and argued with his friend. It always ended in the Major going on, slipping, staggering, clutching. At last he sat down with an air of great determination.

"J. J.," he said, "the tide has turned. I'm going back. We've passed some nasty corners, places we couldn't get round at half-tide. I've no fancy for being drowned. You know I can't swim."

"All right," said Meldon. "trust me. I'll pull you through."

"If you mean that you propose to



save my life in a heroic manner and get credit and perhaps medals for it afterwards, I tell you plainly that I don't mean to give you the chance. I'm going home the way I came, partly on my two feet, partly on my hands and knees. I'm not going to be towed about the sea to gratify your vanity."

"The place I'm going to is just ahead of us. It's the very next promontory. We've time enough to get round it. You'll be sorry, Major, if you go back now."

The Major rose with a sigh, and followed Meldon to a headland which jutted further out into the sea than any they had passed. It was very difficult to get round it. The sea washed almost against the base of the precipitous rocks. There was no more than a narrow ledge, three or four feet above the level of the water, along which it was possible to walk; and even there it was necessary to press close to the side of the cliff. Once round the point, a long, narrow inlet opened before them. It was, even at the entrance, not more than thirty feet across, and it narrowed as it reached inland. On the south side of the channel the rocks rose sheer out of the water to a height of thirty or forty feet. Above them was a steep slope of short, wiry grass. On the north side, where Meldon and the Major stood, the cliff rose less precipitously, and it was possible to scramble along for a short distance. The tide was almost at dead ebb, and at the end of the channel the water lapped on a tiny beach, surrounded closely on three sides by cliffs. At the shoreward end of the beach, a few feet from the water, was a small hole, hardly to be dignified by the name of cave. It was evident that when the tide rose a little the water would reach the hole, and that at half-tide the entrance to it would be entirely covered.

Meldon gazed down the channel and saw the hole in the cliff. His face wore a look of intense satisfaction. Major Kent also seemed pleased. He gave a sigh expressive of relief.

"Now," he said, "we're stuck and we can't go any further. We've reached the last rock on which it is possible to climb, and I can neither swim nor fly. Suppose we start to go back?"

Meldon sat down and began to take off his boots.

"This," he said, "is the scene of the shipwreck, and in that hole the Spanish captain concealed his treasure. Reconstruct the scene for yourself, Major. The galleon, partially disabled by the loss of one or more of her masts, comes driving down on the island before a nor'-westerly gale. I gave you my reasons for saying the wind was nor'-west, so we needn't go into that again. Where does she strike? On the point we've just passed. It's the furthest sticking-out point there is, so of course she struck on it. You follow me so far? What happens next?"

Meldon, having got rid of his boots and socks, stood up while he took off his coat and waistcoat.

"What are you going to do?" said the Major.

"Swim to the end of the channel, of course, and see what's inside that hole. You can stay here and mind my clothes. But to go on where you interrupted me. Where was I? Oh, yes. The galleon had just struck on the point. What happens next? A great sea lifts her stern and slews it round. Her bow slips off the ledge of rock over which we walked—it would be about half-tide when the thing happened—and the galleon drifts stern foremost into this channel and sticks fast just where we're standing now. You follow me all right, don't you?"

"It's very interesting," said the Major, "but I don't suppose for a moment it's true."

"Of course it's true. It's what must have happened. Don't you see that under the circumstances nothing else could happen? Tell me this, now—if a wave, with a nor'-west wind, lifted the stern of the galleon round in the way I have described, what could the old hooker do but go stern first along this channel until she struck?"

"Oh, I dare say that's right enough, but there's such a lot went before that."

"Have you any other hypothesis which meets the facts of the case better? No. Very well, then, accept mine. That's the way all scientific advance is made. Some Johnny with brains produces a hypothesis. Everybody calls him a rotter at first. But he remains calm in the face of opprobrium."

"I'm the opprobrium, I suppose," said the Major.

"Well, in this case you represent the opprobrium. But to go on. What does the scientific Johnny do next?"

"You needn't go on."

"Oh, but I will. I read the whole thing up at college in Mill's Logie when I was thinking of going in for honors. I was young then. The scientific Johnny says, 'Take my hypothesis. If it doesn't account for the facts give it the chuck out; but if it does, then stop seofing and get ready a statue to erect in my honor.' Now, what I say is this. Does my hypothesis cover the facts? There now, you've kicked one of my socks into a pool. I do wish you wouldn't fidget in a place like this. There isn't room for a display of temper."

Meldon got his shirt off and stood poised on the edge of the rock for his plunge. "I'll finish explaining what happened when I get back," he said. "I won't be long. Hallo! Who's that? Oh, Great Scott!"

He pointed with his finger to the top of the grassy slope which crowned the cliff opposite him. The Major looked upwards and saw, seated above the hole, Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. The old man, his hair and beard blown in picturesque wisps by the sea-breeze, was watching Meldon with a calm, disinterested gaze.

"What are you going to do now?" asked the Major.

"I'm going home again for to-day," said Meldon, clutching at his shirt. "I'm not going on with that old boy watching me. I tell you he knows what we are after. He can't have believed

that story about the Athalonia miserabilis. What horrid sceptics these unsophisticated-looking people are in their hearts!"

"He'd have been a precious ass if he had believed it. You give nobody credit for any intelligence, J. J. You invent stories which wouldn't deceive a babe in arms, and then expect people to be taken in by them."

"Well," said Meldon, "Higginbotham believed much taller stories than that one."

"I knew you were going too far with that sea-insect of yours. Why couldn't you have invented something more likely if you had to invent?"

"Oh, well, if we're going to enter upon a course of mutual recrimination, why couldn't you have refrained from kicking my sock into a pool?"

Meldon was pulling his boot over the damp garment, and spoke feelingly.

"But never mind, Major, I'm not by any means at the end of my tether yet. To-morrow we'll come back here at low tide and I'll swim to the hole then."

"What about Thomas O'Flaherty Pat? He'll follow us again."

"Oh, no, he won't. I'll manage him."

"How?"

"That'll be all right, Major. You leave it to me. If I say I'll manage him, you may take it as a fixed thing that he'll be managed. I can't tell you just this moment how I'm going to do it. I shall have to think the matter out by myself. But you may feel perfectly certain that it'll be all right. I've not done badly so far, have I?"

"In the matter of lies," said the Major, "you've shown an inventive power which has surprised me."

"Don't call them lies; call them disguises. Nine fellows out of every ten who go out treasure-seeking have to adopt some sort of disguise, and it's always considered quite right. Now, what's the difference, the moral difference, between a detective—"

"We're not detectives."

"The principle is exactly the same—between the detective getting himself up as a dock laborer in order to deceive the wily criminal, and our saying that we're bug hunters in order to put old T. O. P. off the scent? There's no earthly difference that I can see; so there's no use being offensive and talking about lies. Come on, now. I'm dressed, and we ought to be getting back before the tide rises."

"I said so an hour ago."

"Apart altogether from the disguises that we've been compelled to adopt," said Meldon, when they had scrambled round the point and conversation became possible again, "I maintain that I've done pretty well so far."

"I don't see that you've done anything except cut a hole in the knee of your best trousers."

"They're not my best; they're the oldest pair I have. I bought them two years before I was ordained. That's how they come to be the color they are."

Mr. Meldon meant that the date of their purchase explained their having once been light grey. It also explained

the fact that they were now considerably faded and mottled with a fine variety of stains.

"But leaving my trousers out of the question," he went on, "I think I've done a good deal. I've located to a certainty the exact scene of the wreck; I've reconstructed the catastrophe precisely as it happened, and I'm practically sure I know where the treasure was hidden."

"Oh, you're sure of that, are you?"

"Practically sure, is what I said. I don't set up to be infallible. The best men may make mistakes. Listen to me, now, till I explain. The galleon is lying jammed in that channel. The water is, of course, comparatively calm there on account of the shelter of the headland. The Spanish captain, not being a fool—we agreed from the first, you remember, that the Spanish captain wasn't an absolute fool—sees that there is no immediate danger of the galleon breaking up. These Spanish galleons were all pretty tough. You remember the one that came ashore on Robinson Crusoe's Island. It was pretty tough, and so was our one. Well, what does the Spanish captain do? He lowers his one remaining boat over the stern of the galleon and ferries his treasure into the mouth of the hole in the cliff. Then he drags it inland as far as the hole goes, maybe twenty yards or so. Afterwards he and the survivors of the crew landed just where we were standing, scrambled round the rocks—by that time it would be dead low water—very likely go up the same path that Thomas Flaherty Pat came down to meet us. Now what do you say to that?"

"I don't say anything," said the Major.

"No, you don't. You save yourself up so as to say, 'I told you so,' in case there happens to be any trifling miscalculation. Or if, as is far more likely, I turn out to be perfectly right, then you're in a position to pretend you agreed with me all along. But it's waste of breath talking to you."

"It is," said the Major.

"I'm glad you agree with me there, anyhow. Here's Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's path. Let's go up it and get back to the Spindrift. I'm as hungry as a wolf. That's the worst of breakfasting so early. By the way, where's the crab?"

"What crab?"

"The large red crab that old Tommy Pat caught and gave to me. Major, have you left it behind?"

"I never had it. If anybody's left it behind it was you. You were carrying it."

"But I told you to mind it while I swam up the channel."

"You did not."

"Well, I meant to, and anyway you ought to have known. How was I to go swimming with a large crab in my hand? Of course you ought to have minded it."

"I'm sorry," said the Major.

"Oh, well, it doesn't much matter. I don't so much care about the crab itself. I dare say we shouldn't have been able to cook it properly even if we had it. What I'm thinking of is poor old T. O.

P.'s feelings. I'm afraid he'll be hurt if he sees us coming back without his crab."

"I shouldn't fret about that if I were you."

"Oh, but I do. It's not altogether Patsy Tom O'Flaherty's feelings that I mind. But on these occasions you ought always to try to win the goodwill and the confidence of the natives."

"You go a queer way about it, then, if that's what you want."

"Any book of travel," said Meldon, ignoring the Major's last remark, "will tell you that the really important thing is to get the natives to trust you thoroughly from the start."

"That's why you told that yarn about the sea insect, I suppose?"

"Look here, Major, what's the good of rubbing it in about the *Athalonia miserabilis*? I've owned up that that was a slip. I can't do more, can I? I don't keep harping on to you about the way you put my sock into the pool and forgot the crab, and those are a jolly sight worse things than any I've done."

"I wouldn't care much," said the Major, as they neared the top of the steep and slippery pathway, "to be climbing up this five or six times a day with a creel of seaweed on my back."

"No more would I," said the curate. "Seaweed's poor stuff, but I wouldn't mind doing it that number of times and more with a parcel of doubloons slung over my shoulder; gold, Major, good solid gold. It's this way that we'll have to bring it up from that hole. I've been reckoning out how many journeys we'll have to make with it. Supposing, now, that there's—"

"Do shut up, J. J.! What on earth's the use of talking like that? You know as well as I do that there's not the smallest likelihood of our getting any gold out of your hole."

"Oh, I'll shut up if you like. But I'll just say this: it's a good job for you, Major, that you have a man with you who has a little foresight, who figures things out beforehand and lays his plans in advance. You'd be particularly helpless if you were left to yourself."

They reached the top of the cliff. In front of them lay the long, green slope of the island, a patchwork of ridiculous little fields seamed with an intolerable complexity of grey stone walls. Below, near the further sea, were the cabins of the people, little white-washed buildings, thatched with half-rotten straw. On the roofs of many of them long grass grew. From a chimney here and there a thin column of smoke was blown eastwards and vanished in the clear air a few yards from the hole from which it emerged. Gaunt cattle, dejected creatures, stood here and there idle, as if the task of seeking for grass long enough to lick up had grown too hard for them. In the muddy böhreens long, lean sows, creatures more like hounds of some grotesque, antique breed than modern domestic swine, roamed and rooted. Now and then a woman emerged from a door with a pot or dish in her hands, and fowls, fearfully excited, gathered from the dung-heaps to

her petticoats. Men, leaning heavily on their loys, or digging sullenly and slowly, were casting earth upon the wide potato ridges. Apart from the other habitations stood Higginbotham's egregious iron hut; the very type of a hideous, utilitarian, utterly self-sufficient civilization thrust in upon a picturesque dilapidation. It gave to the island an air of half-comic vulgarity, much such an air as Thomas O'Flaherty Pat might have worn if some one had added to his customary garments a new silk hat. Beyond all lay the bay, round which the island folded its arms, a sheet of glancing, glittering water with darker sea behind it, and far away the dim outline of the mainland coast.

The Spindrift lay at her moorings, and beyond her another boat, cutter rigged also, which had just dropped anchor. Her jib was stowed; her mainsail shook in the breeze. Two men were to be seen casting loose the halyards. Soon the sail was down, and the men were gathering the folds of it in their hands and lashing the gaff to the boom. Major Kent and Meldon stared at the boat in surprise. For a time neither of them spoke. Then, taking his companion by the arm, the Major said—

"What boat's that?"

"She looks to me," said Meldon, "uncommonly like my old Aureole."

"I just thought she did. Now what brings her here?"

"I don't know."

"Look here, J. J., you go in for being clever; you've been swaggering all day about the way you understand everything and get the hang of whatever happens, even if it's two hundred years ago; just set your great mind to work on that boat and tell me what she's doing out there."

Stirred by the taunt, Meldon spoke with some appearance of recovering self-confidence.

"It's the Aureole right enough. I hired her to a man in a mangy fur coat, who said he didn't know anything about boats but had a friend who did. Now I'll tell you this, Major, to start with. Either that friend knows nothing about boats either, or else he has some pretty strong reason for wishing to get to this island. Nobody but a fool, or a man who was prepared to take big risks, would have ventured out here in her. Why, every rope in her rigging is as rotten as a bad banana. If there'd come or the least bit of a blow that fellow in the fur coat and the other play boy, whoever he is, would have been at the bottom of the briny sea."

"Well, they're not," said the Major, "so their deaths are not on your conscience."

"They wouldn't have been in any case," said Meldon. "I never thought they'd go outside Moy Bay, or I wouldn't have hired the boat to them. Who'd expect a seedy individual in a fur coat, a fellow that looked sodden with drink, to take a boat out on to the broad Atlantic? At the same time the other fellow can't be altogether a fool. He must know something about sailing, otherwise he wouldn't have fetched up here at all. Now, what on earth brings him out here?"



"Maybe he's a tourist looking out for scenery."

"He is not, then. There isn't any scenery here, not what tourists call scenery. And there's not a guide-book in the world that so much as mentions Inish-gowlan. The place isn't even marked out on most maps. Whatever else he is, he's not a tourist."

"He might be a journalist."

"He might," said Meldon. "And yet I don't think he is. It's quite true that a journalist might come to see Higginbotham. Higginbotham is the sort of man a journalist would fasten on at once. A really smart man at his trade would scent Higginbotham from miles and miles away, and would track him over land and sea. Higginbotham would talk all day long if he got any encouragement. He'd pour out just the sort of sentimental rot about improving the conditions of the people's life that the plump, kind-hearted Englishman loves to read. There's a good deal to be said for that journalist hypothesis of yours, Major, but there are serious objections to it too."

Major Kent did not answer; he was not really much interested in the strangers. Meldon went on—

"In the first place, if he was a journalist, or if he was any kind of inspector, the Congested Districts Board would bring him round in their own steamer. They always take care to do a journalist middling well when they catch him, and they keep their eye on him. They don't let him off by himself in a boat to pry into all sorts of things which he has no business to see. That's one objection. The second is this: if he is a journalist, who is the other chappie, the one in the fur coat? Journalists never go about in couples. It would ruin their business if they did. No, on the whole I think we may decide that he's not a journalist. There's only one other thing he can be—a Member of Parliament, one of the conscientious, inquiring kind, who wants to look into the condition of Ireland for himself before he commits himself to an opinion on Home Rule."

"I hope," said the Major anxiously, "that his coming won't make it necessary for you to tell any more—I mean to say adopt any more disguises."

"I expect I shall have to."

"Well, now, J. J., like a good fellow, draw it mild this time. Remember, if he's a Member of Parliament he'll see through the ordinary disguise at once."

"That's just it," said Meldon gloomily. "If he's an M.P. he's sure to have made inquiries about our educational system and he'll never believe that story about the National Board wanting to build a school."

"He certainly won't believe about my geological survey."

"You mean on account of the pliocene clay? I don't expect he knows much about clay—not enough to make him sceptical, anyhow."

"I wasn't thinking of the pliocene clay. What I had in my mind was the inherent absurdity of the whole story."

"I don't see that at all," said Meldon. "On the contrary, I'm inclined to think

that he will believe that story. Anyhow, he'll ask a question in the House of Commons about it."

"I hope to God he won't! I should look a nice fool if that story ever got into the papers."

"You'd do worse than look a fool. You'd probably be called to the bar of the house, or be sent to jail for contempt of the Chief Secretary. I'll tell you what it is, Major, if that M.P. gets hold of the story you'd better sail straight to America."

"But it's not my story, it's yours."

"It's you they'd prosecute, though. That's the beauty of Ireland. The clergy are perfectly safe. Even the Chief Secretary daren't proceed against me; but he would against you, like a shot. He might set a Royal Commission on you."

"Don't be an ass, J. J."

"I'm not being an ass. I'm looking facts straight in the face and drawing conclusions. It's my opinion that if that man in my boat turns out to be a Member of Parliament—I say if—we shall have to adopt some fresh disguise."

"I can't stand another, J. J. I can't be four things at once. My brain won't stand it."

"It'll have to."

"What do you mean to tell him?"

"I don't know yet. I must be guided by circumstances. But you leave it to me, Major, and you'll find it'll pan out all right. I'm not by any means such a fool as people are inclined to take me for. After all, what's a Member of Parliament?"

The Major's spirits sank as Meldon's revived. He was a plain man with an immense dislike of complications, and he foresaw bewildering confusion before him.

"J. J.," he said solemnly, "I'm Major Kent, I'm also a mining expert in the pay of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary. I'm also a professor of serpents and things of that sort. I can't and won't set up to be anything else on this trip."

"Oh, we're done with the sea-serpent. You can get that off your mind as soon as you like. That was only temporary. Remember, Major, what Shakespeare said, or if it wasn't Shakespeare it was some one else—'One man in his time plays many parts.' You're a man, aren't you? Well, there you are. You can't go behind Shakespeare in a matter of this kind. As soon as we've had a bite to eat I'll paddle across to the Aureole and call on the Member of Parliament."

"You will not," said the Major. "What's the use of running unnecessary risks? You leave him alone unless he goes for you in any way."

"That's the very worst possible policy to pursue," said Meldon. "He'll be off to colloque with Higginbotham straight away if I don't stop him; and it's ten to one he'll hear about the school or the geological survey. No, no. I'll take him in hand. If necessary, I'll trot him round myself. How would it be now, if I dropped a hint that we were members

of the Irish Lights Commission going about inspecting light-houses? He might believe that, and it wouldn't interest him enough to set him asking more questions."

"But there's no lighthouse here."

"That's true, of course. Still, we might be thinking of building one. But anyhow, it's time enough to think about that. I can't possibly tell what the best thing to say is till I see the man. In the meanwhile let's go and get our dinner. I was hungry before; I'm simply ravenous now."

"My appetite is pretty well gone," said the Major.

"Rot! What is there to affect your appetite? Why, man, we're getting on swimmingly, far better than I expected. You can't go out treasure-seeking without meeting an occasional difficulty. That's where the sport comes in. And listen to me, Major, it doesn't in the least matter what I tell the Member of Parliament or what he hears from Higginbotham. The old Aureole is absolutely certain to drown him on his way home, and anything he happens to have learned will go to the bottom of the sea with him. It's nothing short of a miracle that he got here safe."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Having paddled the Major out to the Spindrift, Meldon suggested that they should dine on tinned brawn and bread-and-butter. It would, as he pointed out, take a long time to light the galley stove and boil potatoes, and every moment was of value now that the strangers on the Aureole had arrived and might go on shore to interview Higginbotham. It is likely also that extreme hunger made the prospect of an hour's delay very unpleasant. The Major, in spite of the anxiety which affected his appetite, agreed to dine at once. A tin was opened and a loaf of bread taken from the locker.

"Last loaf but one," said the Major, as he set it on the table. "To-morrow we shall be reduced to biscuits."

"Not at all," said Meldon. "I'll make a point of seeing Mary Kate's mother this evening and getting her to make us a loaf of soda bread. There's nothing so good as one of those pot-oven loaves, baked over a turf fire, and Mary Kates mother is just the woman to do it well."

"You know nothing about the woman. You've never seen her. How do you know whether she can bake or not?"

"I've seen Mary Kate, and that's enough. You're very unobservant, Major. It's a great fault in you. And when by any chance you do observe anything, you fail to draw the most obvious inference. Now I know all about Mary Kate's mother by looking at Mary Kate. She's a plump, well-nourished little girl, comparatively clean, with a nice, comfortable, red petticoat on her, therefore—observe the simple nature of the inference—therefore Mary Kate's mother is a competent woman. Is it likely that a woman who couldn't bake an ordinary



loaf would have reared a child like Mary Kate?"

"She may not have a mother at all," said the Major. "It might be her grandmother or her aunt that reared her."

"There you are again. That's your wretched, niggling, Anglo-Saxon way of grubbing about at details instead of grasping the broad principles of things. It doesn't matter to us whether Mary Kate has a mother or not. The point is that somewhere behind Mary Kate there's a competent woman, a grandmother, or an aunt, or a deceased wife's sister—it doesn't in the least matter which. Whoever she is she can bake. But I'll tell you what it is, Major, if we had my little girl here on board, we shouldn't be going on our bended knees to strange women for the want of a bit of bread. We'd be sitting down now to a good dish of steaming hot potatoes, with their skins just beginning to peel off them. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if she had them fried for us. Think of that!"

"I'd rather—"

The Major's remark was interrupted by a heavy bump on the side of the yacht. It was clear from the sound of scraping that followed that a boat had come alongside.

"That fellow, whoever he is," said the Major, "will have all the paint off us before he's done."

"It must be the Member of Parliament off the Aureole," said Meldon. "I call this most fortunate."

He sprang up and climbed on deck. The moment afterwards he thrust his head into the cabin again and said—

"It's not the Member of Parliament after all. It's only Higginbotham."

He plunged forward as he spoke until his body hung down the ladder.

"Best thing that could have happened," he whispered. "So long as Higginbotham is here we are safe, and the Member of Parliament can't get at him. I'll bring him down and give him a bit of brawn. We can open another tin if he seems hungry."

With a violent wriggle Meldon got his head and shoulders on deck again. He welcomed Higginbotham with effusive hospitality, and warmly invited him to go below and have some dinner. It appeared, however, that Higginbotham was not hungry. His face wore a look of perplexity and irritation. There was evidently something troubling him which he was anxious to have cleared up.

"I saw you leave the shore," he said, "and I got young Jamesy O'Flaherty to put me off. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not a bit," said Meldon. "We're delighted to see you. You say you won't have any brawn. Well, try a slice of bread-and-jam. Major, get out the strawberry jam; it's in the locker under you."

"No, thanks. The fact is I only came out for a few minutes' conversation with you. I—"

"If you like," said Meldon, "I'll light the galley fire and make you a cup of tea."

"No, thanks. I want to speak to you for a few minutes and then I'll go back

to my work. I've been rather annoyed this morning. I'm sure there's some ridiculous mistake which can be cleared up in ten minutes. I thought it better to come straight to you."

"Quite right," said Meldon; "if the thing is clearable at all, I'll clear it. I'm rather good at clearing things up. Ask the Major if I'm not. Just you make a clean breast of whatever the trouble is. You won't mind our eating while you talk."

"It's about sugar candy," said Higginbotham.

"Great Scott!" said Meldon. "Mary Kate!"

"I don't know anything about Mary Kate, but all the children on the island have been following me about and bothering the life out of me for sugar candy. They say you set them on."

"Look here, Higginbotham," said Meldon severely. "The Major and I are busy men, whatever you may be. If you're in any real trouble, we're quite ready to do our best to pull you through, but I don't think it's fair of you to come here wasting our time over some trumpery business about sugar candy."

"But the children said you sent them to me."

"It's all well enough for you to be fussing and agitating in this way about mere trifles, but I have serious matters on my mind. I simply haven't time to waste over sugar candy. If the children have taken your sugar candy, see their parents about it and get them properly whipped. You can't expect us to go about taking sticky stuff out of their mouths to gratify you."

"I didn't say they'd stolen my sugar candy. They haven't. What I said—"

"Very well, then, what are you making all this row about? Do you mean to suggest that we took your sugar candy? Neither the Major nor I ever eat sugar candy. If you set half a pound of it down on this table now, and invited us to gorge, we simply wouldn't touch it. Look here, Higginbotham, you and I are old friends, and you often used to go up to Rathmines with me to see my little girl, so I'll just give you a word of advice that I wouldn't give to a stranger—if you want to get on with the people on this island, don't go quarrelling with their children. There's old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, for instance, as decent an old fellow as I ever met, and quite easy to make friends with. He went out to-day, quite off his own bat, without so much as a hint from me, and caught a crab and gave it to me. Anyone with a grain of tact could get on with poor Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. As quiet a man as you'd see anywhere. But you go and rub him up the wrong way, get his back up, and generally play old hokey with his temper by nagging at his granddaughter about some barley sugar."

"It was sugar candy," said Higginbotham, feebly; "and besides—"

"Well, sugar candy, then—it's all the same. It wouldn't make any difference if it was peppermint lozenges. You worry and threaten the poor child about a pennyworth of some ridiculous sweet-

meat, and then you profess to be astonished that the old man won't give up his house to you. I'd have been much surprised indeed if he did under the circumstances. No man likes to have his grandchildren ragged. You wouldn't like it yourself if you had any. And a little girl, too! Higginbotham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"If you'd let me speak for a moment," said Higginbotham, "I'd explain."

"You're far too fond of speaking," said Meldon. "Half your troubles come from talking too much."

"But you've taken the thing up wrong. I'm not blaming you. There's a mistake somewhere, I know. I wish you'd let me say one word."

"I can't and won't spend the rest of the day arguing with you about sugar candy. It wouldn't be for your own good if I did. Are you aware, Higginbotham, that there are two English members of Parliament in that boat, anchored a few yards away, and that they've come here expressly to see how you are getting on?"

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I don't absolutely know it. But I can't imagine what would bring a member of Parliament to this island if it wasn't to inspect your work. They don't come here for the salmon fishing; you may bet your hat on that. Now, if you'll take my advice you would seize the earliest opportunity of smoothing down old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat before they get listening to his story."

"But the old man can only talk Irish."

"Don't you trust too much to that, Higginbotham. In the first place, I strongly suspect that he can talk English just as well as you can; and besides, you can't be sure that the members of Parliament don't know Irish. I can tell you there are some mighty smart men in Parliament now. It just happens, Higginbotham, that this morning, while you were chasing and ballyragging that unfortunate little Mary Kate round and round the island for the sake of a bit of sugar candy, I was having a quiet chat with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. It just shows me the kind of fellow you are. You don't hesitate to come here bothering the Major and me with your wretched little grievances while I've been doing you a good turn in a really important matter."

"What?" said Higginbotham.

"I've a very good mind not to tell you after the way you've behaved. But I'll just say this much. You want old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's house and bit of land, don't you? Very well, you go up there to-morrow at half-past eight and talk to him about it."

"Have you persuaded him to give it up?"

"I won't say another word. Just go up and see for yourself."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Meldon; I really am. I'm sorry for bothering you about the sugar candy. I wouldn't have mentioned the matter to you only—"

"All right," said Meldon graciously. "Don't trouble to apologise. The Major

and I don't mind a bit. But I'll tell you what you can do now. I have to go and call on the members of Parliament. Will you—?"

"There's no use doing that," said Higginbotham. "I saw them going ashore in their punt as I came off to you."

"All the same, I'll look them up," said Meldon. "I'm sure to find them somewhere about on the island. What I want you to do is to stay here and play chess with the Major till I get back."

He winked fiercely at Major Kent as he spoke.

"I know you play, Higginbotham, for you were a member of the chess club in college. You'll enjoy having a go at the Major. He's a perfect whale at the Muzio gambit. Very few men know the ins and outs of it as he does."

"I don't," said the Major sulkily; "and anyway, there isn't a chessboard on the yacht."

Meldon winked again, this time with fervent appeal.

"It's all right about the board," he said. "I saw one in Higginbotham's house last night. I'll go ashore in your curragh, Higginbotham, and send it off to you. Good-bye. Oh! Before I go, Major, you might as well give me another sixpence in case I meet Mary Kate again. You may as well give it to me as be losing it to Higginbotham, making bets as to how one of your gambits will turn out."

There was no one on the little pier when Meldon reached it. He supposed, quite rightly, that those of the inhabitants of the island who were interested in strangers had gone after the M.P.'s. It seemed likely that Mary Kate had followed them. She was a child of inquisitive mind. He walked up to Higginbotham's house, obtained the chessboard, and sent it off in the curragh to the yacht. Then he made his way to the nearest cottage, knocked at the door, and entered. A young woman, bare-armed, with a thick stick in her hands, was pounding a mass of potatoes and turnips in a large tub.

"Good evening to you," said Meldon cheerfully. "Getting the food ready for the pigs? That's right. Feed your pigs well. There's nothing like it. Here, give me a turn at that stick. You look as if you were getting hot."

"It isn't the like of this work that you'd be used to," said the woman smiling.

"Oh, but I can do it," said Meldon, taking the stick from her. He pounded vigorously at the unsavoury mess for a while. Then he said, "Are you the woman of the house?"

"I am, your honor."

"Well, then, where's Mary Kate this afternoon?"

"Is it Michael O'Flaherty Tom's Mary Kate you'll be wanting?"

"How many more Mary Kates are there?"

"There's ne'er another in it only herself."

"Well, then, it's her I want. Where have you her?"

"She's no child of mine," said the

woman. "I haven't but the one, and he's beyond there in the cradle. If she was letting on to your honor that she belonged to me she was just deceiving you. Faith, and it's not the only time the same little lady was at them sort of tricks. I hear that herself and the rest of the children had the life fair bothered out of the gentleman that does be measuring out the land, about sugar candy or some such talk."

"I wouldn't wonder at her," said Meldon; "but where would she be now, do you think?"

"She might be off chasing home the brown cow and the little heifer for her da."

"And where would the brown cow be?"

"Faith, that same cow is mighty fond of roaming where she's no call to go."

The woman stepped outside her cottage door and peered up and down. "Come here now, your honor, and leave off mashing them turnips. If that isn't herself with the brown cow in front of her and the little heifer beyond there over by the wall, it's mighty like her."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Meldon. "Good evening."

He crossed two stone walls, waded through a boggy field, and came within hail of the child who drove the cattle.

"Mary Kate!" he shouted. "Hullo, there, Mary Kate O'Flaherty!"

She turned and looked at him in wonder. Then, recognizing the giver of the sixpence in the morning, grinned shyly.

"Mary Kate," shouted Meldon again, "will you come over here and speak to me? Leave those cows alone and come here. Do you think I've nothing to do only to be running about the island chasing little girls like yourself?"

But Mary Kate had no intention of leaving the cow and the heifer. With a devotion to the pure instinct of duty which would have excited the admiration of any Englishman and a Casabianca-like determination to abide by her father's word, she began driving the cattle towards Meldon. Four fields, one of them boggy, and five loose stone walls lay between her and the curate. There were no gates. Such obstacles might have daunted an older head. They didn't trouble Mary Kate in the least. Reaching the first wall she deliberately topped stone after stone off it until she had made a practicable gap.

The cow and the heifer, understanding what was expected of them, stalked into the field beyond, picking their steps with an ease which told of long practice, among the scattered debris of the broken wall. Meldon, with a courteous desire to save the child extra trouble, crossed the wall nearest him. Mary Kate dealt with a second obstacle as she had with the first and reached the boggy field. The cattle, encouraged by her shouts, floundered through, drawing their hoofs out of the deep mud with evident exertion. Mary Kate, light as she was, sank to her ankles in places and splashed the calves of her legs with slime. Meldon, who wore boots and had to be careful where he walked, waited for her on dry ground.

"Well, Mary Kate," he said. "Here you are at last. A nice chase I had after you. Tell me this now, did you see the two strange gentlemen that came off the other boat?"

"I did."

"Did either of them give you a sixpence the same as I did this morning?"

"They did not."

"Didn't they now? I'd hardly call them gentlemen at all then, would you?"

Mary Kate grinned. Her first shyness was disappearing. She began to find Meldon a companionable person.

"Where did they go when they came ashore? Was it up to the iron house of the gentleman that does be measuring out the land?"

Meldon had gathered from the woman whom he had interviewed on his way that this was the proper description of Higginbotham.

Mary Kate understood him at once.

"They did not then."

"Well, and if they didn't go there to where did they go?"

"Back west."

"Do you mean up the hill there to the place where the cliffs are?"

Mary Kate grinned assent. She was a child who set a proper value on words and used as few as possible in conversation. Meldon wondered why the Members of Parliament had gone straight past the human habitations and the works of Higginbotham, which might be supposed to interest them, to the desolate region where only very active sheep grazed. He decided that they must have gone to look at the view, and he thought less of them. The tourist—the mere unmitigated tourist—with no political or social objects before his mind, goes to look at views. No one else—certainly no proper, serious-minded Member of Parliament—would waste his time over a view.

"Mary Kate," he began again after a pause. "You're Michael O'Flaherty Tom's Mary Kate, aren't you?"

"I might then."

"What's the good of saying you might when you know you are? You can't get over me with that sort of talk. Do you see that?"

He held up between his finger and thumb Major Kent's second sixpence.

Mary Kate grinned.

"Well, take a good look at it. Now, tell me this, Is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat your grandfather?"

"Is it me grandda you mean?"

"It is. Is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat your grandda?"

"He might," said Mary Kate.

"Well, go you up to him wherever he is and tell him this: that the gentleman who does be measuring out the land wants to see him to-morrow morning at half-past eight o'clock. Do you understand me now?"

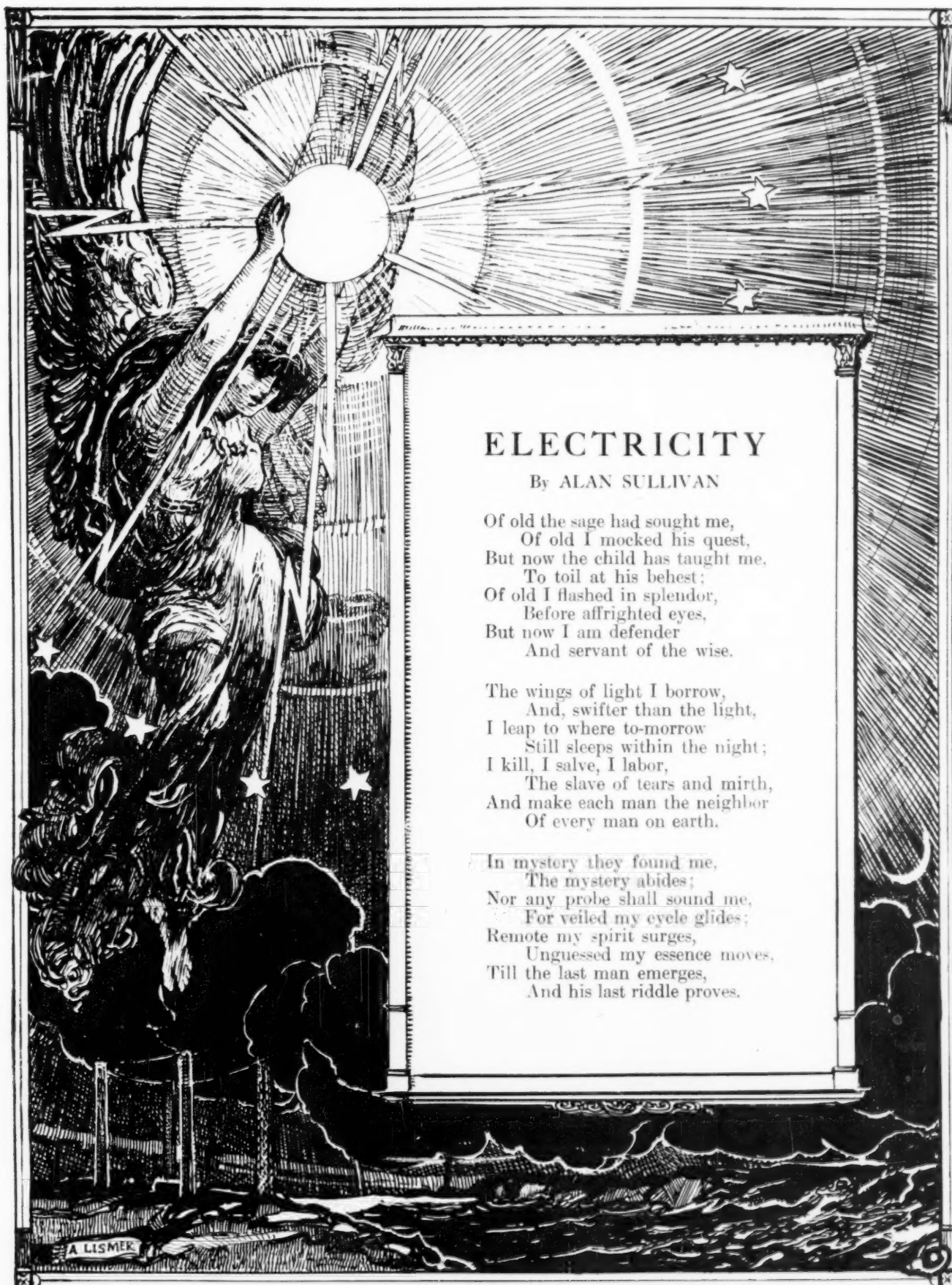
"I do surely."

"Well, what are you to tell him?"

"I am to tell him that the gentleman from the Board who does be measuring out the land wants to take the house off him."

(Continued on page 97.)





## ELECTRICITY

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Of old the sage had sought me,  
Of old I mocked his quest,  
But now the child has taught me,  
To toil at his behest;  
Of old I flashed in splendor,  
Before affrighted eyes,  
But now I am defender  
And servant of the wise.

The wings of light I borrow,  
And, swifter than the light,  
I leap to where to-morrow  
Still sleeps within the night;  
I kill, I salve, I labor,  
The slave of tears and mirth,  
And make each man the neighbor  
Of every man on earth.

In mystery they found me,  
The mystery abides;  
Nor any probe shall sound me,  
For veiled my cycle glides;  
Remote my spirit surges,  
Ungessed my essence moves,  
Till the last man emerges,  
And his last riddle proves.

# The Real Source of National Greatness Lies in the Little Red School Houses of Canada

**IF ANY CLASS** more than another, in its own interests and in that of the commonwealth at large, should be provided with a high average of education it is the farming class, which in our country at any rate, constitutes nearly the total population of the rural districts. This is true for several reasons. It is true that out in the quiet country, surrounded by the sweet sights and sounds of nature, and in the simple social life of the rural neighborhood, it is possible to develop the sweetest, sanest and strongest of natures. The country is the ideal place for "plain living and high thinking." On the other hand, there is the undoubted tendency of isolation, sordidness and monotony to dim the faculties of the mind, narrow the vision, and in the end, to result in brutishness. Most of the great minds of the world, in the past and in the present, have been country-bred. On the other hand, the most brutish and ignorant peasantries, races represented by that tragic figure of "the man with the hoe," have been the products of rural life. To quote words used of another subject, country life seems to have in it "the savor of life, unto life, or of death unto death." The difference between these two results is found, not only in the material well-being of the people, for sordidness and narrowness are not the exclusive characteristics of the poor, but in the mental outlook and culture of the individual and the community. In other words, the amount and the character of rural education, while not the only determining factor by any means, has much to do with deciding whether a rural population shall on the one hand reach the ideal rural life, with all it embodies of sweet simplicity, sanity and strength, or on the other retrogress into an ignorant, sordid peasantry, without ambition and without hope.

The educational systems of Canada are under fire. Recent movements in Ontario point to increased demands for the Universities and High Schools. Statistics show that about 10 per cent. of country children go on for higher education. The salaries of the rural teachers are too low, yet the country ratepayers are already too heavily taxed. Consequently our schools are being guided by immature girls in many cases. Give the teacher a salary of \$1,000 and let the Province bear the extra cost, and the men of the nation will accept the situation as a life work, and become real leaders in that rural culture that alone makes for national greatness. This article contains the real essence of the whole matter. This logic is convincing and his conclusions irresistible. Mr. Drury graduated from the O. A. C. in 1900. Of his class of 17, only 3 are now actively engaged in agriculture. He is vice-president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture and a leader in agricultural thought in his Province. —Editor.

processes of plant and soil and animal, and yet never have his curiosity aroused enough to enquire as to the why of the things he does, or the results he obtains. It was of a countryman that Wordsworth wrote:—

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

The mental life of the countryman, then, largely depends on his own receptiveness, individually and collectively. Properly prepared for, it should be the richest and truest of which man is capable. Unprepared for, it may sink and degenerate until the people, through sheer mental inanition, become almost brutish, as is evidenced in the case of some of the European peasantries.

The townsman on the other hand, while surrounded by unbeautiful things,

by smoke, and dingy walls, and glaring pavements and harsh noises and unsavory odors, is never in any danger of that lethargy of the mind which is the bane of country life. His mental stimuli, while inferior, are insistent—thrust at him as it were, so that he cannot avoid them. The roaring crowds; the traffic; the day's news handed from mouth to mouth as he goes to and from his work; much discussed municipal questions; the labor union or the club: all these provide mental stimulation of a sort. Under these circumstances the mind cannot be inactive. It is because of an unconscious appreciation of this condition that so many young people, when they leave the country for the city, give as their reason "There is more life there." It is true that the surroundings of the townsman are inferior in their mental possibilities to those of the countryman, producing as their ultimate result, that shallow, fickle and irresponsible type of mind, which, as a matter of history has always made a city crowd dangerous—a type quite different from the quiet strong, sane type which is the best product of country life. But the fact remains, in spite of this that in the city there is a mental life, which thrusts itself even upon those who have absolutely no training, while in the country, though the conditions are such as to lead the highest and best thought-life, the stimuli have to be sought for. They do not compel attention, so that the man of untrained mind may miss them altogether, and become the prey of a deadly mental lethargy. For this reason, for his own sake, the education of the countryman should be even more carefully attended to than that of the townsman.

But not alone for his own sake should the countryman be carefully educated, and a high standard of average intelligence be carefully maintained in the rural districts. The country furnishes the very life of the whole community. From it come two necessities, food, and racial stamina. The townsman cannot argue that it is no affair of his what conditions are in the country. If the land is misused through lack of intelligence, or if, on account of a poor social life, people will not stay in the country, the townsman pays the piper in an increased cost of living. Statisticians have prayed, over and over again, that the enervating conditions of the city life would speedily result in racial deterioration, and finally in ex-



The little one room school should be a neighborhood centre.





Starlinek Consolidated School in Manitoba.

tion without the constant influx of fresh blood from the country. The quality of the country people is of vital importance to the townsman, and, if the country cannot supply the means necessary to a proper system of education, it is both expedient and just to call upon the towns for the necessary help.

There has been a growing feeling for many years that there is something wrong with our rural schools. The average boy or girl as they finish their course in these schools, generally in their early teens, cannot be said to have any real education. They have learned to read, write and cipher, for the most part very indifferently. They have crammed enough facts and dates in geography and history to pass an examination—and forget them as quickly as possible once the examination is passed. They have had a few dozen lessons in nature study or similar subjects, given generally by a teacher who has no real interest in the subjects other than to fulfil the departmental regulations, and who, because of his own lack of enthusiasm in the matter, fails to arouse any enthusiasm of natural observation in his pupils. But these boys and girls, unless they are of exceptionally active mind, have been given little impetus toward real mental culture. For one thing they have not developed the reading habit. It is not an uncommon thing, and I personally have seen several cases, where a young man or woman, after having got all our rural public schools could give them, have confessed that they had never read one book after they had left school. They have not learned the accuracy that a respectable grounding in arithmetic should give them. How many of our public school pupils could extract a square root after having been out of school for five years? And with this meagre smattering of knowledge, and with no mental culture whatever, these boys and girls are turned out to do the best they can in forming a rural social life.

And this is the educational prepara-

tion for life that our country people are receiving. The influence of the high schools does not reach them except indirectly. A very small proportion of rural common school pupils ever reach the high school. In 1911, there were 122,537 pupils in the rural common schools of the Province of Ontario. In the same year there were 11,714 pupils of rural origin in the High Schools, Collegiate Institutes and Continuation Schools. Very few, even of this small proportion who attend the secondary schools, return to the country. For the most part, they go on to the secondary schools with the distinct object of preparing for the University or for some urban calling. Of those who finally reach the University practically none return to the country, and even those who have taken a course in our Agricultural College are rare figures in country life, for the most part preparing for professional agriculture in some form, and living in town to practise it!

Thus the country districts are left, not only with a low average level of education and culture, but without the advantage that would come from a few leaders of superior training. In the cities and towns is gathered the whole body of the educated people, but out in the country there is not even a fair proportion of educated people to act as leaders. Is it any wonder, under these circumstances that the social life of the country is barren, and that the people of the rural districts are unprepared to exercise their proper influence on the affairs of the nation? When we remember that it is in the conditions prevailing in the country that men have the greatest need for mental culture, in order that they may make the most of their lives, the condition of our rural districts becomes sad indeed. Is it not possible that we are nearer to the condition of the peasant than we are to that of the intelligent independent yeomanry that should be our ideal?

#### The Rural School Must Furnish Men

It is clear that if the educational level of our rural population is to be raised, as things are at present, it must be through the medium of the rural public schools. It may be that some time in the future, when we are wise enough to remove the fiscal and economic burdens that now hold him down, the occupation of the farmer will become profitable enough to attract men of superior education, though until that time comes we may not even expect to see the graduates

from our Agricultural colleges on the farms. At the present time, however, we can expect little help from our Universities and High Schools, in raising the intelligence and culture of the rural neighborhood. The public schools, however, we have, and the question is, how can these schools be so improved as to give a reasonable amount of educational culture to the 95 per cent. of their pupils so as to better fill the peculiar needs of the rural community?

#### Consolidated Schools Not the Solution

At least two plans to accomplish this end have been proposed in Canada. Some nine or ten years ago we had the movement for the Consolidated Rural School. It was proposed that instead of little one-roomed schools scattered everywhere through the country, there should be a consolidation of the present school-sections, four or five sections being thrown together to make one larger section, with a graded school of four or five rooms and as many teachers, and covered vans to convey the children to and from school, over the longer distances made necessary by the larger section. This plan was launched under powerful auspices, and with strong financial backing. Several model Consolidated Schools were established and run for a number of years. The idea, however, never grew, and now nothing is heard of it. It had considerable merit, but unfortunately there were more than overbalancing defects. There is no doubt that better schools and teachers and more efficient organization and equipment would have been obtained in this way, but there were three very weighty objections. In the first place, owing largely to the cost of conveying the children to and from schools, involving the employment of more teams and drivers than there were teachers, the expense of running these schools was bound to be enormously high, and out of all proportion to the increase in teaching efficiency. In the second place, there was a very real difficulty in the danger to the health of the children involved in a drive of four or five miles before and after school, during the severities of the winter months. I remember seeing, in one of these model consolidated sections, a school-van which had not finished its rounds at 6 o'clock in the evening. Some of the children had been on the road two hours. There are not many parents who would not prefer that their children should walk two or even three miles, rather than take a drive of that duration in the winter months.

#### It Would Rob the Rural Centres

But there was still another reason why the Consolidated School was doomed to failure, at least under the conditions existing in Canada. The neighborhood is a very real unit in rural society. The matter of distance determines its extent, so that it cannot extend for more than a reasonable walking or driving distance from its centre. In other words, the same factors determine the extent

of the neighborhood as determine the size of the school section. It is no wonder then that we find the rural neighborhood centering around the local school. To place that school in the centre of a district eight or ten miles square was to destroy its value as a neighborhood centre, as well as to remove it too far from the outlying parts of the district to get that local interest which counts for so much in the country. It may be that a feeling that by consolidating the school sections the rural neighborhoods would lose something that by right belonged to them, had something to do with the facts that this idea never "caught on" with the people. Be that as it may, the movement for Consolidated Rural Schools is now as dead as a doornail.

But now a new plan for the improvement of the rural schools has been brought forward. We are told that the common schools have much to do with the trend of population from the country to the town. They have been "educating people away from the land." How the teaching of the subjects taught in the public schools can influence the child to choose medicine or law or business rather than agriculture, I for one cannot see. I had thought that these rudiments were equally appropriate for all walks of life. However, this objection is raised to our public schools, and there is a strong movement on foot to change our rural school curriculum so as to educate the children back to the land, instead of away from it. To this end increasing emphasis is being laid upon nature-study, school-gardening and agriculture. They are to be emphasized so that the children will become interested in the soil, and will choose farming as their life's work. Thus the rural schools are to be made an agent to stem the tide of rural depopulation, and to coax, cajole, and if necessary almost drive the children of farmers into following their father's calling. The rural schools are to be made to some extent at least, vocational schools. Coincident with this movement is that for manual training in the city schools, the object of which is undoubtedly not only the mental culture obtained by work at the bench, but the directing of the minds of artisans' children towards the workshop.

It does not require that one should be a prophet or the son of a prophet to see whereto this tends. In India they have what is known as the caste system. Each vocation forms a distinct society of its own, and the son absolutely must follow his father's calling. There is no such thing as a young man choosing his calling. He is born to his calling, and there he must stay. This system is one of the greatest evils in heathen India. We have of course no such thing here. Here every young man can choose his calling with perfect freedom. But once let vocational training be introduced in our public schools, and let us see what happens.

Let us suppose the teaching of agriculture is introduced in all seriousness into rural schools, and manual training into city schools used by children of ar-

tisans. To teach these subjects well,—and there is no use teaching them any other way,—requires time, a good deal of time. There is only one way that time for them can be got,—by curtailing the time devoted to other subjects. Thus the child must be older than he otherwise would be when he reaches the standard required to enter the secondary schools, older when he matriculates, and, should he choose a profession later in life when he begins work. No one can claim that this is not a serious handicap to the son of the farmer or the artisan who wishes to follow some calling other than that of his father. Give still more time to these subjects, and we have an almost irresistible force, not only of influence, but of compulsion, to drive the child into his father's vocation. Is it fair or right, is it in the interests of true democracy that any force, any influence should be used to direct the mind of the child, into any special walk of life? Should he not be left absolutely free and untrammelled in his choice of a vocation?

Till they reach the age of fifteen or sixteen, children live in a world of their own, a world largely made up of imaginings, of fancies and day-dreams,—dreams which rarely come true, but still are beautiful and bright and wholesome. They are as care-free and irresponsible as the birds, and generally as happy. They accept their parents provision without thought of where it comes from, and the thought of money rarely enters their heads. We all remember this magic period of early youth, when the sun shone more brightly, and the birds sang more sweetly, and the springing flowers were more beautiful than they ever have been since. When, in words of Kingsley:

"All the world was young, lad,  
And all the trees were green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen."

But into this fairyland of childhood comes the vocational teacher, with his questions of profits and loss, of methods and costs, and what happens? I will merely quote from an article written by a direct representative much in favor of teaching agriculture in rural schools:

"Who has the cow that gives most milk? I asked one school.

"Our old roan has the bunch licked," said one young boy.

"Huh! She's only a grade," replied a red-haired hopeful, minus two teeth. "Our pure-bred Holstein can knock the spots off her."

"Please sir, I'll bet our new Ayrshire has them all stuffed," a little fellow piped up."

Leaving aside the question as to whether these young hopefuls would not have been better employed in learning to speak decent English, is it not all a pretty sordid business? Is it not a fair stretch of the imagination to see these boys, in their teens, full of thoughts of profits and loss and money-making, robbed of the happy irresponsibility of childhood, a lot of sordid

little money-grubbers. Is it right as soon to turn their thoughts toward the material things that constitute the care of the adult world? They will have to take up the burden soon enough. Why not leave them free until their turn comes?

But there is no doubt our rural schools are capable of improvement, though my own opinion is that this improvement does not lie along the line of vocational training. As to nature-study and school gardens, they may be very helpful, if they are taught as recreative subjects, and are not allowed to interfere with the serious business of the school. This serious business is nothing less than the thorough and complete mastery of the three Rs. A child will learn to farm or make shoes after he has left school, but if he has not mastered the three Rs then, he will never do so. And more important than any other thing to him, are these fundamentals, for they are the golden keys with which he may unlock the great world of books, and make his own the knowledge and experiences of all past generations of men. High-school teachers constantly complain that the pupils coming up to them are ill-prepared, and know nothing thoroughly. Is it not possible that the public school curriculum instead of being too narrow and in need of additions, is too broad, and in need of pruning, so that the work may be more thoroughly done?

#### Only Five Per Cent. to High Schools

Up to the point where the High School Entrance Examination is reached, the educational requirements of the pupils who will enter the secondary schools and those who will not do so are the same. They are the fundamentals, which everyone must know. Generally, the work of the public school stops there. About 5 per cent. go on to the secondary schools. For the remaining 95 per cent. educational opportunities are ended. Many of these would undoubtedly go further were it not that it requires considerable sacrifice and expense to send them. It generally involves the boy or girl leaving home and paying board in the town where the secondary school is situated. Many rural parents who would gladly have their children go further, cannot stand the expense necessary to send them, or shrink from allowing them to leave home at such an early age. Should not something be done for these, in the way of continuation class? It seems to me that the work of this class might at the same time be made highly profitable to the pupils and not very burdensome to the teacher. It should not consist in teaching a poor smattering of languages and algebra and the sciences, which cannot be pursued far enough to be of any permanent value, but its aim should be to cultivate the habit of reading, to teach the pupil to formulate and express his own thoughts, and above all, to broaden his mind and set him thinking. Could not a course of say, two or three years be arranged, during which the pupil would

(Continued on page 110.)



# The Test of Danforth

A Live Story in Which Love at First Sight Finds a Means to an End

By BERTRAM COSTAIN

MISS MOLLY MARVEL, only child of the wealthiest man in New York, gave a sudden cry as she half rose from her seat in the tonneau, steadying herself by grasping her father's arm.

"There he is, at last!" she said.

"Who?" demanded her father, absently.

"The man I am going to marry," said the girl, her resolute brown eyes fixed intently on some one in the crowd which poured past the slowly moving car.

A father who had survived twenty-one years of submission to the caprices of an imperious daughter could hardly be expected to show surprise at anything. Cyrus Marvel, like iron in his dealings with men, was mere putty in the hands of his winsomely pretty and absolutely unmanageable daughter. She had squandered several substantial fortunes, organized a party of friends for a rusticated trip disguised as gypsies, played in a polo match against a team of army officers, spent part of a season with a repertoire company on a tank route, engaged herself one season (according to the newspapers, at least) to marry an impecunious Italian Count, and the next season a coming playwright, who, by the way, never came; and so on ad infinitum. Her father, therefore, was not particularly startled at her announcement.

Looking in the direction she indicated he picked out a tall young fellow who was stepping briskly through the crowd. The stranger towered a head above the press; and a goodly head it was, something on the Caesar-Stephen Langton order; so much so, in fact, that the fedora hat which he wore well back on his head looked incongruous, ill-fitted to the brow it snaded. A helmet or a mitre even would have served him better. He was tramping along with eyes fixed straight ahead, quite unmindful of the crowd and unconscious of the effect his appearance had had on one occupant of the big car, stranded just opposite to him in a momentary jam of vehicular traffic.

"So that's my future son-in-law," grunted old Cyrus. "Never set eyes on him before. He'd be ornamental around the house Molly, but don't know as we could make anything but a football player of him. What's his name?"

"I don't know," replied the girl. "This is the first time I have seen him myself."

Marvel gave a gasp. He watched the back of the stranger as it bobbed in and out through the crowd, for a moment or two. "There's one satisfactory thing about it," he said, with relief. "You'll never see him again."

"But I must," exclaimed the girl, earnestly. "You must send James to

Romance can be found even in the strenuous activities. In this instance it is discovered in the preference of the headstrong daughter of a multi-millionaire for a young man of unknown antecedents and the subsequent steps taken by her father to test the merit and honesty of the stranger. The story of the test of Danforth carries the reader into the realm of Wall Street intrigue where stranger things than are found in fiction are daily occurrences.—Editor.

follow him, to find out who he is and where he lives. I can drive the car home."

Marvel opened his mouth to utter a peremptory refusal but got no further than a gruff "I'll be hanged——"

A glimpse of his daughter's face convinced him that she was in earnest. He shrugged his shoulders resignedly and, leaning forward, touched the chauffeur on the shoulder.

• • •

Before a legacy from an only and almost unknown uncle had left him independent with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year, John Danforth had tried his hand at many things. He had first studied for the law, but it had not taken him long to discover that he would never make a lawyer. Then he had secured a position as a travelling salesman for a typewriter concern. The human race can be divided broadly into two classes; those born to sell and those born to be sold to. Danforth was hopelessly in the latter class, as his salesmanager soon found out. Then he became a reporter and would have been a successful one but for the fact that his ideas on the value of news clashed with those of the hard-headed city editor. Danforth had a genius for detail and he lugged inconsequential facts into his stories until they became mere capitulations of cumbersome detail instead of luminous pen-pictures. Often he was so engrossed in getting the little things that he lost sight of the story itself; as, for instance, when he clothed the account of a divorce case in high society with an exhaustive argument on the points which had created incompatibility of disposition between the interested parties and forgot to record the fact that the defendant failed to appear, having eloped the night before with a noted actress!

And so, when the inheritance came, mightily relieved that he would no longer have to bother with the dross details of existence, Danforth settled down to a serious study of science and literature.

Twelve hundred dollars is not much to live on in the city of New York. Danforth got along capitably, however. He boarded with a widow in moderate circumstances. As the study of certain branches of science became of such absorbing interest that the days were always too short to allow any time for recreation or frivolous amusement, he was able to foot his board and tailor bills without difficulty.

When he had walked out of the Planet office for the last time, great thoughts were in his mind. He would write a book, a great book, one that would revive the style of the old masters. When that was done, he would take the time to work up certain fascinating theories on astronomical topics which he had been revolving in the back of his head for some years.

The great book was still unwritten, the project having been abandoned after several fruitless attempts at a start. All that he had accomplished was the publication in a current magazine of an astronomical treatise in which he attempted to prove that the galaxy of systems, which go to make up the universe, revolved around a Heavenly body of inconceivable magnitude, which he agreed with Madler in locating in the Pleiades. This theory, conceived with imaginative ingenuity and expounded with a certain brilliancy of style, had attracted widespread interest. Scientists had united in attacking it and Danforth had been the storm-centre of an international controversy. His fame had been short-lived, however. The public had long since forgotten him and his plausible theory as well.

His circle of acquaintances had been gradually growing narrower since his withdrawal from active employment, and it was with considerable surprise that one morning at breakfast he found a letter at his plate which came quite apparently from an unknown source. His surprise deepened as he slowly digested the contents.

John Danforth, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

It was with considerable interest that I read your recent article on the existence of a cosmical centre. In regard to the conclusions you reach I thoroughly agree. Although my name may be familiar to you only as a man of business, allow me to assure you that I have taken the deepest interest in scientific research, and only the demands made on me by my business interests prevent me from devoting a portion of my time at least to the pursuit of a wider knowledge.

I would like to see you personally and would suggest, if you find it convenient,

that you call at my house to-morrow afternoon before 4 o'clock.

Yours very sincerely,

CYRUS MARVEL.

Danforth whistled softly to himself. Across the table sat a stoutish young man, finishing his breakfast leisurely. Jules Cavendish was the only other guest then gracing the board of the Widow O'Shaughnessy. In fact, up to the time of Cavendish's arrival two weeks before, Danforth had been the sole boarder and accordingly had looked on the advent of another one as somewhat of an intrusion. Cavendish, it turned out, spent his days on or around Wall Street; in what capacity he did not say. He was inclined to give himself airs and even on occasions to patronize Danforth. He always had money and spent it freely. In a number of other ways he had managed to make himself obnoxious.

It was rather natural therefore that Danforth should fold the letter back into its envelope and say carelessly:

"Ever met Cyrus Marvel, Cavendish?"

"Er—yes," replied the other.

"He writes that he wants me to call and see him. Rather a singular request from him."

"It's downright queer," affirmed Cavendish, showing interest. "He's a funny old fish, is Cyrus—as close as an oyster. In addition to his offices downtown, he has two wires into his house and does most of his business there. Has a whole office staff there every day. He seldom goes out unless he has to. Why there are lots of men on Wall Street who have never set eyes on him. I can't understand what he wants to see you for. You have'n't enough money for him to bother taking." This last with a loud laugh.

"The appointment has nothing whatever to do with business," said Danforth, testily.

"Don't tell me that old Midas Marvel has a thought for anything outside of money," said Cavendish, rising and shoving his chair back from the table. "If you meet the daughter put in a good word for me, will you? She's the only girl I've ever seen that could make me an applicant for the Ancient and Honorable Order of Henpecked Husbands."

Danforth kept his appointment the following afternoon. He was ushered into the presence of America's richest man without any delay. Many millionaires, senators, yes even Cabinet members, too, had sat around the ante-room of Cyrus Marvel waiting patiently for an audience with the great man. If Danforth had stopped to think he would have been mystified to account for his having acquired, unbeknown to himself, the open sesame.

Cyrus Marvel was a massive old man. His powerful head, his square hewn features and his grizzly hair gave him a stern, almost a forbidding look. He was a masterful talker, magnetic and convincing, pouring out a rapid-fire succession of staccato sentences that bristled with unconscious epigrams. He engaged

Danforth in conversation on certain topics of scientific interest and the knowledge he displayed was incredible in a man supposed to spend every waking minute in the pursuit of the almighty dollar. Soon he carried Danforth beyond the point where the latter remembered that Cyrus Marvel was a multi-millionaire whose time during business hours, roughly speaking, was worth upwards of \$1,000 a minute. For three-quarters of an hour they talked unrestrainedly as men do when on a topic of mutual interest and during the whole time they never once got nearer to the earth than Mars. Finally Marvel rose.

"I had an object in getting you here, Mr. Danforth," he said. "It's this way. I've a rather complete library here and the finest private observatory and laboratory in America. I've just completed the installation of a telescope—the second biggest on the continent. They are here for use and I want you to use them. With such facilities you would probe behind the veil and find some of the secrets of space, my boy. I want you to make full use of everything I have, to come and go as you will. Come along now and I'll show you around."

He hurried off, conducting Danforth to another part of the building where he introduced him to the wonders of the library and observatory. Danforth was amazed at the completeness of the equipment, at the seemingly unending tiers of books and at the huge telescope, through which a man could gaze at stars so far away that it took millions of ages for their light to reach the earth.

"Now I must get back," said Marvel, briskly. "Make yourself perfectly at home here. Come as often as you feel inclined to and sometimes run into the office and see me. If there's anything you want to find out about this place, just ask Miss Gray. She's my librarian. Thought she was here to-day but guess she left early. I've arranged everything for you. There's a button. If you need anything, ring. Good bye." And he was off before Danforth had time to utter a word of thanks.

Danforth paid several short visits to the Marvel mansion during the next month. On these occasions he found none of the members of the household at home. Marvel himself was racing back and forth across the continent on matters pertaining to a railroad merger he was engineering. His maiden sister, who kept house for him, and his daughter were on a tour of the summer resorts, as Danforth learned from the newspapers. The librarian had apparently seized the opportunity to enjoy a holiday.

One morning he put in an early appearance and after an hour's work in the observatory, walked into the library in search of a certain book. A girl was seated at the librarian's desk. Her back was toward the door by which he had entered and, as she was deeply engrossed in the pages of a magazine, she did not observe his entrance. Danforth for his part was in a preoccupied mood and he had almost stumbled over her before he became aware that he did not have the room to himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hastily. "I am very clumsy. You see I didn't know anyone was here. You are Miss Gray, I presume. Perhaps Mr. Marvel has spoken to you about me. My name is Danforth."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Danforth," said the librarian. "Mr. Marvel has instructed me to do everything I can to assist you in your work."

"It is very good of him—and of you," said Danforth, absent mindedly. "By the way, there's a book that I want very particularly just now and I suppose you must have it somewhere. If you will be good enough—"

He stopped short. His gaze, which up to that time had been focused on some indefinite point in space, had suddenly settled on the girl. The surprise he experienced was enough to hold him transfixed for several moments.

At first he was conscious only of a pair of eyes—large, luminous orbs of bewildering darkness and depth. Gradually he became aware of the fact that these wonderful eyes were set in a face which presented claims to attention on its own account; an altogether charming face, oval in shape, well nigh perfect in profile and with several dimples thrown in for good measure. A heavy mass of brown hair shaded the face. Finally, Danforth learned that it belonged to a young lady of medium height and girlish slightness, attired in a severely business-like but decidedly becoming costume.

"You were going to give me some instructions?" he heard a voice ask, a voice of such charm that it associated itself at once with the owner of the eyes, dimples and hair. The words were uttered, however, in a crisp and business-like tone.

"Yes," said Danforth, recovering himself, partially. "Could you get me this book of Huxley's, please?"

He wrote the title on a slip of paper, handed it to the girl and retired hastily. Danforth had always been afraid of girls. Had the librarian lived up to the half-formed expectations he had entertained of her—a bespectacled spinster, thin, thorough and thirty-five—he would have placed himself on a friendly footing at once. But the fact that she had turned out a mere slip of a girl and a beauty at that, drove him from the room speechless, his six foot two of powerful masculinity in full retreat after the first tilt with five foot five of demure femininity. He turned at the door. She was watching him with a suspicion of a smile; amusement at his discomfiture, he thought.

Danforth did not make much progress on the work he had in hand that morning. His mind ran on brown eyes and cleft chins rather than on the constellations. Several times he started back to the library on some pretext or other but stopped before he got to the door. When Miss Gray brought him the required volume, he accepted it with a brief word of thanks and plunged into it with a pretence of active absorption, despite the fact that he believed he could detect signs of willingness on her part to stay and talk, if properly urged. When she had gone, he threw the book down





"There he is, at last!" said she.

and anathematized himself roundly for a tongue-tied bumpkin.

Danforth came back every day after that. He arrived early and stayed late. The librarian showed equal diligence, being engaged in indexing a portion of the library. Danforth became expert at trumping up excuses to take him there and it was not long before he had been pressed into service as an indexing assistant. They got on famously after Danforth recovered from his first awe. Miss Gray proved a masterful young person, ordering him about freely; and Danforth delighted to obey. Many an hour they put in together busily at work on the books, she chatting gaily, he listening, watching, and admiring, but talking little; not having much opportunity for the latter, it is true. Occasionally he talked of his research work and the girl listened intelligently. Danforth decided that it was very pleasant indeed to have a person to expound his theories to, who had the rare gift of understanding.

At the same time he managed to make considerable progress with his work. Thanks to the boundless resources of the Marvel library, he gained added light on problems which he had been studying in a rather dilettante way previously. With the information at his disposal he began the development of a theory based on the movements of the solar comets. Gradually he became more and more absorbed in his work and, although he did not lose his desire for the company of the fair librarian one whit, he found it impossible to gratify that desire as much. As his research brought new facts to light, strengthening the conclusions he

had reached *a priori*, Danforth found less and less time to give to the new index. His relations with Miss Gray became limited to brief conversations during intervals of his work. That his defection had not pleased her was apparent. Her attitude toward him showed a mingling of coolness and reproach. Danforth was too busy to notice this.

Finally one morning he forged the last link into his chain of logic. The sequence of argument had been completed, the last word written. On finishing a great task, a man's first impulse is to find some one to talk it over with. One can imagine the inventor of the printing press running to skeptical old Mrs. Gutenberg with the first inky proof in his hands. With some men it takes the form of hunting up a reporter.

Danforth dropped his pen and strode into the library. Miss Gray was sitting at her desk, busily engaged with scissors and a pot of paste.

"Come here," he exclaimed, commandingly. In the triumph of the moment he had lost all diffidence and restraint. He took the girl by the hand and half led, half pulled her along in headlong haste to the observatory.

"It is finished," he exclaimed. "I cannot find a flaw in it. It will establish a new direction for astronomical research. I'll show you—" And he plunged into a lengthy explanation which would perhaps have been intelligible to a college professor. The girl followed him intently and patiently.

"There you have it in a few words," said Danforth, at the conclusion of his harangue.

Then he realized that he still had possession of her hand. In order to better understand certain diagrams to which he had referred, she had been compelled to lean one elbow on the table and their hands had been very close together. Danforth had not realized this before. He did now. It thrilled him. Her deep brown eyes were fixed upon him at a distance of little over a foot.

"You are wonderfully beautiful," he exclaimed.

"It had taken you longer to find that out than to discover the movements of comets," she whispered.

The sciences and all pertaining thereto slipped entirely from Danforth's mind.

"No, no," he protested. "I knew it the first time I saw you; or rather about two minutes afterward. Your beauty made me afraid of you."

He had taken the other hand now.

"You seem to have recovered from your fear," said the girl. Their eyes met and a moment afterwards the distance between them had been shortened to—well, practically nothing at all.

Danforth realized that he had taken her in his arms, and the thought of his daring did not arouse any thrill of apprehension.

"I don't think I am afraid any more," he said.

He raised one arm to coax her face into a certain position and the next moment she had broken away.

"I must get back to my work," she said, a little breathlessly.

And for the second time Danforth let her go, when he wanted above everything else to keep her, and when, in addi-

tion, her eyes contained the message of her willingness to stay. But a prudent consideration had entered his mind. If she remained in the room, he would make love to her. A man should not make love to a girl unless he intended to marry her. And a man with twelve hundred a year had no right to marry. Ergo, he must not urge her to remain.

A few minutes afterward, however, he put his head in the library door and announced: "You are going to lunch with me to-day. I won't take a refusal this time. I will come for you in half an hour."

At the end of the half hour he returned and found her ready. Thoroughly enamoured, he sought out the most expensive restaurant he knew of and recklessly squandered two weeks' income. "What a delightful little place," she said, and Danforth remarked that she behaved as though she was thoroughly accustomed to dining in public.

That remark gave Danforth considerable food for thought. He continued thinking on the same strain off and on during the rest of the day. By breakfast next morning, he had reached a certain conclusion.

Twelve hundred dollars a year was a mere pittance, beggarly even for a fellow with no expensive tastes. It precluded all possibility of intimate friendships with members of the other sex and made the thought of marriage an absurdity—if a fellow happened to think of marriage, that is. Now a girl like—well, like Miss Gray—had certain acquired ideas and tastes which would make a substantially large income a necessity before a fellow could presume—. Why, probably Marvel paid her more than that. Her dresses were always plain but they had something about them that even to his uninitiated eyes suggested worth. He might have spelled it with a capital W if he had known.

"Danforth, do you want to make some money?" asked Cavendish, who was seated at the other side of the breakfast table.

"You must be a mind reader," said Danforth. "I do want to make some money—badly. I was just thinking about it."

"Would you care how you made it?" asked the other in his habitual off-hand way.

"I would turn my hand to any work," replied Danforth.

Cavendish suddenly leaned forward and regarded the other intently and searchingly.

"See here," he said. "Just what are your ideas on the question of right and wrong? Would you countenance the methods of Wall Street, the subterfuges of financiers? I would like to know, just for curiosity's sake, if you would consider right anything that stopped short of being legally wrong."

"I don't know," said Danforth, passing up his egg with a show of lack of appetite—the inevitable symptom. "I confess to ignorance of the methods of your Wall Street associates, Cavendish. They may be all right though one hears

plenty of evidence volunteered to the contrary."

"I have a little plan afoot," said Cavendish, choosing his words cautiously, "which promises to be highly remunerative. It would violate no law and would be regarded as strictly legitimate by every man with any experience in—well, let us say frenzied finance. I need a man to help me. You seem to have all the necessary qualifications, with one added advantage. You have access to old Cyrus Marvel."

Danforth began to show a live interest. He returned the steady gaze of the corpulent Cavendish with equal intentness.

"What would that have to do with it?" he asked.

"Well," said Cavendish, with an easy laugh, "it's this way. If our enterprise is successful, old Cy will pay the piper. With your free entry to his house, you might be able to get certain information necessary to our scheme which I would have difficulty in obtaining any other way."

Danforth felt the hot blood surge to his face. He had an almost uncontrollable desire to lean across the table and strike Cavendish. The latter's square, bluish chin offered a tempting target. But he checked the impulse.

"Then you mean," he said, trying to speak coolly, "that your plan is to gouge—is that the word?—Cyrus Marvel, and to accomplish it through my friendship with him?"

"Don't flatter yourself," laughed Cavendish, bringing out his cigarette case and handing it across the table. Danforth shoved it back with a shake of the head. The other took a cigarette himself and lighted it before resuming. "Cyrus Marvel doesn't know the meaning of the word friendship. He's a wolf in human guise. Marvel is the Ishmael of big interests. He preys on everyone; and everyone who dares preys on him. Take it from me, my worldly unwise friend, he has some use for you or he would never have taken you up. Friendship? Snades of a thousand bankrupts! How much friendship would you expect from a boa constrictor? Danforth, don't stay out on sentimental reasons. Why, Marvel himself would laugh if he knew anyone had refused a good chance to gouge him. I thank you for the word. Gouge is good."

"What would I have to do?"

Cavendish blew a ring of smoke and watched it curl upward toward the ceiling before replying.

"Yours would be a character part chiefly," he said. "Get on a certain train at a certain place. Wear a plain grey suit, flannel shirt with collar, but no tie. Go through the train until you strike an old codger dressed like yourself. Kiss him on the right hand and say: 'Have ye eaten the book?'"

"That's enough," said Danforth, his fists again itching to get into action. "I warn you not to try practical jokes on me. I'm short tempered at times."

Cavendish became all seriousness at once. "Pardon me," he said, with a placating smile. "I should have given you some explanation before springing

that comedy stuff. Still that is exactly what you are expected to do. It would be part of your share of the work. Before I go into this further, I want some assurance that I'm not wasting my time. Are you open to come in on this?"

If the thought had not occurred to Danforth that, out of regard for Mr. Marvel's interests he should hear what the proposition was, he would have ended the discussion there and then. But it appeared to him strongly that he should find out as much of the nefarious scheme—for such he judged it to be—as he could. In this way he might be able to thwart it.

"You've got to show me it's worth while," he said, trying to adopt his choice of words to the situation.

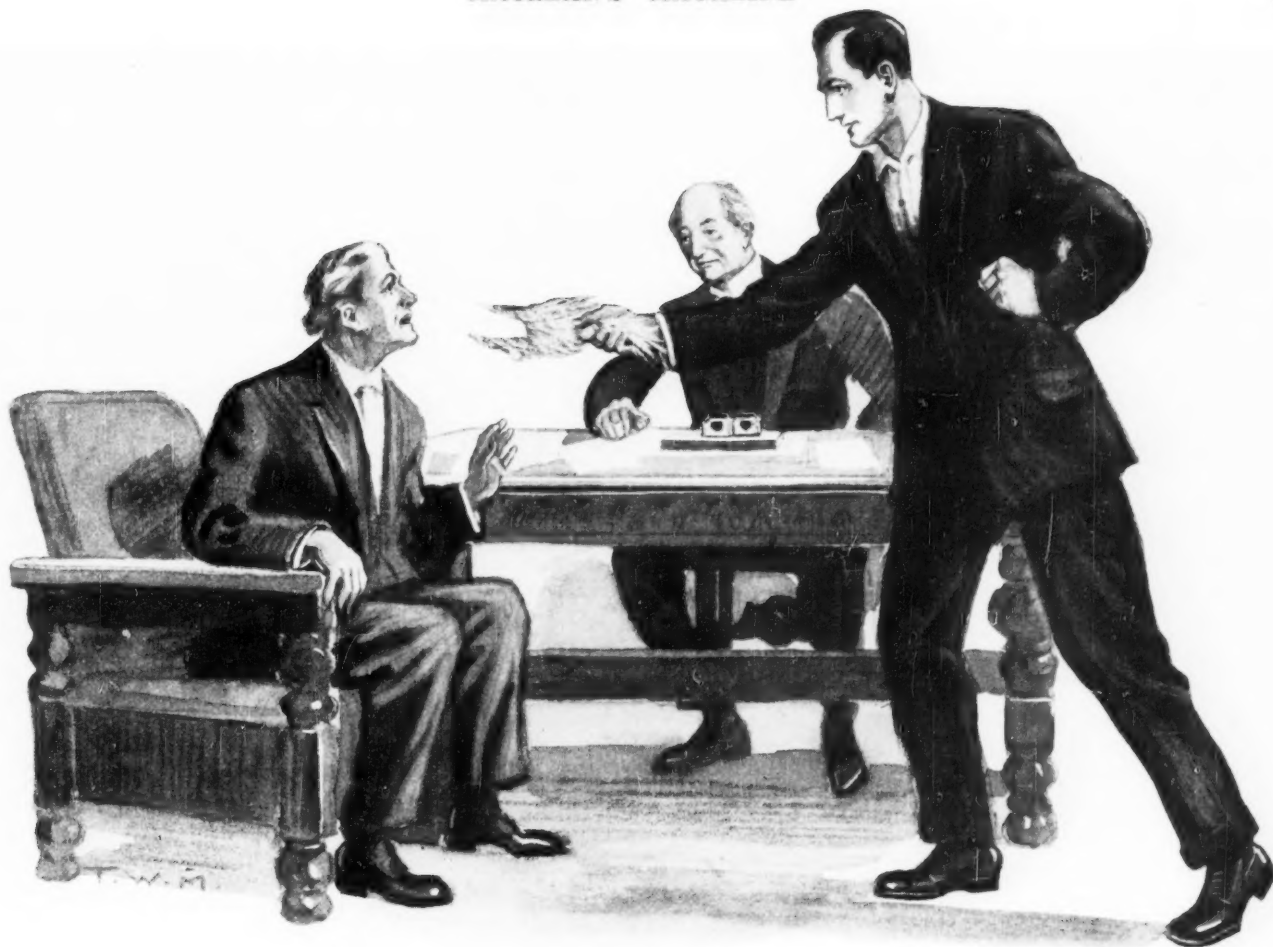
"Very well then. Do you know the T. & O. P.? You may think it's a star or an asterisk—oh, well then, asteroid. But it's not; it's a railroad," said Cavendish, with thinly veiled contempt of the other's ignorance of business matters. "If you knew anything about such things, you'd be aware of the fact that the T. & O. P. is a rickety old road, connecting two other lines. It's recognized as the prize white elephant of the railroading industry. It hasn't paid a dividend in twenty years. The stock as a result has been down as close to zero as any stock could ever get. Then Cyrus Marvel bought out the two lines it connects—he has a scheme on to control a direct line from coast to coast—and so he started gunning for T. & O. P. The directors are a stubborn, fussy lot. They didn't care to stand and deliver at the command of this old highwayman of high finance. They fought back. And so far, Marvel has not been able to get control. News of the fight leaked out and, as everyone backed Marvel as the ultimate winner—he always wins—T. & O. P. started to go up. You see, if he got the road, he would make something of it. So for the first time in a quarter of a century, the bulls took a whirl at old Top."

"Now, then. To-morrow is the annual meeting of the company. If it transpires that Marvel has bagged control, stocks will go up still higher. If he has failed to acquire control, there will be a landslide. T. & O. P. stock will go down out of sight. If we could make it sure that Marvel did not get control, what a chance to make a killing!"

"I happen to know that a block of Top stock is in the hands of an old party up near Albany—enough to control the situation. Marvel learned of this a few days ago," went on Cavendish, speaking in a low tone and rapidly. "He has arranged with Spearing, the old party, to come to New York. Spearing's a hard old specimen of the hick tribe, and just as grasping as old Marvel himself. He knows the value of the stock he holds. He won't come down until to-morrow morning and then he'll put in an appearance at the last moment with the stock in hand and sell out to the highest bidder."

"And Marvel will pay. It has become a personal matter with him. His old enemies, the Parlow and Hartley crowd, have quietly lined up behind the T. & O. P. directors with the amiable ob-





"The whiskers came away in his hand."

ject of blocking his transcontinental scheme. Marvel will beat them if it costs him a million. He has an agent up there watching Spearing as close as a two-dollar plunger watches the bookie. As soon as Spearing gets on a train, Marvel will get word by wire. Another trusted agent will be at the station to meet Spearing and as soon as he sets foot on the platform he'll be whisked off in a taxi to Marvel's private office. The opposition won't get even a sidelong glance at him—unless we shove in and mix things up a bit.

"Our plan, of course, will be to get hold of Spearing ourselves and then tip off his whereabouts to the highest bidder. And it isn't going to be child's play either, getting hold of the old boy. He thinks every second man in New York is a bunco steerer and that gold bricks are commoner here than testaments. If a stranger were to speak to him, he'd yell for a cop. And if he saw me—well, we are acquainted and for some reason or other he has formed a highly erroneous opinion of my character. I'll have to stay out of his sight, that's certain.

"Now here's the plan. I'll be on the platform when the train pulls in as I know every one of the Marvel crowd. I'll pick out whoever is waiting for Spearing and be right at his elbow. As soon as the train comes in sight, I'll jostle up against him and accuse him of

picking my pocket. I've bribed a station policeman to be on the job and, at the first sound of altercation, he'll take both of us unceremoniously by the collar and escort us out. It will take Marvel's man some time to explain himself. In the meantime Spearing will have arrived. Unfortunately it is out of the question for anyone to accost him there without having some ready proof of connection with the Marvel crowd. The old man will be carrying his suspicions on hair trigger.

"No, it will have to be done by somebody getting acquainted with him on the train. And there's only one way that you can get into the good will of Eli Spearing. He's strong on the religious stuff. Belongs to some sect that call themselves Seven Sealers. I don't know much about their outlandish belief except that they base it on what somebody found out when the seventh seal was opened. He had to eat a book to find it out. So when a man has swallowed their belief, they say he has swallowed the book; and that makes him a full fledged Seven Sealer. Sounds incredible, doesn't it? Still, that's one of the mildest things about them. They tolerate clothing only as a concession to decency and a means to keep warm. For that reason, they dress simply and eschew such luxuries as neckties. They define Heaven as the home of Sealers only and hell as the abode of the rest of

mankind. Whenever two of them meet, they kiss each other's hands and babble texts.

"Is the beauty of my plan beginning to dawn on you? You get on at a suburban station decked out in full Sealer regalia, run across the old man and shoot him the pass-word. By the time you pull into the depot, you're as thick as thieves. Volunteer to help him find his way about town. You will have him cinched, for he doesn't know anything about the city and the noise will kind of get to him at first. A taxi will be waiting. Bundle him in and give the driver Marvel's address. He'll take you instead to a certain office on Broadway. Tell a red-headed clerk with spectacles that you want to see Mr. Marvel. The clerk will say that Mr. Marvel has been called away on unexpected business but will be back in half an hour. Then he'll slip into a back room and get me on the 'phone. I'll go right to Marvel and offer to tell him where Spearing is, if he'll pay my price. With the meeting on at 1 o'clock, Marvel will have no time for dilly-dallying. He'll have to come across or fail to secure control.

"If he doesn't pay, I'll go to Parlow and Hartley and they will. Then we can use what we get out of it to play old Top on the market with advance information as to whether it will go up or down. There's a fortune in it."

(Continued on page 104.)

# Greater Love Hath No Man

In the Power of a Madman Who Attempts the Rockies as Napoleon Did the Alps

By H. A. CODY

An incident in the life of the author has suggested this story. Readers of MacLean's are already familiar with the author of the Frontiersman, and will not be disappointed in this tragic yet semi-humorous experience on the trail.—Editor.

A MORE determined band of men never swung pick or threw the diamond hitch than the five who formed the Vigilance Committee of the little mining town of Bull's Eye in the far northland, ere the advent of the Mounted Police. Tim Barker facing them realized what to expect. He had seen others pass before this same tribunal, and knew their fate. He was not surprised, therefore, when the leader, a tall muscular fellow, bronzed and grizzled, brought his fist down upon the rude table with a resounding thud and blurted out at the man standing before him:

"Tim Barker, we given you your choice. Either hit the trail in two hours, or stay here and take your dose."

There was silence in the room after these words, though outside the storm raged with unabated fury. Tim glanced through the small window at the whirling snow and a quiver shook his frame.

"Make up your mind," again roared the leader of the Committee, "and be d— quick about it too: we can't stay here forever."

Once more Tim's face sought the window, and his gaze passed beyond the small dirty panes, through the storm to a little log shack from which a stream of smoke was curling. For an instant he forgot his impatient judges, and saw only a sweet face, and eyes filled with tears, and heard a voice pleading, "Tim, he's young and not strong, so you'll take care of him for Nellie's sake."

"You sneak thief, why don't you answer?" shouted the leader, springing to his feet. "What's the matter with you?"

Tim no longer hesitated: his course was now clear.

"You devils," he cried; "you know nothing about mercy. I'll hit the trail. I'd rather have my life snuffed out in God's great open than let you do it."

Turning, he left the room, and striding rapidly through the storm soon reached the log shack from which the smoke was ascending.

"Tim, oh, Tim, is that you?" a weak voice wailed, as he opened the little door and entered. "Tim, I'm so sorry. What did they do to you?"

"Come, bottle that nonsense," was the reply. "You've done the mischief, and whining won't do any good. Put some grub in yon sack, and be quick about it, too."

"Oh, Tim, what's the matter?" moaned the voice.

"D— you! You know what's the matter. Do as I say, and hurry."

Then he glanced toward the lad standing there, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and there came to him again the pleading words, "Tim, he's young, and

not strong. You'll take care of him for Nellie's sake?"

With a groan he sprang forward and grasped the lad's hand.

"Forgive me, Don," he said. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm sorry. Say, laddie, I've got to leave, start on the long trail."

With a terrible cry Don leaped to his feet.

"No, no, Tim! I am the thief! I am the one to suffer, and not you!"

But Tim seized him by the shoulder with such a grip that the lad winced.

"Look here, Don. I promised Nellie that I'd take care of you. I know you stole the gold from the cabin, but I'm strong and you are weak. I'll reach the coast over the mountains, and you can come out in the spring. But never breathe a word to a living soul here or they'll skin you alive for a thief and a coward. Come, lad, good bye, I'm off."

Leaving Don huddled upon the rough floor, his form racked with sobs, Tim strode out into the storm, out upon the terrible trail—the long trail of death. For days he moved forward, up a long narrow valley, over numerous inland lakes, ever pressing on toward the mountains far away in the distance. At first he moved with an elastic step, but when his scanty supply of food gave out slow was his progress. Starvation now stared him in the face. He had expected to obtain small game, such as rabbits and ptarmigan, but in this he was disappointed. Weaker and weaker he became as he trudged along through the desolate wilderness. The dazzling snow blinded him by day, the frost stung him at night, whilst the pangs of hunger almost maddened him. His snow-shoes were like great clogs weighing him down, and often he stumbled and only with difficulty regained his feet. His rifle which had been his companion for years, seemed like a ton in weight, and with a sob he laid it aside.

At length he reached a large lake, out upon which he slowly moved. Why he did so he could not tell, only he felt that he must keep in motion as long as he could drag one foot after the other. It was night and the stars gleamed and twinkled coldly overhead, mocking him, so he imagined. Everything was as still as death—unbearable. He felt he would

go mad. Presently he paused. What was that? There was something moving over the snow, gliding toward him. Another, and then a third, he could see their dim forms. Nearer and nearer they came, swift as the rush of doom. In an instant the truth flashed upon him, they were starving wolves. He forgot his weariness, hunger, and despair. The love of life still burned within him. He grasped his revolver, he would fight to the last. The dark forms came closer, and he fired once, twice. They paused only for an instant, when the leader, big brute that he was, sprang upon him. Just in time the revolver spoke again, and a sharp yell tore the night air, and the animal fell struggling upon the snow. Sickening, snarling sounds told of the fate of the fallen beast, for the law of the wild knows no mercy. His two companions fell upon him, and their sharp teeth tore the quivering flesh into shreds.

Tim did not wait but hurried forward. But, alas, his renewed strength could not continue, and ere long he felt weaker than ever. His head reeled, his knees trembled. His snowshoes were so heavy that he tore them from his feet. Then he crawled upon his knees. He would reach the shore, and die there in the shelter of the trees, and not out upon that lonely lake.

"Nellie, Nellie!" he cried, but no response came to his piteous appeal.

Then he strained his blurred eyes through the darkness, as if to see a light or something to cheer him. And as he looked a gleam rose before him on the shore not far away. A new hope now filled his heart, and once more he struggled forward. He regained his feet. He reeled to and fro and staggered like a drunken man. He could go no farther. Must he die there in the very presence of help! He lifted up his voice in one wild call for assistance. Presently a door opened, and a figure stood before him. With a last desperate effort he crawled forward, he reached the door, wriggled himself over the threshold, and fell senseless within.

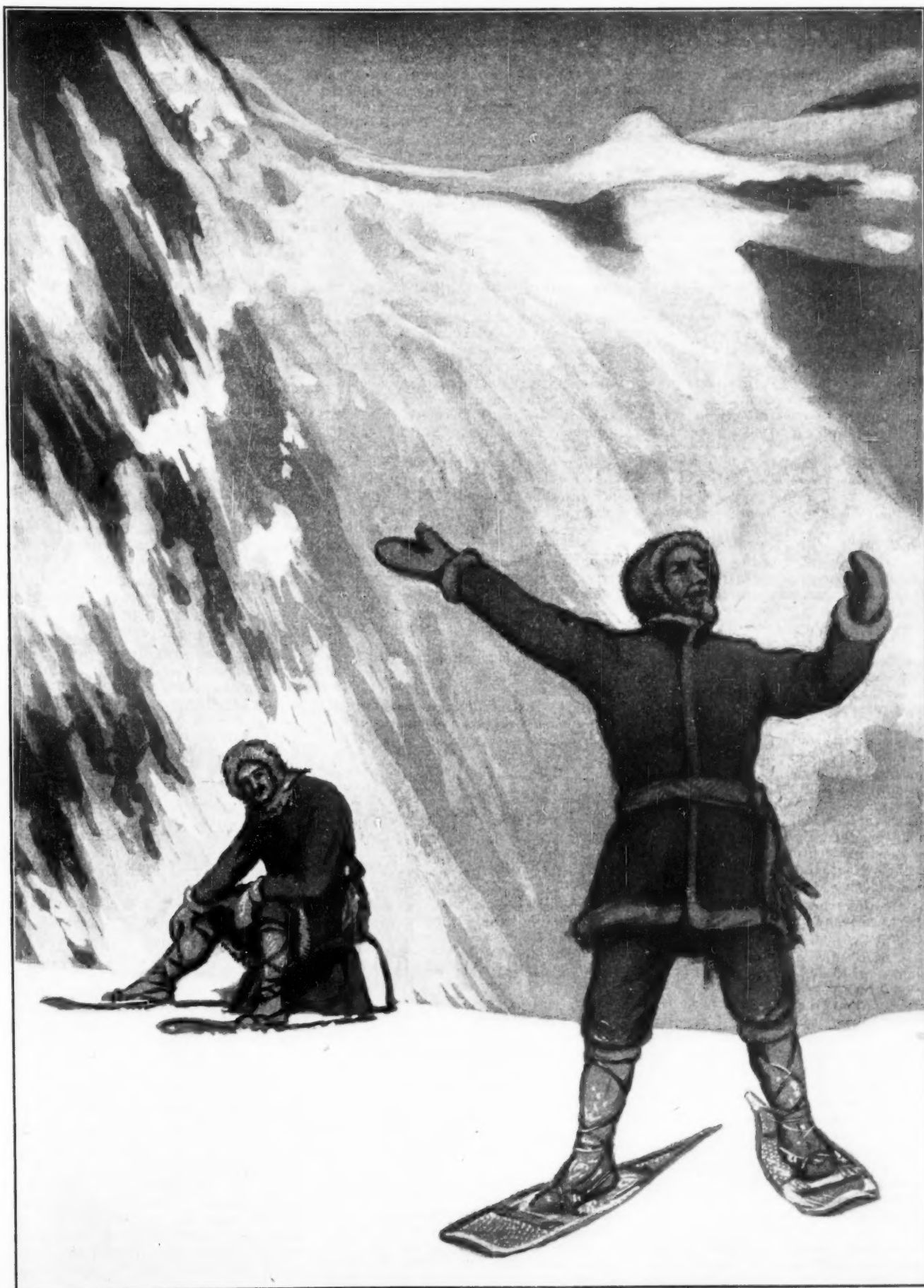
When consciousness returned he found himself lying upon a rude bunk in a small room. Standing by his side was a man tall and large, with long hair, and a beard falling to his waist. He was eyeing him with an expression Tim did not like.

"Who are you?" he asked in a tired voice, as he made an effort to rise.

But the large man answered not a word but stood there with a terrible look in his eyes. A chill passed through Tim's body, and once again he asked,

"For God's sake tell me who you are! Why don't you speak?"





"Often he would stop and shout to the surrounding mountains."

"You are my prisoner," at length came in deep guttural tones from the giant.

"Your prisoner!" Tim exclaimed, "What do you mean?"

"I am Napoleon," the man replied. "I am the Emperor of the world, and I have captured you at last."

Then the terrible truth dawned upon Barker's mind. The man was mad, the victim of a delusion. He had escaped both storm and wolves only to fall into the hands of this creature. It was fearful, and beads of perspiration broke out upon his forehead as he thought of his position. What was he to do? He was weak through long fasting, and his body must be strengthened if he expected to contend with the towering form before him. Looking around the room he saw a piece of moose meat on a small table. He made an effort to rise, but the giant laid a strong hand upon him, and glared more fiercely than ever.

"I am hungry, starving," said Tim. "For God's sake give me a piece of that meat."

The giant put his hand to his forehead, as if trying to recall a lost chord of memory. Then without a word he crossed the room, cut off a large slice of the meat, and began to prepare it over the coals which were glowing in the rude fire-place. The smell of the cooking meat almost maddened the starved man, and it seemed a long time before his strange host handed to him the piece of cooked meat upon an old granite iron plate. Tim now breathed more freely. The man was not as mad as he had imagined. This idea was quickly dispelled, however, for no sooner had Tim begun to eat than the giant again broke forth in wild language.

"I am Napoleon, and you are my prisoner. Eat and be merry, for to-morrow you die. You are a spy sent here to find me out. But you shall never leave this place alive."

And eat Tim did, for his only hope lay in his renewed strength, and he wasted no time in mournful reflexions. Then the giant began to call aloud, at the same time shouting forth strange orders.

"Ho there menials," he roared. "I am Napoleon, and my prisoner shall have the best the land affords."

He next called for his officers, and a triumphant smile passed over his face as he pointed across the room.

"Look, there they stand, as fine a body of men as ever trod earth or drew sword. And see my soldiers marching by. They know their Emperor, and are saluting me. Don't you see their helmets gleaming? What noble fellows they are, one hundred thousand in all, and I their leader. We shall conquer, yes conquer the world, ha, ha!"

He was standing erect as he finished this harangue. He saw the whole thing; it was wonderfully real to him. He was the Emperor; his servants were serving him; his officers were standing by waiting to obey his slightest command, and one hundred thousand men were passing before him ready to do and to die. And thus all through the night the giant continued to give his wild orders to imag-

inary people. Toward morning when daylight dawned he threw himself upon the floor, and slept long and heavily.

Barker remained awake for some time engaged in earnest thought. He knew that the man was a prospector by various mining tools he saw in the cabin. The lonely life, and long dark nights had evidently deranged his mind, an occurrence only too common in the north. The man was asleep and it was hard to tell what he might do when he awoke. A sudden thought came into his mind. A knife lay near and it would not take much strength. He banished the idea, however, with a shudder. No, he could not do such a cowardly thing.

Thinking thus he fell asleep, and when he again opened his eyes the day was far advanced. The giant was standing before him, eagerly awaiting his awakening, and grasping in his hand a large sharp-pointed knife. His eyes glowed like two fiery rockets, and when he opened his mouth to speak his words came forth in a deep guttural roar.

"Now, spy, I've got you at last. You shall not escape me this time. Your hour of doom is come. Napoleon, the Emperor of the world, stands before you; his army is waiting, and you must die."

It was certainly a critical moment for Tim. The slightest movement on his part would hasten the blow. He was too weak to spring out of the bunk, and it would be the utmost folly to attempt a struggle with the creature before him. What was he to do? He was one hundred miles from the coast, with a rugged mountain between, alone with a raving maniac. As he lay there almost entranced by the sight before him a thought suddenly flashed through his brain. It was his only chance, and he seized it as a drowning man clutches at a floating oar. Turning his eyes toward the opposite wall he stared as if in the greatest amazement.

"Look, look, mighty Emperor!" he cried, "there is Italy. Don't you see your enemies forming to attack you? They are ready to fall upon you to destroy you. See, the Alps rise before you. Lead forward your men over the mountains, and I will be your guide."

A cunning expression now came into the giant's eyes, and slowly he lowered the glittering knife as he turned his face in the direction of Tim's pointing finger. He saw the whole picture most vividly and at once a desire seized him to attack his enemy.

"Lead on," he shouted, "and I will follow. Ho, soldiers, make ready to march upon Italy."

"Great Emperor," said Tim, "it will take two days to break up camp and prepare for the march. One thousand men cannot undertake to advance over the Alps at a moment's notice."

This was his only hope now. He was too weak to travel, and the rest of two days would be needed for the great struggle over the mountain pass. He hardly expected that his words would have any effect upon the excited man before him. He was, therefore, much relieved when the giant at once turned and ordered his men to break up camp

and be prepared to start in two days.

Terrible was this time of waiting to the anxious Barker. The giant was ever on the move giving incessant orders to the four walls of the room. Their supply of provisions was getting low and it was necessary to get away as soon as possible. On the morning of the third day they drew out from the little cabin, with snowshoes on their feet, and their scanty supply of food strapped securely upon Tim's back. And then the struggle began. Up and ever up they moved through a long winding valley, where the mountains towered above them on every side. Slow was their progress for Tim was still weak and the madman spent much of time in giving wild orders. Often he would stop and shout to the surrounding mountains:

"Look how they march! Watch them climb! I am Napoleon, and they are my men. We will conquer Italy, ha, ha!"

Thus day after day they pressed onward along that cruel way. Nearing the summit a furious storm burst upon them blotting everything out of sight in its merciless sweep. They could not face it, though for a time Tim struggled forward leading the giant who was now as quiet as a child. But it was no use, and they were forced to take shelter behind a huge ledge of rocks which fortunately was near. Here they waited until the storm beat itself out, and then weary and cold continued on their way. Everything around them was as still as death. There was a dazzling whiteness everywhere.

At length the summit was reached and a magnificent view was obtained of the surrounding country. Down below stood a fine forest, beyond which nestled an Indian village. Tim could see clouds of smoke curling into the frosty air from numerous cabins. Far beyond stretched the cold waters of the North Pacific Ocean. And standing there on the face of the mountain Tim forgot his companion. A prayer of thankfulness went up from his heart. He believed that he was saved, and at once there arose before him a vision of Nellie waiting to receive him.

Instantly this vision was dispelled for with a roar as of a wild beast the madman was upon him. Terrible was the giant's strength, and though Tim fought and struggled desperately he was as a child in the creature's grasp, who crushed him in the snow, and then clutched savagely at his throat. The helpless man felt that his end had come. A blackness rose before his eyes and he ceased his struggles. Suddenly the terrible grip relaxed, the giant was hurled from his body like a rocket, and amidst tumbling, tossing snow Tim felt himself borne on, down, down, he could not tell where. He knew that it was a snow-slide, which is so common in the north after a heavy storm. He had often looked upon the grand spectacle from a safe distance. He had seen the mighty onward rush down to the valley below, and then when the timber-line was reached the crash would take place, and the snow would

(Continued on page 111.)



# A Review of Reviews

Articles of Unusual Interest Condensed from Contemporary Literature, Home and Foreign

## India's Army of Idlers

Religious Penances and Punishments Self-inflicted by the Holy Men of India Due to a False Philosophy

WHILE penance is found in other countries, there is no country in the world where it has become so universal, or is carried to such a degree as in India, writes Rev. W. M. Zumbro, in *The National Geographic Magazine*.

Heaven is established on the air, the air on the earth, the earth on the waters, the waters on truth, the truth on the mystic lore (of the sacrifice), and that on Tapas (penance or self-mortification).

Four miles from Madura is the rock of Tirupurankundram (Hill of the Holy God Pura), sacred to the god Subramaniam. Here, twice a year, thousands of worshipers from all over South India gather for a religious festival.

These festivals serve the triple purpose of a camp-meeting, a country fair, and a market; for the Indian devotee combines business with religion in an interesting way.

It is a gay throng that assembles, rich in bright colors, fascinating in its varied life and movement—the easy pose of the village youth, the quaint charm of the Indian maiden, the confused babel of voices. Here is a little microcosm of the great India.

On the west the rock rises 500 feet sheer above the plain on which it stands, while it

slopes away more gradually toward the east. On the top of the rock is a Mohammedan mosque and at the foot is the temple of Subramaniam.

It is two miles around the rock, and every one going to the festival must needs walk around the rock, always going from left to right like the hands of a watch.

These great religious assemblies would never be complete without the religious ascetic or Sadhu. Here one sees him in

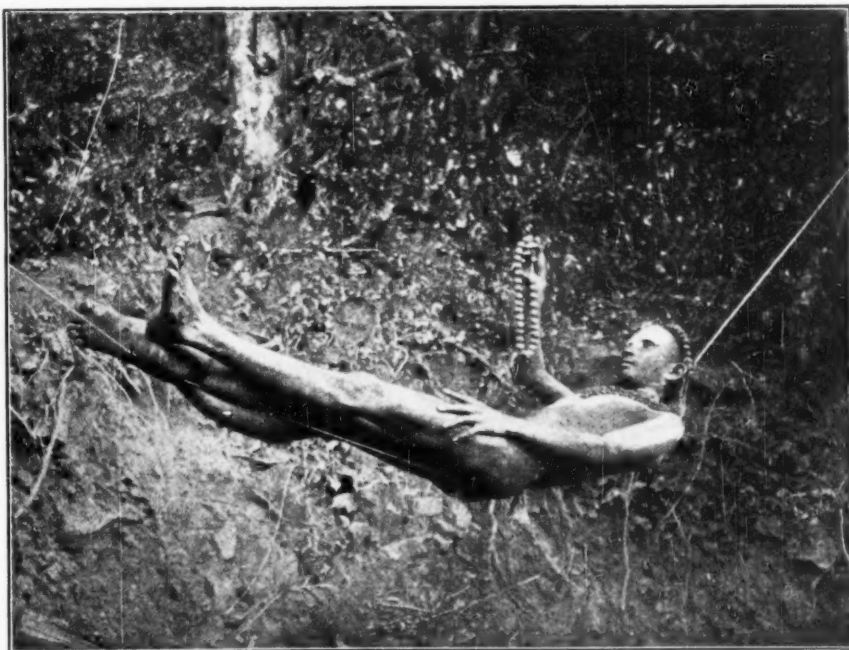
full power, crowned with glory and honor.

In addition to the professional mendicant, who sits quietly behind a cloth or a skin spread on the ground to receive the offerings of the faithful, there are many serious ones, who have made a vow to do some act of penance or self-torture in honor of the God, or in return for some favor, or to acquire merit, or for some other reason. Burying one's self in a standing position until only the head remains above ground, walking on

iron spikes, dancing and carrying a "kavadi" on the shoulder or a heavy load on the head, rolling in the dust and heat around the rock, stooping every few feet until the fingers touch the ground—this latter by women—these are some of the familiar forms of penance to be seen here.

The foreigner hurrying through India rarely understands or appreciates these Sadhus. He looks upon them as droll fellows or simpletons, knows little of their subtle philosophy, and sees only the body clothed in white ashes, dirt, and rags, or the self-torture by which they seek to gain release.

What lies back of all this suffering, and why will men voluntarily torture



LIVING ON A WIRE.

As a thoroughly comfortless method of existence, few can surpass that adopted by the Sadhu in the picture, who spends nine-tenths of his time balanced on a slack wire in the forest. Most Indian ascetics wear strings of beads about their necks or carry rosaries in their hands, reminding one that it is from the East, probably during the time of the Crusades, that Christendom borrowed this aid to devotion.



PREPARING FOR THE POLE SWINGING.

This photograph shows the hooks being fastened into the muscles of the back of a devotee preparatory to his being swung in the air, suspended from a high pole. This practice of hook swinging has for some years been forbidden by the British Government.

themselves with a torture equaling in ingenuity and cruelty any prescribed by Inquisition or by primitive savage?

The late Prof. Sir Monier Williams wrote as follows:

"According to Hindu theory, the performance of penances was like making deposits in the bank of heaven. By degrees an enormous credit was accumulated which enables the depositor to draw the amount of his savings without fear of his drafts being refused payment. The power thus gained by weak mortals was so enormous that gods as well as men were equally at the mercy of these all but omnipotent ascetics."

#### Some of the Horrors

In the Mahabharata there is a story of two brothers, Daityas of the race of the great Asura, who undertook a course of severe austerities with the momentous object "of subjugating the three worlds. They clothed themselves in the bark of

trees, wore matted hair, besmeared themselves with dirt from head to foot, and in solitude upon the lone mountains endured the greatest privations of hunger and thirst. They stood for years on their toes with their arms uplifted and their eyes wide open. Not content with these sore penances, they, in their zeal, cut off pieces of their own flesh, and threw them into the fire.

The Vindhya Mountains, on which these determined ascetics had placed themselves, became heated by the fervor of their austerities, and the gods, beholding their doings, and alarmed for the consequences that might ensue, did everything in their power to divert them from the strict observance of their vows. The gods tempted the brothers by means of every precious possession and the most beautiful girls, but without success. Everything failing, Brahma was at last compelled to grant them very extensive powers and privileges, including com-

plete immunity from danger except at each other's hands.

When these successful ascetics returned home they arrayed themselves in costly robes, wore precious ornaments, caused the moon to rise over their city every night, and from year's end to year's end indulged in continual feasting and every kind of amusement. Evidently there was no thought of sin or expiation, nor did any regard for virtue enter into the consideration of the objects kept in view by these resolute Daitya brothers.

The idea seems to be that those who practice austerities, whoever they might be, appropriate energy, as it were, from some universal store, and they are thus strengthened to work their will, whether for good or ill.

#### The Two Vital Doctrines of Hindu Theology

In the period between 600 and 480 B. C. a marked change comes over the life and thought of the people. The two philosophic doctrines of Re-incarnation (rebirth) and Karma (retribution) were developed. A man's body, character, birth, wealth, station in life, happiness, or sorrow came to be regarded as the just recompense or reward for his deeds, good or bad, in earlier existences. If one could cease from acting he might then hope for release from the necessity of rebirth. One could cease from action only by crushing out desire. A great passion for release arose and many went out to the mountains and sought by indescribable self-torture to reach the end of birth and sorrow.

In later times there came about a still further development of Hindu philosophy. Each man was regarded as made up of an individual soul, a subtle invisible body, and a gross body. The soul is of the same essence as the all-spirit, from which it is detached in some mysterious way, and the final goal is reunion with the all-spirit.

On the other hand, the soul is united with the subtle body, and by birth the subtle body becomes incarnate in a gross body, by which it is greatly modified. The impressions made upon the subtle body by its association with the gross body so affects its nature that even after the separation through death the taint of the gross body still remains, and this inevitably brings about the reincarnation of the subtle body along with the soul; but, for the soul, rebirth is a most terrible hardship. Escape is possible only provided the subtle body is freed from the influence of the senses, weaned from the affections and desires of earthly life.

The release may be obtained in two ways: (1) by reasoning with the soul, persuading it to believe that the undue attraction for the body cannot conduce to happiness, for the body does not endure forever; (2) by mortification of the body, thereby preventing the soul from deriving any pleasure from its union with the gross body.

It should not be thought, however, that such complex philosophy lies back of all



or most of the self-inflicted penance of the present-day Sadhu.

Sometimes a man will cut himself in a belief that his enemy will be made to feel the pain equally with himself, or he will undergo torture in order to bring ruin on his enemy whom he could not ruin in any other way.

It also happens that the path of the ascetic is one of the surest paths leading to wealth and fame. In India heroic contempt of pains and pleasures has always commanded the wondering attention and respectful homage of the multitude. Very well, then; a man intent on fame inflicts cruel torture upon himself; soon he becomes an object of veneration; his fame spreads abroad; miracles are attributed to him; money and food flow in; or it may be that spiritual pride and vanity inspire the sufferer.

A man deeply affected by world-weariness, one upon whom the tedium of existence presses hard, those upon whom sorrow, want, and misery bear heavily, those discomfited in the world strife, or subject to domestic disappointment, or disillusionment, in the West these sometimes find relief in suicide; in India, in asceticism.

Buddhist and Jain, Hindu and Mohamadan, all still feel the impulse that 2,500 years ago drove forth the Indian ascetic, bare-headed, bare-footed, naked, or nearly so, and during all these centuries has kept them wandering, sometimes without any reliance on or belief in God, mortifying the flesh, and all in order to secure cessation from the evils of rebirth, wandering ceaselessly, sometimes blamelessly, while generation after generation has come and gone, nations risen, decayed and vanished. It is a source of ceaseless wonder.

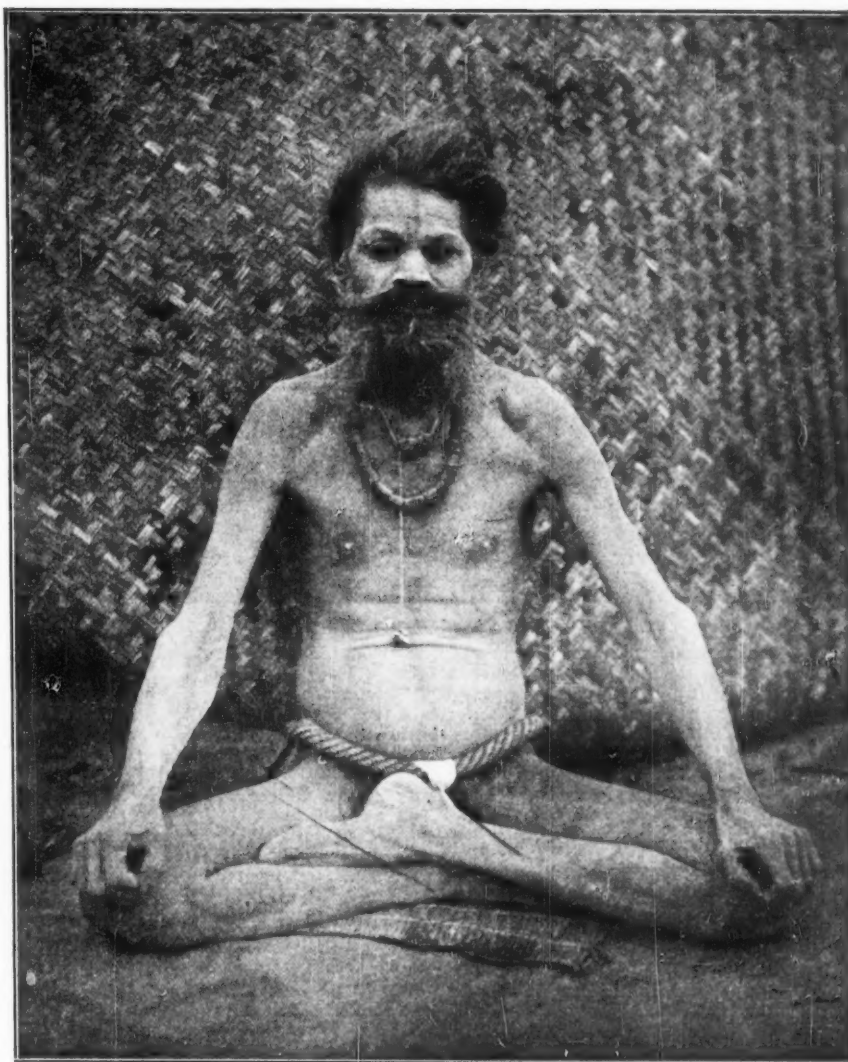
What has been the result of this 2,500 years of painful asceticism?

Under the old regime, before the days of the post-office and railway and telegraph, these wandering ascetics were news-carriers from one part of the country to another. Ideas which might be fermenting in one locality were carried by them to other localities.

Politically the influence of the Sadhu has been against the development of a healthy, national life. His detachment from human interests, his philosophic outlook upon life as an evil, a delusion unworthy of serious consideration, has worked against any serious effort for the development of a strong political organization and has made India an easy prey to the despoiler.

From the religious standpoint his theory as to the efficacy of austerities and his belief in the necessity of separation from the world and its pleasures in order to secure the ineffable joy of union with the Divine has helped to keep the heart of India turned away from the commercial and material things of life and has helped to hold India true to its deep religious nature, has exalted in the minds of the people the excellence of the spiritual over the material.

It has held in abeyance every spirit of inquiry and has prevented the rise of the scientific spirit, since it looks upon all phenomena as illusion, and holds that



A YOGI.

The term yogi cannot be applied indiscriminately to any ascetic, for it is limited to those who practice yoga (union), a complicated system of philosophy which aims at attaining union with the Supreme Being. This the Hindus believe can be obtained by complete abstention from all worldly objects and by intellectual concentration, accompanied by various postures, breathings, and rules of diet, which vary considerably with different systems of yoga.

true knowledge is to be gained only by contemplation and austerities, and regards passing events with contempt.

It has kept alive for centuries an army of five million idlers, who, though able bodied men, produce nothing and live on the charity of those who work.

As to the future of Sadhuism, there can be no doubt but that the system is losing somewhat of its hold over the people. The commercial spirit of the West is coming in, emphasizing the desirability of physical good, stimulating the hunt for wealth, and the British government secures this wealth in the possession of the owner.

English education is eagerly sought after, and the youth educated in western thought hold the Sadhu in something of disdain. A new national spirit is being developed which substitutes interest in present affairs for a far-off goal of liberation from rebirth.

Consequently the inevitable struggle between the old and the new is already

under way, but the spirit of Sadhuism is too deeply rooted in the life of India to be altogether displaced.

And, indeed, when one remembers the industrialism of the West, its vulgar aggressiveness, its sordidness, its unscrupulous struggle for wealth, as if that were the only good, the cares of life choking out the good seed and deadening the religious emotions, one cannot but wish that the people of India may long retain enough of this spirit to hold them true to the simple, frugal, unconventional life of the fathers and keep the emphasis on the value of the spiritual and unseen things of life above the material and sensuous.

### Post Impressionism Doomed

So Says Greatest Conservative Painter of France  
"POST-IMPRESSIONISM" in art and, incidentally, the application of its crudity of coloring to women's dress has not come to stay. It is but a passing craze,



MEASURING THEIR LENGTH.

A common practice among Hindu pilgrims in making the circuit of sacred places is to do so by a series of prostrations. Taking a stone in one hand, they prostrate themselves at full length, with arms extended, leaving the stone to mark the measure of their length; then, rising, rising, they walk to the spot marked by the stone and make a second prostration, and so on until they have reached their starting place. As some of the circuits are several miles in extent, the exertion involved in this act of devotion can be imagined.

declares no less an authority than Emile Renard, according to the *Lady's Realm*, professor at the Beaux Arts, the French national school, who is regarded as the foremost conservative painter of this country.

Paris, of course, especially that part made up of the unthinking and inartistic crowds that fill to overflowing the various more extreme art exhibitions, has gone mad over what is known as the "new movement" in art. Shows by the "Pictorial Visionists," "Cubists," "Roundists," "Futurists," and the even newer "ists" who appear almost every day, follow one another with bewildering speed.

"Post-Impressionism decidedly has not come to stay," says the professor. "Neither can the effect it has exercised on woman's dress be other than passing. The brazen discords of colors so in vogue this season can never remain popular in France, England or America, because they are against good taste. They are not natural. In our climate they are forced and jarring.

"That the new and very bright colors are not natural," he continues, "is because our taste is arranged by nature. Ah! how wonderful nature is and what an artist! She loves harmony. She understands, creates, the eternal fitness of things.

"Vivid, glaring colors are only harmonious in very hot climates. As she nears the equator, nature's colors grow in intensity. The flowers are enormous and glow under the beauty of the pure cardinal colors; so with the plumage of the birds; while the insects shine with their coatings of gold, silver and bright greens.

"In the more temperate climate the sky is seldom without clouds, the color of vegetation is attenuated by mist, and during a certain part of the year things are grey indeed. Again as an illustration: in the extremely cold countries there is little color, we might say nearly everything is black and white.

"I do not mean to say that in our country all artists should put their sensations on canvas in Whistleresque tones, nor that our women should dress entirely in the sombre tint of greys and browns with only here and there a touch of some delicate shade of old rose or light blue. Not at all. I believe in individuality of taste, and it is just because of this that I do not believe in 'post-impressionist' colors.

"If we were all disciples and followed their teachings we would all be dressed 'high in key,' and how monotonous and wearing to the eye these noisy reds, crude greens, yellows, purples and blues would quickly become. The leaders of these new movements will not admit anything 'low in key' either in household furnishing, painting or dress, while we are broad enough to see and believe in things 'high in key,' but not everything, regardless of taste or appropriateness.

"The same rich yellow so becoming to a dashing beauty from Seville would look vulgar indeed on an English belle. The Neapolitan in her native dress would appear incongruous with a grey Parisian boulevard as a background, and the Parisian must seem sadly out of place in a severe tailor-made suit on the via Toledo.

"It is climate and nothing else that makes the English girl prefer more sober attire than her French neighbor, while

the Parisian in turn cannot tolerate the flaring ribbons and multitudinous feathers worn by her cousin in Marseilles. Each thinks the other has bad taste. They are wrong. Each one dresses in accordance with the climatic conditions, and nature is a wise guide.

"In their many manifestos the post-impressionists claim that our taste is all bad; that it has been led astray by a false culture. The Futurists see no good in Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian; they, along with Shakespeare, Dante and Beethoven are all wrong, and it is only by worshipping these 'false gods' that our horrible, deplorable, decadent tastes have been nourished. But I think that I have shown that nature herself has formed them and she gives us her examples.

"The matter could be gone into scientifically and proved according to the rules of the number of vibrations colors contain and their relation with atmospheric conditions, but it is too exhausting a subject to take up here.

"Art—the simple and sincere art—demands a whole life of study and contemplation. It is so difficult that few have the will power and devotion to consecrate their existence to it. This extreme difficulty is the cause of the numerous modern schools that all seem to have the same maxim: 'No effort.'

"Their only aim is to attract attention, to astonish the public, and to teach the public a so-called new vision, a new way to see things. Its greatest evil is, above all, the putting on sale of paintings done in haste containing no study or preparation. In this way many canvases that will not stand a critical examination can quickly be painted, and large sums of money realized.

"There is absolutely no relation between these schools and the real impressionists who have rendered artistic vision an actual service and have accomplished many things which were impossible before their coming. To be a good impressionist it is necessary to have mastered drawing. Although in their works drawing is not thrust upon one, it is, nevertheless, there, and accordingly as the artist draws well or badly will the pictures be good or poor 'impressions.'

"A proof how easy these new 'isms' are, is the fact that whenever one blossoms out, in the next revolutionary salon there are a hundred others so alike that one can hardly distinguish one from the other. They come in groups while the real innovators come alone. They, too, have their influence and their imitators, but one can readily separate the great from the commonplace.

"Ah! it will quickly have passed away," continued Renard, "this post-impressionism, and this present craze for raw and bright contrasts in color that kill the beauty of brown hair and grey eyes will be relegated to the creamy-skinned brunettes of Southern climes to whom they are natural and becoming."

Emile Renard is an artist who is a descendant of artists. He was born in



that delightful hamlet of artists where the celebrated Sèvres china works is situated on the border of the River Seine. Both of his parents were engaged there at designing and decoration. At an early age Renard showed the hoped-for talent, and was still quite young when he entered Cabanel's class at the Beaux Arts, the very class of which he is now professor.

At twenty-three his first painting was accepted at the salon where his success has increased with each succeeding year. He has been the recipient of many medals, and for years has been treated as a member of the official salon. Practically all the principal art galleries in the important cities of Europe have his canvases hanging on their walls.

In 1911, Renard won the Grand Medal of Honor at the Salon des Artistes Francaises with his famous painting, "First Communion Luncheon."

### Fashions and Insanity

Is the Influence of Fashion a Fertile Cause of Nervous Disease?

PEOPLE with a passion for violet clothing are three-quarters mad. This is the discovery of the distinguished alienist, Dr. Bernard Holz, and he is backed by other investigators. Generally he declares that fashion and clothes have the most direct influence on insanity. Dr. Rudolf Foerster of Berlin has been investigating the same subject and has recently published a book on it. Dr. Foerster says that it is a sign of progressive paralysis when a man of plain life takes to dressing himself up like a Piccadilly dude and wears a silk hat; and Dr. Holz says that it is a sure sign of paranoia when elderly persons show a minute zeal about their clothing, and particularly when two elderly members of the same family copy each other's garb.

"A certain proportion of lunatics," says Dr. Holz, "probably three per cent., owe their troubles to the influence of fashion, that is to women's fashions. This does not include the vast number upon whom fashion acts indirectly in an injurious sense, for instance, to tight-laced women who suffer from hysteria. Hysteria is essentially a fashion nervous disease. Also it does not include thousands of indirect victims whose nervous systems are undermined by disappointment with their dressmakers, jealous of other women's clothes, inability to pay modistes' bills. If these cases are counted, then a third of women lunatics are victims of fashions."

When fashion is an indirect or contributory cause of insanity, Dr. Holz finds that it chiefly produces functional disturbances of the mood, such as undue exaltation, undue depression, and diseases of the will. The commonest form of indirectly caused fashion-insanity is maniacal depression. Fashion lunacy seldom appears early in life.

"The greatest of all dangers for women of between forty and fifty," says Dr. Holz, "is a too minute attention to clothing and to changes of mode. When



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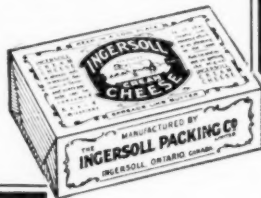
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a young woman is unreasonably keen on fashion that may mean mental disease; but when a woman getting on in life does so it almost certainly means a mind unbalanced. One sign of all half-lunacy is an entire lack of sympathetic and human interests and a fussy self-concentration on one's own petty, often insignificant needs and imagined needs. This concentration is petty and insignificant when in an elderly woman it takes the form of dress. Women with grown-up children, perhaps grandchildren, who persist in leading fussy, 'worldly' lives, who think only of their complexions and their hats, are nearly always half way towards insanity."

With this view Dr. Foerster's book agrees, for it notes that insane women often collect vast quantities of useless clothing, spend extravagantly and show an unnatural desire to shine in society.

"The first sign of normally healthy-brained organism is," says Dr. Holz, "a considerable decline of interest in clothes after one passes thirty. When a woman has passed sixty, a craze for clothing may mean premature dementia senile. A client of mine, the brilliant and admired Baroness A., who spoke five languages and wrote attractive verse, suddenly began at the age of seventy to study fashion papers. At first she discussed the fashion with the brilliance which she showed for every other interest; and she began to design her own dresses. For several weeks she was entirely concentrated in this petty work. Six months later she was entirely imbecile, lost interest in everything except brightly colored clothing, and within a year was dead.

"In such cases," says Dr. Holz, "the craze for fashion may be merely a symptom of insanity which is already well under way. But insanity may be caused in perfectly healthy persons who pay too much attention to clothes. Concentration of the mind on one subject; the sight of unattainable furs and gems; and above all, the consciousness of a woman of small means that she appears badly dressed at social gatherings—these things have a distinctly disorganizing effect upon the nervous system. A woman of strong mind escapes this peril by keeping to her own class; but if ambition is stronger than common-sense the ceaseless struggle for fine clothing, and perpetual self-consciousness may undermine sound mental health. Probably there are usually other causes. But it is not necessary to assume inherited or constitutional mental weakness in every case of madness brought on by fashion."

Dr. Holz's experiments with patients and animals indicate that possibly colors may have something to do with insanity. He holds that blue and violet are "insane," that is, nerve-disturbing, colors; and adds that the lunacy rate may be affected by fashions when the prevailing mode compels a particular color to be worn. Dr. Holz tested the pulses and nervous reactions of seven women patients when beautiful colored articles of attire were unexpectedly placed before them. He found that, contrary to cur-



rent belief, red and orange do not excite. Green soothes; but purple, violet and blue have disturbing effects. The craze for violet which is common with South German women may be one cause of mental instability. The experiments with animals chiefly consisted in dressing dogs and rabbits in violently colored jackets. In most cases violet and blue causes a more violent revulsion and stronger desire to get rid of the jackets than any other color. Rabbits, in particular, were bewildered when dressed in blue.

Dr. Holz thinks that pyromania, the passion for setting fire to property, may be a fashion disease. He says he treated three women victims of pyromania, all of whom showed a craze for minutely careful dressing. One woman never took off her gloves or her veil, being under the delusion that this involved immodest exposure. This woman's craze for incendiarism was so strong that she concealed a piece of a broken tumbler, and tried with it to focus the sun's rays on a summer-house table.

"Hysteria," says Dr. Holz, "is prevalent with women and very rare among men, partly because men wear a uniform dress and are therefore saved from the morbid excitements of fashion. That, too, explains why peasant women in countries where an unchanging national dress is worn, are so remarkably free from hysteria. They are not subjected to the exactions and despotism of fashion, which are among the most fertile causes of nervous diseases in the world."

### A Factory-Girl Poet

An Article which Tends to Show that Poets are Born not Made

THE power, the beauty, the wizardry of literary expression is one of the most wonderful things in the world, says S. Skethorn in *Chambers's Magazine*. It is not only wonderful; it is inexplicable. No plummet can fathom it; no measure can encircle it; no phrase can define it; no philosophy can explain it; no labor can master it; no riches can buy it. Whole libraries have been written on the secret of style; but the secret is as baffling as ever; it bursts out in unexpected places as do wayside flowers. The most learned disquisitions tell us nothing. 'Knowledge is power,' but the key of knowledge does not open this door. The utmost we can say is that 'style' is the secret of choosing words well and in the right order, according to the genius of the language from which they are drawn. But who whispered that secret into the poet's soul or formed that fine faculty of selection no one can tell.

Quite recently a small volume of poems has been published called *Songs of a Factory-Girl*. The author, Ethel Carnie, worked in one of those huge, grimy mills that blacken the face of Lancashire. She would rarely see the blue sky in the busy manufacturing town, for a heavy cloud of smoke often lies over it; she would rarely hear the swallows and the nightingales and the thrushes, for the noise of man drowns the music of God. Day

## Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of tea and coffee with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as "caffeine," in tea and coffee, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as many adult tea or coffee drinkers suffer from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.

The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.

In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child tea or coffee is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

Mothers, quick to remedy wrong health conditions, yet reluctant to deny childish pleasure its hot breakfast cup, now use

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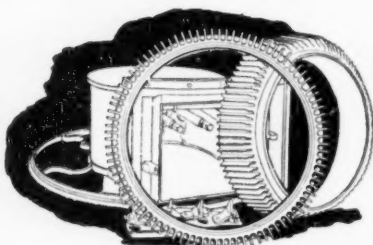


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those in the "Hecla" are steel and are neat and clean. Being uniform, they can be set so close together that, where we formerly used 19 cast iron flanges we now use 97 steel ones without covering any more of the primary surface of the pot.

Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pots provide twice as much effective radiating surface as any other fire pot made, and in consequence radiate far more heat with the same amount of fuel. In a test extending over two years, Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pots showed a saving of 11% in fuel over cast flanged pots.

Our Catalogue explains other exclusive "Hecla" features  
viz.: Patent Fused Joints, Individual Grate Bars, Etc.

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Preston, Ont.

after day she would follow the same dreary routine, rising early in the morning and trudging through the narrow, gray streets, and the outlook would be restricted and the reward in wages comparatively small. In the open country the cherry-trees might be starred with blossom, and the pear-trees in bud, and the beauty of the pink-and-white apple-blossom ready to come out at the call of the sun. But Ethel Carnie could not see these things in the town itself; yet, somehow, she had seen them, and the beauty and marvel of it all had entered into her soul. Otherwise she could not have written this sheaf of sweet songs. Take, for example, the opening lines:

You who have clasped life close, and known

How great it be, despite of wrong,  
The eark of care, the pang of pain,  
I greet you with this book of song.

That is not great poetry, but it is good poetry. It is the verse of a cultured and thoughtful mind, and we are not accustomed to associate poetry with cotton-mills. Or take this:

My soul hears melody in many things;  
For this I thank the gods each hour  
I live.  
Should sorrow shade each joy with  
brooding wings  
All through my life, whilst fate to me  
shall give  
An ear to list the song that Nature old  
Has chanted through the ages, I shall  
say—  
Though friends desert, and time turns all  
the gold  
Of love to gray—that it is sweet to  
stay.

Whence came this music, this command of words, this culture? It is like a rose-bush growing out of dead bones. How are we to explain it? It is impossible to explain any more than we can explain the light of love in a woman's eye or the wonder in a child's face. These are secrets locked up in the alchemy of Nature. They are not to be known to the curious and vain. They are often hid from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes.

The same mystery attaches to many of the world's greatest masters of creative art—to Shakespeare, Bunyan, Burns, Rousseau, and many more. Their art is an enigma. It has never been explained, and perhaps never will be. Take William Shakespeare. Love's Labor's Lost is generally accounted his first play; and he is supposed to have written it when he was quite a young man. Who taught this boy, bred in the Forest of Arden, to use the English tongue as it had never been used before, and as it has never been used since? Who taught him to know nature, philosophy, and the human heart above all men? Who inspired those marvellous lines in Antony and Cleopatra where Charmian, one of Cleopatra's attendants, looking with awe





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"Baby Grand" Pocket Billiard Table

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Sole Makers

(503)

upon her dying mistress exclaims, 'O eastern star!' And Cleopatra replies:

Peace! peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

—lines which, as Mr. John Masefield truly says, are among the most beautiful things ever written by man. How came such a golden soul to be formed out of such common clay? These are questions which baffle all understanding.

Take, again, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a little book on the French Revolution, in which he again shows that it was Rousseau who constructed the democratic theory upon which France in those fateful years attempted to proceed. He did it in a small book of one hundred pages, the *Contrat Social*; yet so lucidly, tersely, accurately—in short, so convincingly and completely—that he said in that little book all that can be said for or against modern democracy; and he did this by means of a most wonderful style, a rare choice of words, and a marvellous way of putting them together that make his book stand out even in French literature a perfect masterpiece of political exposition. Where did Rousseau learn the refined taste, the rich color and tone, that mark his work? His father was but a poor watchmaker, and the boy was brought up in a most haphazard fashion. His education was desultory to a degree, and at the age of ten he was forsaken by his parents and turned adrift upon the world. Yet from his first fugitive essays he was a lord of language, and he possessed a power of expression that was destined to make kings tremble, and to inflame France with a fever of lust, and passion, and hate, and discontent. What kindled that consuming fire in the heart of this undistinguished and vagrant youth?

Or take Robert Burns—Scotland's immortal glory—who said in the dedication to the second edition of his poems: 'The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough: and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.' On another occasion he confessed to owing much 'to an old woman remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry.' What was it that transmuted this raw material into everlasting wealth? How came his unrivalled versatility from such narrow confines? The wit, pathos, humor, satire, imagination, and fancy, the deep human note, the soaring lyric lilt, and the incomparable singing faculty? No man ever lived who saw more beauty in simple, common things, and no writer,



## Woman's Debt to Society

**T**HERE are certain things a woman owes to Society; they have been pointed out with differences by all sorts of people, from ex-President Roosevelt to the Woman Suffragist. And there are certain things that a woman owes to herself. Unless one gets what is due to oneself, one is unable, or certainly less able, to pay the debt to others. Thus a woman owes it to herself to postpone as long as possible old age in looks if she cannot in years. If she can beautify and improve her complexion, so much the happier woman she.

It was written once, "All roads lead to Rome," but there was only one Royal entrance to the city. Similarly there is only one Royal road to the Kingdom of Complexion Beauty. In the boudoirs of nine beautiful women out of ten throughout the world it is called

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Sallowiness, freckles, coarseness or roughness of the skin, blotches and similar defects of the complexion are remedied by this Skinfood and Beautifier. It ACTS on the skin, seeking out the deepest layers, the deepest tissues, the deepest cells, and there works like Nature works, thoroughly and surely for skin health, purity, color and freshness. This preparation will not only restore a lost complexion, but CREATE a new one. Price 55 cts., \$1.25, \$2.30 and \$5.35. Post Free. The larger the size the more economical it is in proportion.

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affords positive protection to the skin against the sun as well as the wind, and prevents—as VALAZE removes—freckles, sunburn, tan, sallowness, and chapping and cracking of the skin, due to heat, wind or weather. It is quite innocuous and may be used for children. Price 85 cts. and \$1.60. Post Free.

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Madame Rubenstein is the first and only Specialiste who has introduced the important distinction of supplying different powder for different skins. She has long recognized, and all careful and discriminating users of face powders are thankful to her for the innovation, that the use of a drying powder, when one's skin is dry, is every bit as injurious as the use of a "fatty" powder when one's skin is inclined to greasiness. She has, therefore, found it necessary to supply two varieties, the Valaze Complexion Powder for normal and greasy skins, and the Novena Poudre for skins that are dry. In all shades. Price 45 cts., 85 cts., \$1.15 and \$2.75 a box. Post Free.

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contains many of the properties of the Valaze Skinfood. It will be found quite different from any other soap in soothing the most sensitive skin. It carries into the skin the glow of health, and gives that transparency and satiny feel which are such typical results of all the Valaze preparations. Price 70 cts. and \$1.25 a cake. Post free.

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This is Mme. Rubenstein's latest Viennese specialty for the hygiene beautifying of the face and hands—by WASHING. Washing the face with Valaze Beauty Grains keeps the skin charmingly pure and alabaster-like in its transparency. The daily use of this specialty improves the skin's texture and preserves its velvety touch. It does away with greasiness of the skin, coarseness of pores, and prevents their becoming enlarged, a blemish which gives such an unrefined aspect to an otherwise handsome face. When used for washing the hands, Valaze Beauty Grains invest them with a delicate creamy-whiteness, and add a dainty distinction to their appearance. Price, 45 cts. and 80 cts. Post free.

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Clients ordering any of the above preparations will be entitled to ask for and to receive a Free Sample of the Famous Valaze Pine Bath Discs sufficient for two baths. These Pine Bath Discs are a composition of the Marienbad pine essence with certain chemical salts, which dissolve in the bath, saturate the water with an exquisite aroma of the woods.

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(a superb Viennese Liquid Powder) is a beauty lotion par excellence. It refreshes and whitens the skin, and enables it to retain that dull ivory finish so much sought after. Price \$1.20 and \$1.95 a bottle. **Special Snow Lotion** is an important variant of Valaze Snow Lotion and is most strongly recommended for those whose skins are greasy. It effectually subdues "shine" or oiliness of the skin for outdoor and indoor functions. Price \$2.05 a bottle. Post Free.

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banishes these disfigurements, closes enlarged pores, cures a greasy, coarse skin, and assists in preserving a healthy complexion. By its use the skin is perfectly cleansed, effectually braced and stimulated to healthy action. Price 60 cts. and \$1.10 a box. No. 2 of same for more obstinate cases, \$1.60. Post free.

### Novena Cerate.

is an emollient skin cleanser. When the skin is delicate and sensitive or intollerant of soap and water, it should be cleansed with Novena Cerate. It is rubbed well into the skin, left on for a few minutes, then rubbed and wiped away with a soft towel. The result is a delicate skin bath, such as one finds quite a new experience. Price 75 cts. and \$1.25 a pot. Post free.

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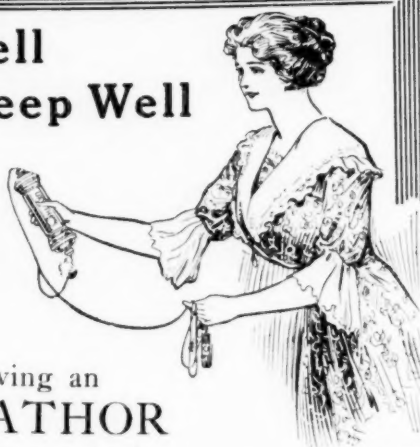
This is a new preparation, non-greasing, and is the only one of the type so called non-greasy or vanishing creams which contains no Stearine or Glycerine. When put upon the skin it leaves none of those "make-up" traces which are equally characteristic of the usual products so unpleasant both in "feel" and appearance, and so offensive to every woman of dainty tastes. It has, besides, the peculiar and unequalled advantage of making the deepest lines and wrinkles on the face non-apparent. Intended for day and evening use, this new specialty, a veritable chef d'oeuvre amongst toilet aids, increases the charms of every complexion, and gives the face the sensation of extreme comfort. When ordering one should state whether it is for greasy, dry or normal skin. Price 40 cts. and 65 cts.

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not even Shakespeare, puts more meaning into short, simple words. Year after year thousands gravitate to his birthplace and grave to pay homage to the genius of this poet of the plough. What was the secret? Carlyle tried to pierce it, but all he can tell us is that 'Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy,' which is simply a phrase covering our ignorance. And so we might write of many other men and women of genius, indeed of all men of genius, for all genius is inexplicable; but one more example must suffice.

Three hundred years ago there was a poor, ignorant tinker. He was despised and ridiculed by the villagers because of his religious fervor and strange enthusiasm; and, besides, tinkers in those days were generally regarded as vagrants and pilferers. His Nonconformity led him at last to prison, and there he wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a book which has passed through a larger number of editions than any other book except the Bible, and which made his name immortal. Yet Bunyan never owed anything to this world's wisdom. He himself says: 'I never went to school, to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up at my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen.'

So the inquiry follows a circle, and we come back to the point from which we started. The mystery of literary expression is past finding out; it does not disdain the gifts of good fortune and education, but it is independent of them; it does not wantonly outrage the recognised laws of written speech, but it will not be enslaved; it is a law unto itself; it favors no class or creed or sex or station in life; it answers no questions and makes no explanations; it is more elusive than a maiden's love. We know it when it comes, but the mystery of its coming never ceases. The marvel is akin to the mystery of the sacred words, 'Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.'

## The Luxury of Being Educated

Is the Desire for Money Blinding us to the Benefits of a Good Education?

I TRAVELED for a long day last year across the Kansas prairies with a very typical group of graduates from American colleges says Henry Seidel Canby in *Harper's Magazine*. They were from the East, the Middle West, and the Far West, brought together merely by the exigency of the moment, like a Freshman class in college. The journey was quiet; we sat in the club-car at our ease, and conversation was general. I was struck by the narrow range of this conversation. Whether it flowed freely among a group at the observation end of the car, or became more intimate when chairs were drawn together by the buffet, a few topics—business conditions, real estate, anecdotes, and reminiscences—seemed to bound it. Interest did not go further. The men themselves were far from un-



interesting. From the Oregon apple-grower to the New York broker, every one was a factor somehow or somewhere in American life. They were not uninteresting; but they were uninterested, except in their narrow ranges. The broker's interest in apple culture went no further than its financial aspects; the apple-grower's interest in Wall Street was romantic merely; both yawned when I talked of the Russian story I was reading, or tried to follow through the window the route of the Santa Fé trail. There was nothing novel in this experience; but it was illuminating. It seemed to me that these men had failed to get their money's worth of education.

It is very curious that so few care, or dare, to get their money's worth from the American college. The poor man gets the best returns. He must ask the college first of all to make his boy self-supporting—if possible, more efficient than his father; and he gets, as a rule, what he pays for. But the poor man is not the typical college parent. The typical parent of our undergraduates has stored up more or less capital; he has a position waiting for his son; his boy will be able to live comfortably, no matter what may be the efficiency of his mind. The ability to support himself, the power to make money, is certainly not the most important quality for this boy to possess. What the son of parents in comfortable circumstances requires is not so much a narrow training in the support of life as a broader one in how to utilize living. His interests, quite as much as his mental powers, need stimulus, development, and discipline.

I know that in stating the situation so flatly I run head on into an American tradition—or prejudice. The American democracy—even when in no other way democratic—believes that the American boy, though millions may hang over his head, must work for his living, must make money. If there were danger of starvation ahead he could not be more anxious to fix his son's mind on the duty of earning ten dollars a week. I do not blame the fathers—even in the instances to which I limit myself—the well-to-do parents of intellectually able sons. They are applying the American tradition as it was applied to them. But what is the effect on the boys?

Sometimes it is good; often it is unfortunate; occasionally it is disastrous. A Junior comes into my office for a talk. He is clear-eyed and intelligent, but conventional from his clothes to his conversation. His father controls an enormous business, and he is to begin at the bottom of the corporation as soon as he graduates. He has inherited shrewdness and self-confidence. He'll "do as dad did." A fast motor, a country club, a good boat, a yearly trip to Paris—his ambitions go no further. Among his college courses, English composition interests him because "dad" says he'll have to write good business letters; economics a little because it deals with cash; English literature in a barely discoverable degree because of the useful culture which is supposed to flow from it. All the rest of the world of knowledge—

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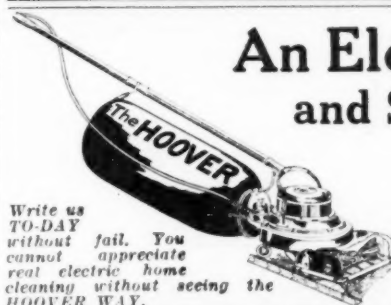
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historical, scientific, esthetic—is a dull blank. It does not interest him now; it will never interest him.

It is not to be expected that the college can ever make an intellectual of such a youth; nor should it try to do so. But if we could have interested him in ideas; if we could have extended and lifted the range of his pleasures; widened and deepened his conceptions of commerce; given him a "social conscience"—we would have accomplished something.

But the youth whose plight arouses my sympathy and indignation is of a different type. His kind is not so abundant in the colleges, but its numbers are increasing yearly. He best represents, I think, the new generation of educated Americans.

His mind grips upon knowledge and moves slowly with it, as the wheels move when the gears of an automobile engine slide into first speed. He is roused to an enthusiasm of thinking by a stimulating book. Ideas which he does not fancy begin to anger him—a sure sign of intellectual progress. He begins to ask intelligent questions. Then he falls into a depression over his ignorance. There is no pressing need for him in the family business, no reason why he should not be educated to the full; in fact, his parents pride themselves on the education which they are giving their son. And yet, when Senior year comes, and his desire for knowledge awakens with the approach of the end of the conventional period of training, clouds appear on the domestic horizon. He is not sufficiently anxious to enter business; he does not know what he wishes to do; college seems to be making him unpractical. A practical adviser, suggests that the youth be put into the bond business so that he waste no time while making up his mind as to his future profession! If he had wished to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an engineer, they would gladly have given him the extra years of preparation. But he merely wished to think and to know; to study more economics, more history; to read widely, to carry through some guided work in social service, until he could shape his philosophy of life, control his mind, and find out what he wished to do with his powers. And this, coming in no recognized category of youthful endeavor, is unpractical, aimless, or leading perhaps to idleness and eccentricity. He must get to work!

They have made a mediocre business man of him; and if that is what they wanted, they have moved sagaciously. Nevertheless, I do not believe in their lights.

I am assured that the best thinkers in the educational world are spending their energies not on lengthening, but in shortening, the period of education; in cutting down waste, in increasing efficiency. I can reply that such work is invaluable. Let us improve, condense, reform, wherever we can, making four-year courses into three, if they teach only three years' worth, concentrating and improving the work in our schools until they turn out boys of sixteen as well educated as French or German students of the same



age. Let us save what time we can, so that the youth who can afford no more education than that provided by the usual college course may get it more speedily or more efficiently. But it is not a question here of providing the best education in the least time for those who must hurl themselves into the economic struggle. It is a question of providing the best education, regardless of time, for the boy whose struggle will be not so much to support life as to use it properly. If such an education is a luxury—and when I think of the pre-eminent need of the times for more intelligence, I begin to doubt my term—then it would be easy to present statistics from our colleges which would flatly contradict the platitude that in all things America is luxurious.

If the parent with a comfortable living or a good position to give his boy would put less emphasis on the rigors of the coming financial struggle, and more upon the advantages of a well-opened mind, the effect upon the college would be tremendous. The undergraduate would feel it first of all. Many of them are eager for active life, and will not wait for more education; many of them are poor and cannot wait; but many more would choose the luxury of a deeper preparation if anxious parents, moved by a short-sighted public opinion, did not force them, still immature, into the world.

The effect upon the professor of a more generous parental attitude toward education would be as great as upon the undergraduate, and more calculable. The college, as distinguished from the technical school, has always proposed, as its ideal, to educate for living—and this term includes both earning one's living and enjoying it. The difficulty now is that the faculty, the parent, and the undergraduate each grasp their interpretation of this broad purpose and pull as hard as they can in different directions.

But if education should be numbered among the permitted luxuries of American life, the greatest effect would be on a department of the university which means little now to the undergraduate and less than little to the American parent. I mean the graduate school, the business of which is to give advanced training in the pursuit of knowledge. The well-to-do parent is not especially interested in the productive activities of the graduate school, and I do not see why he should be. He thinks of it, if he thinks of it at all, as a highly specialized laboratory for turning out unreadable treatises on the sources of unreadable plays; or accounts of ridiculously named chemical compounds; or pamphlets on Sanscrit inflections; or philosophical theories whose very titles he does not understand. It is absurd to maintain that he should be vitally interested, because these represent the outposts of knowledge. No one blames him for a lack of interest in the valves of a steam turbine, in how to modify milk for a ten months' baby, in the manufacture of breakfast foods.

In another phase of the graduate school, however, he might well be more

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interested. I mean in the opportunities it offers, or could offer, to his boy. We have heard much of what the graduate schools can do for the country. I am more concerned just now with what they might do for the undergraduate who is to be allowed the luxury of a little more education.

My own experience was typical only in so far as my condition resembled that of hundreds of boys, who come to Senior year in college with a distressing vagueness of aims, a feeling of incapacity, and one certainty—that they are not yet educated, that they are not yet ready to enter the world. As it happened, I was allowed to choose the path of the graduate school.

I entered uncertain, doubtful of what interested me, guiltily conscious that I ought to be earning ten dollars a week in an office or a mill. I found myself in a new atmosphere. We were starting over again; we were boasting of our ignorance, we were clamoring for knowledge; yearning for opportunities to study in a field which grew wider and wider under our touch. Our thoughts leaped ahead—though still vaguely—to the practical, concrete work we must do, and we were distressed at the opportunities for knowledge which must be left behind us. Ennui became unthinkable; idleness a crime.

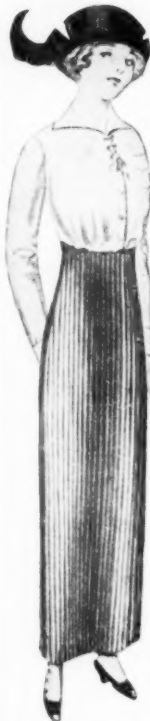
Of course, in a way, we were specialists, and this seems to remove my personal experience from the argument I am advancing for the luxury of a full education. In reality, I think, it does not. For we were specialists only by compulsion, because, since most of us were preparing for teaching or scholarship, we knew that we must confine most of our labors to one field.

In fact, the graduate school looked with a hardly concealed contempt upon the candidates for a simple M.A. degree, who would not go to the bitter end of any one line of endeavor, who were seeking merely a further preparation for life. And that was its weakness. There it shared—though the accusation would have angered its professors—the American prejudice against the luxury of a general education. In all that seething intellectual life, with its burning interests and increasing powers, many of them saw no health except in the student dedicated to research. Those who left us by the way—for the law, for business, for diplomacy, or for literature—they regarded as strayed sheep.

The colleges also have been indisposed to allow the competent—who do not wish to become specialists—the luxury of a full education.

Conclusions will quickly be reached by those who take the trouble to look about them. We are not so rooted in our prejudice against work that is unmeasurable by cash as to have produced no examples of those who are profiting themselves or the country by the luxurious excess of their education. The young millionaire who is using his wealth efficiently, enthusiastically, wisely for social service and social knowledge, is no longer so rare as to be unfamiliar, though he is still a curiosity. He is drawing divi-

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dends for himself and others from a deeper comprehension of the needs of society than experience without education could have given him. And many a man not a millionaire, though master of his income, is using his business or his profession for broad and interesting services to the community, made possible by the knowledge and the interests with which education has endowed him.

Observe, on the other hand, the sons of parents in comfortable circumstances, the boys who were guaranteed a fair start in life whenever and however they entered upon practical work, and who sought only the utilitarian in college. Have they gained by their loss of culture and a broad education? Are they more useful to the community, more interesting to themselves; are they happier? Those who left us when their interests were just awakening—have they gained by the year or so of time they have saved?

Consider those familiar figures in American life: the bored youth selling bonds "to keep doing something"; the half-hearted successor to a big business who lets his subordinates carry most of the work; the wealthy youngster who conducts a gambling business on the stock-exchange because he must have some excitement; the rich idler too intelligent to find the usual means of time-killing efficacious; the heir to a million making more money doggedly because he doesn't know what else to do. Some of these misfittings, no doubt, arise from difficulties of temperament, or defects in character; but many of them are due simply and solely to insufficient education. These men have not been raised intellectually to the level of their opportunities. Their interests are still dormant. Nothing very serious is the matter with them; they get along well enough according to common opinion. More education, whether in college or in graduate school, was not a necessity; it was a luxury; but it was a luxury they could well have afforded.

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BISMARCK was a man of action who despised mere phrase-makers, but he himself had the faculty of compacting a vital truth into a terse and picturesque sentence. He once declared that "the political relations between the great states may be compared to the position of two travellers in a dark forest who do not know each other, and neither of whom quite trusts the other: if one puts his hand in his pocket the other cocks his revolver, and at the moment he hears the click he fires."

And on another occasion he asserted that "every country is held to account for the windows broken by its newspapers; the bill is presented, some day or other, in the shape of hostile sentiment in the other country."

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With these two sayings of the great German Chancellor, Professor Brander Matthews in *Munsey's* prefaces an article on foreigners viewed through American eyes.

Every book which extends our knowledge, he says, of another people is a corrective to hostile sentiment. It is a contribution to that international amenity which would make war far less likely. Familiarity, in the better sense of the words, breeds respect.

There are four books of American authorship published in the past few months which make for this international amenity because they broaden our knowledge and thereby tend to inhibit the development of hostile sentiment. These four books are "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1948," by George Lockhart Rives; "European Cities at Work," by Frederick C. Howe; and "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," by the late Price Collier.

We have just been celebrating the centenary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie and we are soon to celebrate the centenary of Jackson's victory at New Orleans — that most needless of battles, since it was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed. It is the history of those hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States that Senator Lodge outlines. He reminds us how often the peace which has endured for nearly a century was strained almost to the breaking point, partly because British knowledge of us was inadequate and inaccurate, and partly because the British had not cared to make friends with us.

In fact, Mr. Lodge's pages proffer abundant proof of the validity of Bismarck's two sayings. There was more than one occasion in the course of these hundred years of peace when the British discovered the high cost of the windows broken by its newspapers—and not by the newspapers alone, but by its magazines and reviews, and by its writers of books. And Dickens, the greatest of these, was the greatest offender.

Here Mr. Rives is at one with Mr. Lodge, remarking that "it is perhaps not too much to say that the publication of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' did more than almost any other one thing to drive the United States and England in the direction of war."

Washington Irving, although he had been a colonel on the Governor's staff during the war of 1812, went to London almost as soon as peace was declared. Less than half a dozen years thereafter he published "The Sketch Book, rich in the ripest appreciation of England. In one of the earliest essays in the Sketch Book, Irving deplored the tone of British writers on America and pointed out the disadvantage of this, ultimately, to England itself.

For more than half a century "The Sketch Book" was continually republished in England, and yet Irving's words of warning were unheeded. Again



and again the two countries came to the brink of war. Absence of knowledge on their side and hostile sentiment on ours were predisposing conditions; and there was no lack of exciting causes.

Then, fifteen years ago, came the Cuban War; and then, for the first time in our history, we found a friend where we had been wont to find a foe.

At last the rulers of Great Britain had perceived the advantages of friendship with us—advantages persuasively pointed out by the gentle and friendly Irving eighty years earlier. Mr. Lodge marshals evidence to show that this change of heart is genuine. Hostile sentiment has died down in the United States and there is wider knowledge in Great Britain. Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has taken the place of Dickens's "American Notes."

#### The Inscrutable Mexican

There was no people about whom we Americans had less pure information and more numerous prejudices than about the Mexican. We lacked knowledge and we had hostile sentiment—or, if our sentiment was not energetically hostile, it was contemptuously indifferent.

Few people were ever more unlike or less fitted to understand each other than the inhabitants of the United States and the inhabitants of Mexico.

Fourscore years ago we failed to recognize the fact—as we also fail to recognize it now—that, in Admiral Chadwick's words, "The Spaniard is a man who is not understandable until we reckon with him, not as a European, but as the Moro-Iberian, which he is, a man apart and differentiated from the other races of Europe by the impress of the earlier Afro-Semitic and Saracen stocks."

That this is the case Mr. Rives makes plain; and to make this plain is the main purpose of this book. His theme is the relation of Mexico and the United States in the thirty years which ended with the cession of California. He centers his attention upon Mexico, or, rather, on the Mexicans; and he retells the political history of the United States only in so far as this retelling is necessary to the understanding of what took place in Mexico. His attitude is that of the disinterested historian. His book, therefore, is a contribution to the cause of international amenity.

Of less immediate importance to this cause are the other two books, Mr. Collier's "Germany and the Germans" and Mr. Howe's "European Cities at Work." Indeed, it may be doubted whether Mr. Collier's book might not arouse hostile sentiment if it were widely and carelessly read in Germany. Mr. Collier had very decided opinions of his own, and he expressed them with a caustic cleverness which would tend to make them unwelcome on the banks of the Spree.

However, he did not write these pages for circulation in Germany, but for the perusal of his fellow Americans, to whom he has supplied an immense mass of information intended to enlarge our knowledge of the Germans and thereby to

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increase our friendliness. He has the fullest and the keenest appreciation of the finer qualities of the German people and of the great things they have accomplished.

But Mr. Collier is equally keen in perceiving the defects of the Germans. They are arrogant and intolerant, while they are in certain aspects provincial, not to say parochial. They aim to play a great part in the world, and they are not men of the world. In fact, Germany might almost be termed a parvenu among the peoples, a self-made nation. And there is wisdom as well as wit in the saying that a self-made man generally worships his maker.

The inquirer will find in Mr. Collier's pages the facts that will enable him to explain to himself the reasons for the German deficiencies and defects in literature and the fine arts—with the striking exception of music, of course, the one art in which they have long been supreme leaders. He will find also an explanation of their willingness to accept an autocratic form of government.

It may be that we are too extreme in our insistence on the freedom of the individual and in our reliance on private initiative; and this is the main contention in Mr. Howe's suggestive and stimulating book on "European Cities at Work," which is almost wholly devoted to the scientific development of the rapidly expanding German towns.

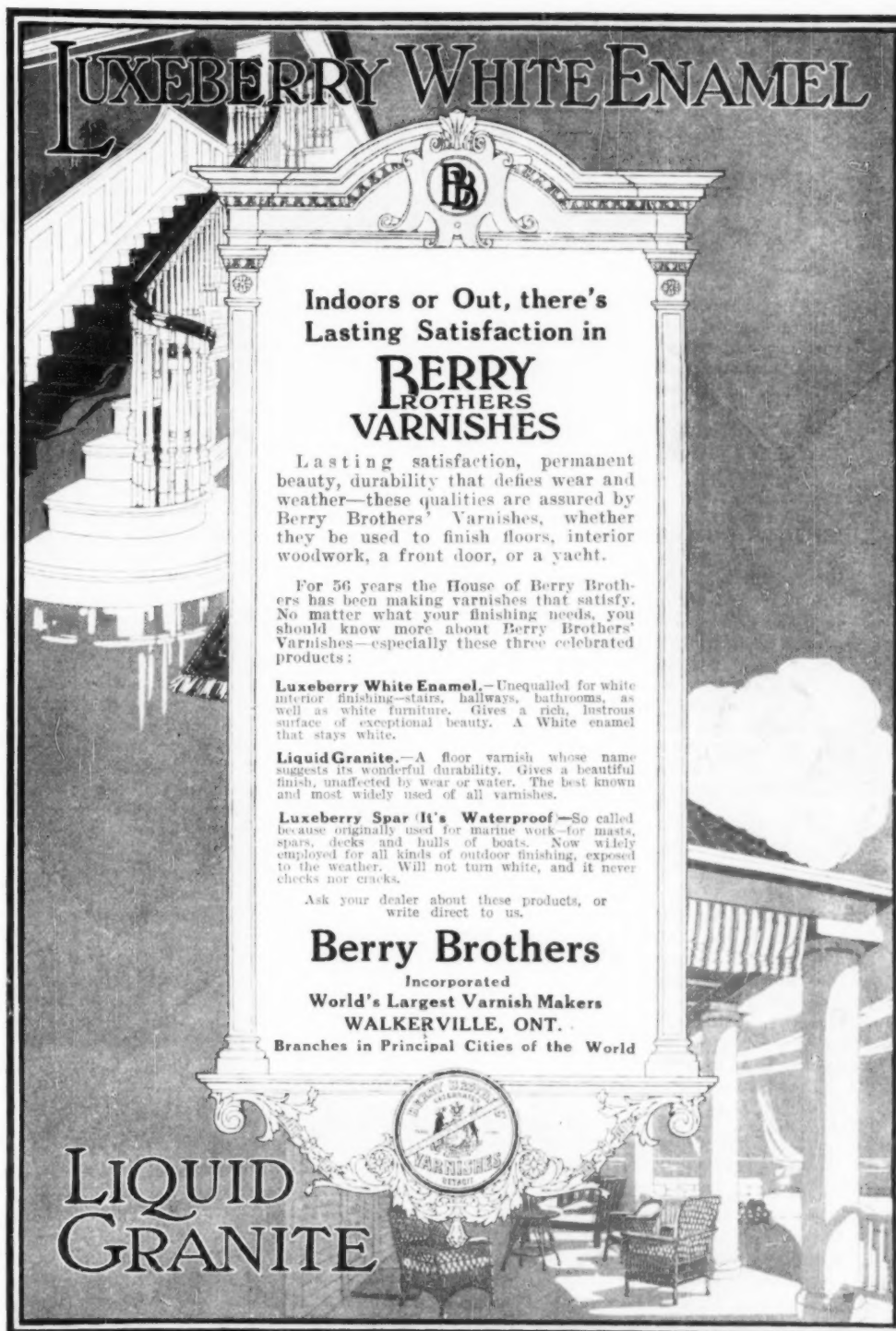
Mr. Howe dwells on the perfection to which the Germans have carried that most modern of the arts—the art of town-planning. His account of the marvelously skilful development of certain German cities is most useful. The Germans have here set an example which we will do well to follow.

It is well for us to be reminded at frequent intervals that we have much to learn from rival peoples; and a knowledge of the success of these rival peoples, in matters where we have been less successful, tends to increase our respect for these peoples. Thus Mr. Howe's book is also a contribution to international amenity.

It is well for us also to have our attention called to the fact that rival peoples have occasionally something to learn from us, even in the government of cities. For example, the traffic regulations of New York are better than those of London or Paris.

Mr. Howe remarks upon the stateliness of the railroad stations erected in certain German cities. No one of these compares in beauty with the two noble edifices recently opened in New York. And unless these new German stations are different from those in Switzerland and France and England, they are beplastered with advertising posters,\* whereas no station in the United States is allowed to be disfigured in this fashion, a curious commentary on the prevalent European belief that the Americans have no love for beauty and are money-mad.

\*This is not the case in Germany.—Editor, MacLean's Magazine.



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# Why Man Of To-day Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The Canadian man, because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; makes the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to

clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so that it is

pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 241, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in MacLean's Magazine.

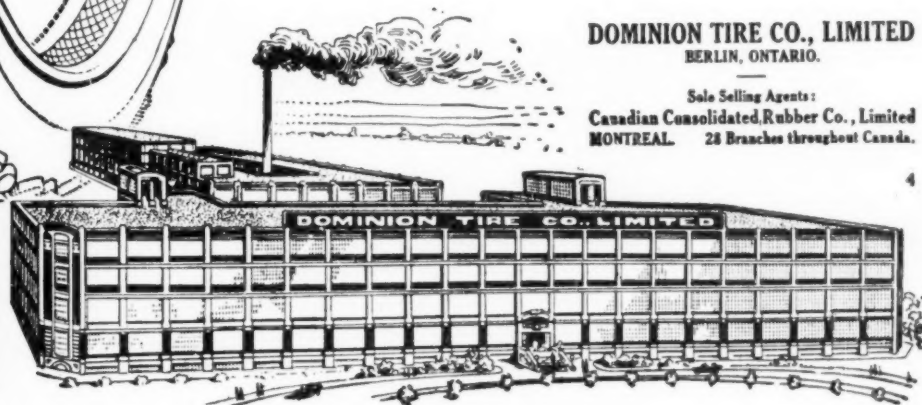
Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



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## Adding Years to One's Life

Most People Try to Shut the Door After the Horse is Stolen

YOU can find out easily whether you are ageing too fast; you may ameliorate conditions that have brought on premature old age, and you may prolong your youth to a really remarkable extent. Dr. Smith Williams, in *Nash's Magazine*, shows how really simple it is to add a few years to your life-span.

Do you know how old you are? The question sounds absurd, but it is not. Of course, you know when you were born; but are you sure you know how fast you have lived? Age is not measured solely by birthdays. It is far more surely measured by the state of your arteries. If you eat too much nitrogenous food, the bad effects will make themselves felt on your arteries, and you will age in reality by two or three years with each successive birthday.

Proteid (meat) poisoning makes brittle arteries; and a man with brittle arteries has the sword of Damocles hanging perpetually over his head. Hundreds of thousands of people are thus menaced, as the death-rolls from apoplexy, heart-failure, paralysis of liver and kidneys prove day by day. Do you know whether you are thus menaced? If not, it is worth your while to find out.

One of the most striking conclusions to which recent investigators have come to is that a very large proportion of people who have reached middle life have acquired habits of eating that are directly injurious, and that subject their systems to a slow poisoning that, in effect, hastens old age, and ultimately brings death itself.

The investigators tell us that a great number of persons who have passed middle life have accustomed themselves to a diet that includes an excess of proteids—that is to say, of foods that contain nitrogen, of which prominent examples are eggs, and all kinds of meats.

"Protein," says Dr. L. F. Bishop, the well-known American physician and investigator, "is very important in building up the tissues, strengthening the muscles, and stimulating the activity of the brain and the emotions. It is the food that produces great leaders and brain workers, but it is also a food that, in the present day, is terminating prematurely some of the best lives in the nation."

You perhaps suffer, now and again, from headaches or neuralgias. You may be rheumatic or gouty. You are subject to attacks of biliousness, are easily fatigued, lack energy and initiation of mind and body, find yourself short of breath on walking briskly or on going upstairs. At times your heart palpitates unduly. These are all symptoms that suggest disturbed assimilation.

The first question to ask yourself is this: Is there any food that I am accustomed to take habitually that is poisonous to me? It is quite possible, according to the newest theories, that your regular diet may include something that to you individually is toxic.

The obvious way to test the matter, if you have any doubt at all on the subject, is to remove one or more of these questionable foods from your dietary for a given period, and note the results. The proteids that are most under suspicion are those contained in the animal albumens—meats of all kinds, including fish and eggs—and in such leguminous vegetables as peas and beans; and the uric-acid-forming constituents of tea and coffee. In making a radical test, all these should be avoided.

It is unquestionable, however, that you may be suffering from a slow poisoning due to deleterious food, without experiencing any symptoms that you associate directly with your diet. Your arteries may be gradually hardening, week by week, without producing any sensation that arouses your suspicion. About the only way to put the matter to a crucial test is to go to your physician and have him measure your blood-pressure. It is now recognized that increased blood-pressure is one of the earliest symptoms of proteid poisoning. The physician is provided with several appliances by which the pressure may be tested, and is able to offer timely warning to many a middle-aged person who supposed himself to be in fairly good health, or who, as yet, has only vague premonitions of his malady.

If you take two eggs for breakfast, a glass of milk or a cup of beef-tea at lunch, and a moderate helping of beef (say a piece of steak three inches long and one inch thick) at dinner, you have consumed a quantity of protein adequate for the day's needs. And this without at all taking into consideration the protein contained in the bread, potatoes, rice, beans, peas, pudding, and soup that have rounded out your meals for that day. Obviously you are a very moderate eater indeed if you do not ingest an excessive quantity of protein.

You must squarely face the question whether you will live to eat, pampering your appetite and risking the consequences, or whether you will eat to live, making a rational selection of food and exercising a wise restraint as to the quantity ingested.

But, however abstemious your diet, you cannot hope to keep your bodily machine in good working order unless you give some attention to the obverse side of the question of digestion and nutrition—that is to say, to the matter of bodily exercise. No discussion of longevity would be in any sense complete that left this out of consideration.

An athlete who retains the resiliency and strength of youth at fifty or sixty years of age may have an organism which, judged by the condition of its vital tissues, is no nearer the final breakdown—no older, to use the conventional phrasing—than the system of the average gourmand of sedentary habits who by count of birthdays is twenty years younger.

Of course, games and sports that develop an interest are in every way better than mere perfunctory exercises. Tennis, golf, cricket, hockey, and football are excellent, each in its own way. So are

rowing, swimming and riding. In default of anything better, brisk walking will serve a useful purpose; while mountain climbing, for those whose hearts are in good order, has many advantages.

Whatever the form of exercise, it should be pursued with sufficient vigor to stimulate the heart's action, ensure deep breathing, and so increase the heat-producing activities of the tissues that the blood will be brought to the surface, the skin made to glow, and the perspiratory glands stimulated to free action.

Fortunately it is possible to secure all the exercise that health requires without leaving one's own bedroom, and without the use of any paraphernalia whatever.

All that is necessary is to select a few intelligently devised exercises and to follow them up persistently for fifteen or twenty minutes every morning on first rising. If you will put yourself through a routine of ten or a dozen simple movements, aimed to bring into action the muscles which your ordinary occupation leaves undeveloped, you may secure many of the direct physical benefits of outdoor games or gymnasium exercises, without further encroachment on your time or business activities.

The person of distended waist-line suffers from shortness of breath, not necessarily because his lungs or heart are affected, but because the adipose tissue crowds the liver and other viscera into the thorax, thus restricting the breathing-space. But the deposit of excessive quantities of fat is in itself evidence of defective circulation of the blood; and unless the condition is corrected there is a tendency to weaken the heart, further interfering with the circulation and facilitating thus the degenerative changes which lead to arterio-sclerosis with all its attendant evils.

But you need not suffer from such degenerated abdominal muscles or from such accumulation of fat in the region of the waist, if you have the strength of mind to follow a systematic line of exercises aimed to keep the abdominal wall in a state of healthful efficiency, assuming always that at the same time you will practice reasonable self-restraint in eating.

Unless you have a definite programme you are likely to exercise in so desultory and haphazard a manner as to fail to get the best results. It is essential to outline a definite series of exercises and follow them up systematically.

You are too busy to follow such advice, you say. The excuse is a common one. But the time will come when you will cease to indulge in that particular sophistry. As you feel your powers failing, you will realize that your work is not fully accomplished; that it is good to go on a few years more in this wonderful world. Then you will seek advice about means to prolong your life. You will wonder if exercise will not be "good for you." But if you delay too long you may find that you have lived so long without exercise have permitted your tissues to get into such a state of disrepair and degeneration, that it is too late to hope to restore them to activity.





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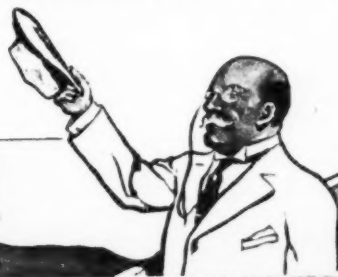
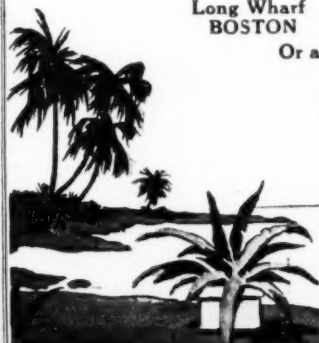
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The great difficulty is that most people cannot be induced to shut the barn door until after the horse is stolen. However, if you have read this article, you are forewarned; and if you elect to live a short and inactive life rather than to make a bid for a long and active one, you at least make the choice knowingly.

## The Medical Profession and the Public

Do Doctors Use Medical Etiquette to Deceive their Clients?

MR. BERNARD SHAW, hurling at doctors virtually all the accusations that the world has formulated against them in the last two thousand years, declares that medical etiquette is really a cloak for a huge conspiracy of silence against the public and that its object is the protection of the doctor's livelihood and the concealment of his errors. Mr. Burton I. Hendrick in a revolutionary article in *McClure's Magazine* tells us what stand the medical profession is taking towards its accuser.

Three years ago, he says, in the preface to his play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," Mr. Bernard Shaw assailed, in his most characteristic manner, the whole medical profession. This vitriolic diatribe repeated virtually all of the accusations the world has hurled at doctors in the last two thousand years. They foster cases of imaginary illness, Mr. Shaw declared, in order to increase their incomes; they magnify trifling indispositions into serious maladies, in order to obtain the credit of remarkable cures. Frankness is the last virtue they possess; they do not dare to preach that reform of habits which is the one essential demanded in the treatment of most complaints, especially those that are the consequences—as so many diseases are—of gluttony, hard drinking, and general debauchery. Surgeons constantly perform unnecessary operations, and physicians make unnecessary and expensive visits. Both branches of the profession lack fixed standards of treatment—medicine, falsely called a science, is really the plaything of fashion. Medical ethics and medical etiquette are really the cloaks for a huge conspiracy of silence against the public.

Charges like these coming from so famous and so universal an iconoclast naturally caused little surprise and aroused no particular resentment but in reviewing Mr. Shaw's book Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, one of the most eminent of American Physicians sums up his views as follows:—

"I can verify every one of Mr. Shaw's statements in my own practice; and if we admit, as Mr. Shaw does, that these evils are no more the fault of the doctor than of the public, I think we must recognize the justice of his point of view. If he were writing in this country, Mr. Shaw would doubtless perceive how many influences are now at work to counteract the evils that he so truly portrays, and to bring about the reforms that he suggests."

This is not the only indication that American physicians of the highest class are alive to certain evils in the trade, and are doing their best to stamp them out. Only a few years ago, in 1903, the American Medical Association, the greatest, most comprehensive, and most influential medical organization in the country, abandoned its celebrated "Code" of "Medical Ethics," and adopted a radically revised compendium of "Principles" in its place.

Until the last few years the medical profession, as this "Code" clearly emphasized, regarded itself as a thing apart, a separate estate, like the clergy, more or less superior to law and conventional morals. That it should have ethics of its own necessarily followed from this conception. Like the healing of men's souls, the healing of their bodies implied a special providence. As a result of this idea, there had developed certain mannerisms and professional posturings. In medieval times, the doctor, dressed in a long robe and a black cap, conducted his conversation in Latin, and administered his mysterious and nauseous and utterly worthless nostrums according to fixed formulas that amounted almost to incantations. This was the type of physician that so aroused the wrath of Molière, whose whole life as a dramatist was spent in ridiculing the medical superstitions of his time. There are few outward vestiges of this sort of thing to-day; although fifty years ago surgeons used always to put on frock-coats when they performed operations, and in Paris, in the sixties, evening clothes were regarded as essential to the dignity of such a performance.

Surgeons now operate in uniforms, it is true; but they are made of clean, white antiseptic materials; they are put on, not for the purpose of inspiring the patient with awe, but of protecting him from germs. Only a few remnants of the old superstitious days remain. Young medical students are still too much inclined to grow beards as a visible sign to the world that they are engaged in a learned occupation. Besides being affectations, these beards make ideal harboring-places for germs. A clean-shaven physician is by all odds the most sanitary.

Perhaps the most ridiculous lingering trace of monkish superstition, however, is the custom of writing prescriptions in Latin—or what is sometimes said to be Latin. There was a time, many centuries ago, when Latin was the one accepted mode of communication among educated men. Doctors, like all other learned people, transacted their business in this tongue, and all early medical books were written in Latin. But this language is no longer the generally accepted medium of learned intercourse.

The great glory of modern medicine is that it regards nothing as essential but the truth. It does not take things for granted. The experimental laboratory has no respect for authority; it submits everything to its microscope and its test-tube. Bacteriology never lies. This is probably the reason why a repugnance to useless misrepresentation is now

spreading through the whole profession. Old medical codes constantly taught deceit. Professors in medical colleges invariably instructed their students that the doctor was perfectly justified in lying to a patient for the patient's good. Medical ethics made only the distinction that the doctor must not lie for his own good. Whether this practice was immoral, therefore, philosophers must decide; that it was silly, useless, and demonstrably harmful is now the accepted idea.

Any one who has gone with a serious illness to an exclusively truth-telling physician readily appreciates the difference. Such a doctor makes no attempt to conceal the gravity of the patient's condition; he describes, in plain words, just what the matter is, and the chance of recovery—sometimes remote, of course. Possibly the patient leaves his office downcast. One realizes, however, that it is not the fault of the physician, but of the disagreeable facts. The relief that comes over such a patient, however, when, at a subsequent visit, this same doctor notes an improvement and tells him that he is progressing toward a recovery, knows almost no bounds.

But are lies ever justified? If a man is likely to drop dead with heart disease any minute, should his doctor tell him so? Will not the shock of such a piece of information hasten his end? Even in extreme cases of this kind, the most enlightened medical men believe that there is no justification for deceit. Dr. Cabot, who believes in truth-telling on such occasions, describes this power as a manifestation of spiritual antitoxins; just as the physical frame manufactures antibodies that destroy the poisons set free by the microbes of disease, so the spiritual nature develops certain resistance against attacks of this kind. "In all my experience," he says, "I have never known a man or a woman made worse by telling them the truth." In some cases, possibly, the shock may kill. That is no reason, however, why the truth should not be told. It is certainly better that a life here and there should be lost than that the whole medical profession should live in an atmosphere of suspicion and deceit.

Another evil of the old ethics, which still prevails to a large extent, but which the most enlightened minds are attempting to eliminate, is professional secrecy. Secrecy among doctors has two purposes—to protect the confidences of patients, and to protect the doctor in his mistakes. Old-fashioned physicians make almost a fetish of maintaining absolute secrecy about the ailments of their patients. Anything the doctor learns about a sick man—his disease, his character, his vices, his family and personal affairs—he must regard as secrets of the confessional.

Idle gabbling about friends, or betrayal of facts learned confidentially, is reprehensible, of course, in physicians, lawyers, clergymen, or even private citizens. Under ordinary circumstances, a doctor should certainly respect his patient's confidence. There are other considerations involved, however. Modern scientific progress has revealed, above



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all, the social nature of disease. Very few human beings are sick solely unto themselves. Very few of us can be sick, that is, without exposing others to the danger of sickness. If a man could go into an unfrequented corner and have his disease all to himself, his right to complete secrecy, as set forth in Dr. Flint's doctrine, might be defended. But he can not. Modern sanitary laws—the creation of health boards, the nailing of a sign on a house in which there is scarlet fever or diphtheria—are sufficient recognitions of the fact that doctors can not treat illness as confidential.

In regard to nearly all contagious diseases, this fact is generally recognized. But in regard to one group of infections the old doctrine still too generally prevails. And these are the two diseases which are most frightful in their consequences to the individuals afflicted, and to innocent relatives, especially children. There is one common situation, for example, which seems to present a puzzle to medical ethics. The doctor learns that a young man, thus afflicted, is soon to be married to an innocent woman. What should he do? It seems an insult to human intelligence to discuss the question at all. What do medical "confidences" or medical ethics count for, when the life of a woman and the sanity of children are involved? The fact remains, however, that many doctors regard it as "professional" to keep quiet, "not to give the man away," in cases of this kind. The Flint principle, "to which there are no exceptions," would seem to oblige him to sit by and see a hideous crime committed.

As a matter of fact, this disease, when submitted to long and painstaking treatment, is usually curable. There are certain blood-tests by which the experienced specialist can tell when it is finally eliminated from the body. The least a physician can do is to compel the diseased man to submit to this treatment, and to entertain no thoughts of marriage until the Wassermann reaction shows that he is free from infection. In case the physician can not do this, he should, of course, at once inform the young woman's responsible relatives. With that his responsibility ends.

## The Doctors Who "Hang Together"

The old-fashioned ideas that demanded secrecy for the protection of the doctor receive little respectable support to-day.

This habit doctors have of sticking by one another, even in their mistakes, too generally prevails. An idea that it is immoral, however, and brings the profession into contempt, is rapidly gaining ground. A physician who exulted in pointing out the errors of his associates, and who gave them wide publicity, would naturally not long survive in any community. A sick man, however, calls in a consultant, and pays him money, for a particular purpose. He wants to know whether he has been receiving proper treatment; if he has not, he is entitled to this information. The consultant's first obligation is to the patient, and not to his brother physician. If—to imagine an extreme case—he discovers that the

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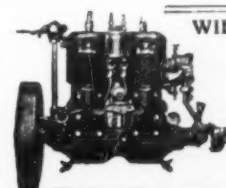
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How many of you business men spent your early days on the farm?

Quite a number—How times have changed since then—since those days when you used to forget the chores and steal away to hunt coons, leaving the hired man to say uncomplimentary things and take consolation out of the trouncings he would give to you if you only were *his* boy!

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How we smile when we remember the delightful and humorous description of an Irishman lost in the Canadian woods, frightened by the cries of the owls and the poor whip-o-wills, and who finally reached a clearing by firmly grasping the tail of an old cow, and hanging on, keeping step to the tune of the cow-bell attached to Bossy's neck!

THESE GOOD OLD DAYS will be vividly brought before you in the reading of Professor H. H. Dean's article entitled "The Farm Dairy Era," which will appear in the February Issue of Farmer's Magazine. Read this interesting and humorous article and you'll find the little spell back on the old farm will be a mighty fine tonic after the stress of a busy day.

Other articles that will be of particular interest to you are as follows: "Good Roads," "The Highway of Dollars," "Bookkeeping on the Farm," the Story of a Woman who at the age of sixty left the prairie farm and engaged in fruit-raising, thereby making big money—all these will be delightful reading.

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attending physician is incompetent and does not understand the case, it is his duty diplomatically to inform the responsible people of the fact. It would be indecent to declare the truth from the house-tops; but the information is something that the parties chiefly interested have a right to. Any other standpoint flies in the face of common sense. The only defense of silence is that of protection to the attending physician, which is only another way of saying that an incompetent person should be left free to perpetrate his mistakes. The consultant, it may be urged, is merely giving his opinion, and he too may be wrong. But the answer is that it is only his opinion you are paying for.

### Why Shouldn't Medical Men Hold Patents?

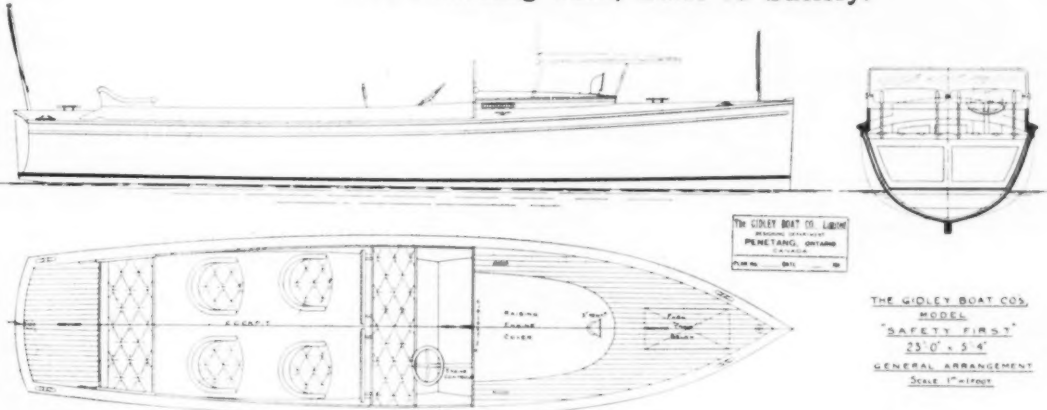
Professional ethics, even in their present revised form, prohibit a medical man from holding a patent upon a surgical instrument or a medical preparation. The non-professional mind finds it difficult to understand the point in this. If a scientist discovers a serum that may be the means of saving countless human lives, or invents a surgical instrument that makes possible a new operation, is he not entitled to benefit financially from his discoveries? The argument against it is that his private control would interfere with its unrestricted use; that the profits might make the new treatment so expensive that many poor people would be deprived of it. If these new things were not in fact commercialized, there might be some point in this contention. What actually happens, however, is this: As soon as a new preparation or a new instrument is devised, large manufacturers at once seize upon it. Some of these men have no scruples against making money even out of the misfortunes of humanity. The profits, therefore, which are frequently large, instead of going to the man who is entitled to them, go to private capitalists, and these capitalists, as the surgeons complain, "soak" them in the prices charged. But there is another valid reason why medical men and medical institutions should patent their discoveries, and that is in order that they may control them and thereby protect the public against frauds. A medical research institute, for example, discovers a serum for a deadly disease, and gives it freely to the world. It would really protect the public if the institute should patent this preparation and give the exclusive right to prepare and market it to some manufacturer whom the directors trusted and could control. Its profits could be used for continued medical research. In that way the public would be protected against an impure product—and that there are a good many poor preparations of anti-toxins put out is notorious. The highest medical authorities are gradually coming around to this opinion. The greatest of the time is unquestionably Dr. Paul Ehrlich of Frankfurt, the discoverer of 606, or salvarsan. Dr. Ehrlich has patented this preparation—one of the greatest discoveries of modern times,—and escapes the charge of exploitation



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ing capacity. Speedy, reliable, easy going, having all the good qualities which make an ideal craft; at a price that is moderate enough to suit your pocket. The quality of material, workmanship and design make it all the builders claim for it—absolute satisfaction.

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*Candor and honesty* from the back-bone of modern advertising. Modern selling relies more and more upon the satisfaction and good-will of the customer. Publicity is making sharp, dishonest practices harder and harder to exist. It is eliminating the fakir,

the patent medicine quack and the swindler. It has been the means of opening the doors of many canning factories, packing houses, bakeshops, public kitchens, etc., to the public visitor, concealing nothing. It is an education to those who read the advertising pages of a magazine. The brainiest men of the American Continent are devoting their time and talent to this great modern force of advertising.

It pays the reader to search the columns of a Magazine like MacLean's which gives you just the information you require to make wise selection of goods that are reliable and trustworthy. Leisurely you can plan and decide upon your purchases without the sad experience and dissatisfaction that the shopping test brings to those who buy at random.

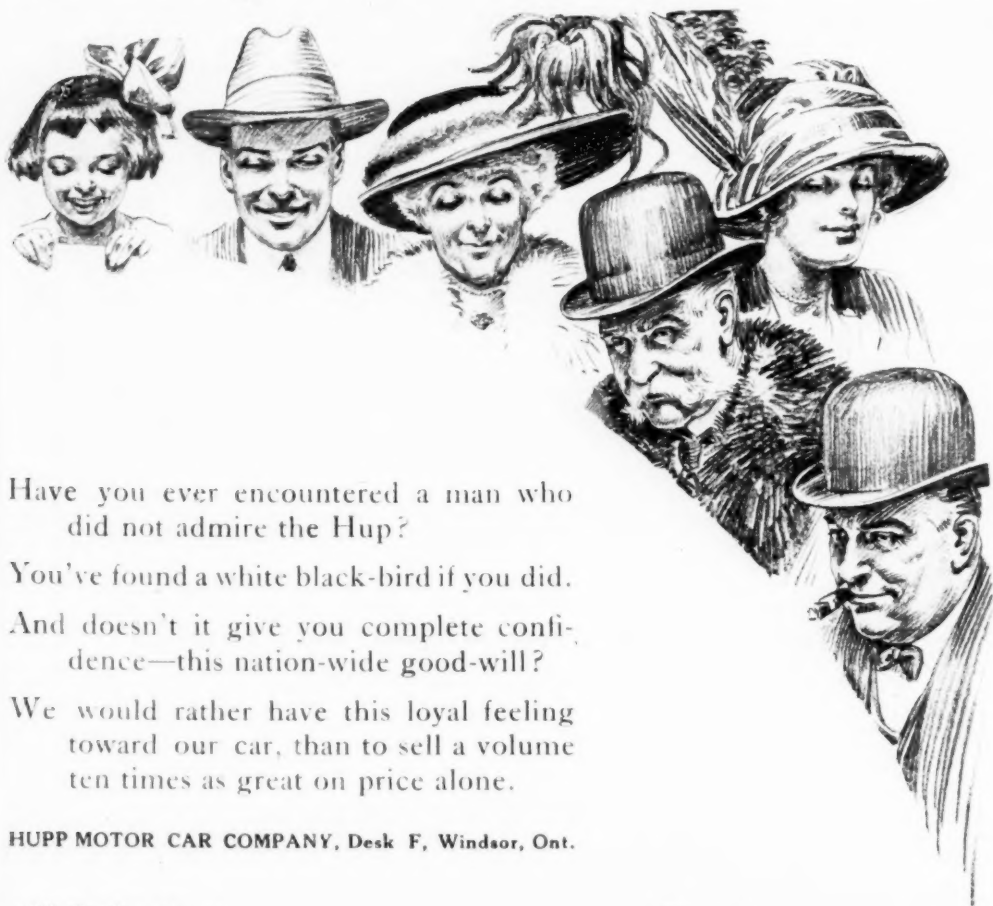
Magazine advertisements are your best Shopping Guide; without it your Shopping would be all experiment. You would pay out a lot of money during the slow process of learning by experience how to avoid disappointment and dissatisfaction.

Magazine advertisements are the finger-posts on the road to right buying. They are quick and safe guides to the places and goods most worthy of your patronage. By placing your confidence in the advertising pages of MacLean's Magazine you will reap these benefits — Answer advertisements and get dependable goods. When buying from your dealer, refuse substitutes.

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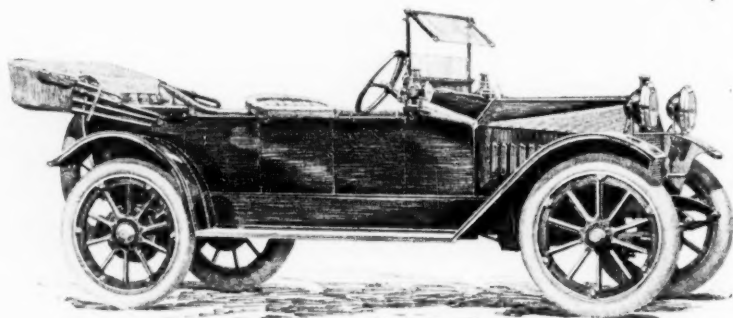
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by devoting all the profits to the scientific work of his institute.

#### The War Upon the Fee-Splitters

In the last few years the American Medical Association has directed a wholesome crusade against one of the most disgraceful practices of the medical profession—that of "fee-splitting." The poor practitioner collects his two or three or five dollars a visit, while his more prosperous colleague gets his hundred, two hundred, or five hundred dollars for an operation. In scores of cases the physician, called in the early stages of the disease, has to turn his patient over to the gentleman with the knife. Is he not entitled to a "commission," a "rake-off," a "squeeze"? In altogether too many cases the surgeon sees the thing from the same point of view. When his bill is paid, therefore, he "rebates" a certain percentage, agreed on in advance, to the doctor.

A physician can not receive commissions and do his duty to his patient. In places where the practice rages most furiously, the wildest competition prevails. Surgeons bid against each other for patients, and inevitably the man who pays the largest commissions gets the cases. As a result, the physician sends his man, not to the most competent surgeon, but to the one who pays him the biggest "squeeze." Patients of such men do not get the best surgeons, because really high-class men will not split fees. It needs no great knowledge of human nature to foresee that this habit may also lead to unnecessary operations. Any one familiar with graft in any form will likewise understand that a fee-splitting surgeon will recoup himself out of the patient. A dishonest contractor who bribes a politician for city work always adds the amount of the bribe to his bill. A dishonest surgeon will do precisely the same thing.

#### Japanese Court Ladies and Life

A Glimpse of the Everyday Life of the Japanese Court only Lately Revealed to the Public

IN SPITE of the increasing enterprise of Japanese journalism the every day life of the Japanese Court has been enveloped in a veil of secrecy, and until quite a short while ago no consecutive and intelligent account of what actually goes on there had ever been published. The death, however, of the late Emperor and the retirement of the Lord Chamberlain Prince Tokudaiji have removed the two chief obstacles to a more intimate knowledge of Palace happenings. All the more interest therefore attaches to the contents of a small volume just published in Japan entitled "The Reminiscences of Court Ladies," from which a writer in the *Contemporary Review* gathers some interesting details.

The Chiyoda Palace is hidden away in the immense compound, behind the triple moat and high walls, which occupies practically the centre of the city of Tokio. Besides the Palace itself, the compound contains barracks for a regiment of guards, the offices of the Im-



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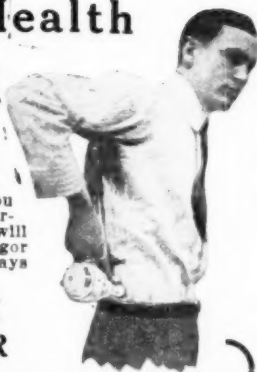
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perial Cabinet, of the Privy Council, of the Ministry of the Household, immense stables, telegraph station and post office, power and water stations, and residences for almost innumerable officials.

The Palace itself is illuminated with electricity, warmed by steam heating, and, indeed, there is little internally to differentiate it from the palaces of other countries. Externally, the architecture is Japanese. The structure is one-storied, rambling, and in part visibly ancient.

In the Inner Court is neither gas nor electricity, nor even an oil lamp. The reasons are firstly the danger of fire, the extinction of which would mean the intrusion of unhallowed feet within the semi-sacred domain, and secondly in order to preserve the unique Japanese characteristics of the building. The "Inner Court" is practically the only residence in Tokio, of high or low degree, without the slightest trace of Western civilization, which has ostensibly conquered the country. So strict are the precautions against fire, that all the kitchen stoves, which are of the usual Japanese style and all hibachi, must be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening, even in the coldest weather.

The whole of the service in the Palace is monopolised by women, with the exception of the Imperial pages, who are the messengers between the Outer and the Inner Courts.

The three essentials of Palace life would appear to be cleanliness, ceremony, and tradition, or rather superstition. To such an extent is the cult of cleanliness carried that even the maids, who attend on the Court ladies during their toilet, perform their duties on their knees, and on no account must they touch their own lower limbs. Should this accidentally happen, the offending maid must instantly withdraw and undergo a course of purification, before she can again appear before her mistress. If the rules with regard to the maids of the Ladies-in-Waiting are so strict, it may be imagined that those with regard to the personal attendants of their Majesties are even more so. It is, of course, well-known that all service before their Majesties has to be performed on the knees, and it is not etiquette to approach their Majesties except on the knees, even the physicians, who attended on the late Emperor during his last illness not being exempted from this rule. It is also common knowledge that no one may touch the Imperial person with ungloved hands. This rule is equally strict for the Ladies-in-Waiting, and especially so when in attendance on their Majesties when bathing or at their toilet. There is a story, confirmed by the police records, of a coolie being sent to prison for touching the Empress-Dowager's hands. Some years ago the carriage in which the Empress-Dowager was driving in the country, near Numazu, met with a slight accident, and a coolie working near by at the time ran up and assisted the Empress-Dowager to alight, in so doing touching her hand with his own bare

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one. He was arrested and punished for his presumption.

There are about thirty Ladies-in-Waiting, and between two hundred and fifty and three hundred Court women. The Ladies-in-Waiting rise, when on duty, at six o'clock, and an elaborate toilet has to be gone through, of which the coiffeur, dressed in the exacting but charming ancient Court style is not the least important part. The ladies take an early breakfast, prepared by their maids, and then don their morning Court robes, which are generally of Western cut, the orthodox Japanese ceremonial robes being reserved for great ceremonial occasions. Immediately breakfast is finished, the ladies proceed to the Imperial apartments for attendance on the Emperor and Empress. At half-past eleven a tiffin is served to each in her room. This is, however, only a formality, for all the food eaten by the ladies on duty is sent to them from the Imperial kitchen, whilst that prepared for them by their maids is remitted back to the maids for their own consumption. The food is always Japanese, served in Japanese style. At three o'clock in the afternoon fruits and sweetmeats are eaten and at five o'clock dinner. All these meals are formalities in the same manner as the tiffin, being sent out again for the delectation of the maids, whilst the genuine edibles are sent in from the kitchen. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the ladies change into Japanese robes, which they infinitely prefer to the tightfitting corsetted dresses of the West, rarely suitable either to their figures or their faces. Bedtime comes at about ten o'clock, the period after dinner being devoted generally to conversation with the Imperial couple, or to some kinds of parlor games, or to versifying, of which the late Emperor was very fond, and in which he was most proficient.

Except on the rare occasions when they accompanied the Empress-Dowager to attend some charity function, or to visit some school, or acted as the Empress's messengers on occasions of congratulations or condolence, the Ladies-in-Waiting never used to leave the Palace precincts. The result is that most of them are very naturally ignorant of the affairs of the world, and even of things of the most common nature. The one lady who has been in a theatre is regarded as approximating to an adventuress. On the other hand, they are well read, as there is no longer a censorship on the books and papers introduced into the Palace. In order to counteract the hypochondriacal tendencies of a life so grooved as that of the Inner Court, the Empress-Dowager some years ago insisted on the ladies taking horse-riding exercise within the Palace grounds. It is related that one lady was so proficient as to be able to indulge in trick riding and the haute école for the enjoyment of the late Emperor, who, when younger, was himself no mean performer on horseback.

Although foreign influence and customs have obtained a considerable hold in Japan, there is still a great deal of

attention paid to ancient tradition, superstition, and necromancy. During the illness of the Crown Princess a few years ago, and again during the last days of the Emperor Mutsuhito, the houses of fortune-tellers were thronged with visitors, from the highest to the lowest, seeking to know the ultimate result. Indeed, on some occasions the police had to clear the narrow streets to prevent the traffic being blocked. It is a custom at Court in times of drought for the ladies to hang up in the trees in the gardens *teru-terubozu*, or dolls of silk paper. These are invocations to the deities to send rain, and as they are left until rain does come may be presumed to be uniformly successful. When at last the rain descends the dolls are rescued, soaked in saké, and floated away down the moat.

The principal Ladies-in-Waiting are the Lady Yanagiwara, the Lady Takakura, and the Lady Sono. The first-named was the favorite Lady-in-Waiting of the Dowager-Empress, and was chosen by her to be the mother of the Heir to the Throne, when the physicians had assured her that her own hopes in that direction must be abandoned.

Lady Takakura is the oldest of all the Court ladies, being seventy-three years of age, and having been a Court lady in the time of Komei Tenno, grandfather of the present Emperor. Throughout the last reign she was a great power at Court, and the late Emperor is reported to have relied very much on her wisdom and advice. She has the exclusive privilege of using a cushion when in the Presence, a concession to her age, and a tribute to the Imperial admiration of her talents and perspicacity. She has been the stumbling block in front of innumerable Chamberlains and Ministers of the Household, who have striven to introduce a more Liberal ozone into the Inner Court. When the late Lord Iwakura drafted a scheme of reforms, which would much have curtailed feminine influence, he sent for the Lady Takakura as First Lady-in-Waiting, and explained to her his intentions. She looked at him a little pityingly, and then replied: "My lord, these things may be very well, but when I take instructions, I take them only from my mistress, the Empress." That was the end of Iwakura's well-meant reforms, for he lacked the courage to run the gauntlet of the corps of Ladies-in-Waiting.

Count Hijikata, for long the Minister of the Household, was also severely rebuffed when he attempted to correct the morality of certain of the Palace women. He took his complaints to their superiors, the Ladies-in-Waiting; but their only reply was to recall a certain delicious scandal having the Count and a famous geisha as the hero and heroine. Later, however, he obtained his revenge, for when the present Emperor was eight years old the Emperor Mutsuhito determined to remove him from petticoat influence, and to have him brought up in a more modern and manly style. Hijikata was appointed his tutor, much to the resentment of his former foes, the

Ladies-in-Waiting. Before accepting the appointment, however, he insisted on and obtained from the Throne a promise that under no circumstances should interference with his conduct be permitted from the side of the Inner Court.

#### The Lady Sono

The Lady Sono is probably the best known, by name at all events, of the Ladies-in-Waiting. She is a daughter of Count Sono, is still in the early forties, and ranks as one of the most beautiful women of Japan, even according to Western standards. On account of her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, she was one of the favorite attendants of the late Emperor. She is a brilliant poetess.

At Court she is known as "The Lady of the Bottle Gourd Suite," many of the Court ladies being designated by the names of the apartments which they occupy. The origin of the name is as follows. The late Emperor strongly objected to the introduction of gas and electricity into the Inner Palace and as a result, as already mentioned, light is only obtainable from candles set in lanterns. In summer these latter are of paper, being made at Gifu, whilst in the autumn many of them are of hollowed gourds. One evening when walking in the gardens, the Emperor was much amused to find a suite of apartments lighted by candles set in gourds on which comic figures had been painted. The antics of these, as they swung to and fro in the breeze, caused the most hearty amusement. Further examination proved the rooms to be those occupied by the Lady Sono, and they were promptly and Imperially dubbed "The Bottle Gourd Suite."

#### Religion at Court

It is very curious to find that Buddhism is practised extensively at Court, and that there is even a splendid Buddhist shrine within the Palace. It is generally assumed that as Shinto is the State religion, it would be natural to find it exclusively patronised at Court. The Empress Dowager, however, is a firm devotee of Buddhism, to which the late Emperor also paid great respect.

That Court influence may be useful even in religion, the following anecdote proves. The grandfather of a certain Lady-in-Waiting visited and died at the Chomyoji Temple of the Nichiren sect in Totomi Province. It was a very poor and obscure institution. His granddaughter visited his grave, and on her return determined to copy out and present to the Temple, as proof of her piety, the eight volumes of the scriptures of the sect. The work was completed in two years, and very fine it looked on gilt-edged paper, with illuminated lettering, and bound in gold brocade. Just as the Temple authorities had concluded that their home was tottering to its foundations and must wind up its affairs, the volumes arrived, conveyed by a Court messenger. The fame of the incident was noised abroad. Adherents gathered round. A subscription list was opened and eagerly filled up. Within a very short time a brand new gold-lae-



quered temple was erected. Funds still continued to roll in, and started by an act of filial devotion the Chomyoji is now well on the road towards a rich and prosperous career.

### A New Vocation for Women

Beauty and Brains Find Another Avenue in Which to Coin the Ducats

BEAUTY is sometimes said to be the only quality a woman need possess to insure success upon the stage; but, as a matter of fact, no girl will go far unless she has other qualities to recommend her.

This is doubly true as regards the profession of Mannequin—a profession far less prominent, in fact almost unheard of by a large section of the public, yet very similar to the stage as regards many of the attributes required of its votaries.

Some of the necessary qualifications of the would-be follower of this profession may be gathered from an article by Gordon Meggy in *Pearson's Magazine*.

Your perfect mannequin is, he says, like the poet, born—not made. She may have beauty, grace, elegance, a perfect figure, and still be useless for the purpose. Some women would never be able to wear smart clothes smartly; others may acquire the ability to do so; a few possess it intuitively.

Paquin, Lucille, Redfern, Drecoll, Martial, and Poiret, these are a few of the big Paris couturiers who are famous all over the world. Among all the mannequins these big houses employ, eight out of ten are French-women—not because they prefer to employ French-women, but because it is essential to them to have the very best mannequins available, and Frenchwomen happen to be such. Yet it is some consolation that the two most beautiful mannequins in Paris—unless it is the predilection of an Englishman for Englishwomen—are London girls.

#### The Mecca of the Mannequin

To the professional mannequin, Paris is as much of a Mecca as is London to the provincial actress. The biggest houses are centred there, the best posts are to be obtained there, and the greatest opportunities are to be met with there. But Paris is not to be reached all at once, for there are steps to climb and experience to be learnt in this profession as in others.

It often happens that the first step in the mannequin's career is taken at one of those big, middle-class establishments where drapery, millinery, and dress-making are centred under one roof. Even here it is sometimes necessary for dresses, hats, or cloaks to be put on for the inspection of customers, and probably one girl more than the others will be in demand for these purposes. Here is your mannequin in embryo, and soon she may obtain a post as one of the mannequins at a slightly higher-class house, where "Paris models" are a feature.

She will then find herself in competition with more "talent," for this is the class of house where many girls, who fancy this is their métier, make a start.

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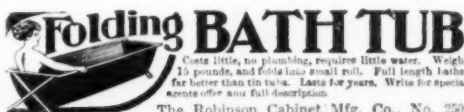
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### Climbing the Ladder

In the dressmaking as in the social world, there are many grades. The mannequin's success may be counted by the rapidity with which she ascends the ladder. But, however great her beauty, her ability, her adaptability, and her natural attributes, she will find much to learn, especially in the matter of deportment, when at last she jumps the gulf that divides the really great dressmaking houses from all others.

The mannequin at a great couturier's usually starts at a salary of about fifteen dollars a week. She must now wear her gowns in a manner and with an "air" to please the most exclusive set in the world.

Nor will she wear dresses indiscriminately any more. She will only display those which are suited to her particular type. She may even be reserved to show dresses only to certain clients—those of the same type as herself. For your wealthy lady of fashion, who spends thousands of pounds each season on frocks, is almost invariably attended to by the same employee of the house she patronizes, that a particular mannequin should be kept for a particular client, though not usual, is still not unheard of.

There is yet another part of the mannequin's work which is of equal, if not of greater importance. She must assist at the inspiration of new models—for the true artists design their creations upon the actual figure.

One big Paris house employs a girl with a very Eastern type of beauty. All gowns of an Oriental character are designed upon her, and she has inspired the creation of many wonderful Eastern garments.

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The employee who becomes invaluable can command a big price. \$1,500 a year is no unheard-of sum for mannequins to secure, and they often attain to higher and more responsible positions.

At this moment, a big Continental branch of one of the first Paris houses is under the management of a lady who began life as a saleswoman at a suburban drapery store near London at five dollars a week. Her next step was to Oxford Street, and from there she went as a mannequin to a small but very exclusive house in Paris, the London representative of which had seen her displaying one of his firm's models, and had been favorably impressed.

A year later, half the big Paris houses were after her. She accepted an offer of a hundred francs a week; this was doubled within three years, and she developed so much business ability that, when a new branch was opened, the management was offered to her at five thousand dollars a year.

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And what sort of time does the mannequin have? Not at all a bad one. Her hours are about from ten till six—sometimes later if there is a rush. But she is not working all the while, and exactly what she does depends upon the season.

During periods of "creation," that is to say, when new models are being created for the spring and autumn, the mannequins at the big houses assist the couturier as nearly as possible in rotation. First one and then another will be required to act as the model around which some new design will be evolved—a task which may take anything from twenty minutes to a couple of hours.

When she is not wanted for this purpose, she may be occasionally required in the salon to display gowns to any client who may look in. This will usually be in the afternoon between three and five o'clock. The rest of the day she can amuse herself. But she must always be at hand in case she is wanted, and for this reason some establishments have an elegant spacious "green-room," where the mannequins can read, write or rest as they feel inclined.

During the spring and autumn seasons she has less time to call her own, for there is a rush of customers to inspect and buy the new models which the house has been so busily creating. So, for about four months in the year—May, June, September, and October—she works under high pressure. She will be showing off gowns every afternoon and often in the mornings, too, since the fashionable hours of the day are all too short. For the time being she becomes a quick-change artiste, making perhaps a score of complete changes in a few hours, and parading either upon the miniature stage which is a feature of the modiste's salon, or in the salon itself, so that intending purchasers may make closer inspection of the gown she has on.

#### A Chance for Romance

A little dull and monotonous? Not at all! In every woman there is an innate love of dress and of admiration. The mannequin can gratify both. And, beyond this, she can get on if she wishes to and if she has ambition. She sees the inside of the business all the time, can find ready and practical appreciation for her ideas, if she is clever enough to have any, and has a double string to her bow in that she can get into the good graces of her employers or of the patrons of the house. For, beautiful and prepossessing as she must be, many and many a mannequin has accepted some post as companion to a wealthy client, and has thus been ushered into a newer and wider life.

Nor is she a stranger to romance. In Paris particularly, and in London also, it is not women alone who seize the opportunity to admire new dresses. Both on the occasion of special exhibitions of models and at other times, men visit the dressmakers with their wives, their mothers, or their sisters, and share the delight that pretty frocks afford. Is it to be wondered at if they sometimes fall in love with the beautiful girls who wear them?

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## Legal Limitations of Marriage

Complicated Laws of the Various American States Respecting Marriage

A PENNSYLVANIA law became operative in August, says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, requiring those wishing to marry to appear at the license bureau and answer under oath some fifty questions. It is rather absurd to swear that one is not an imbecile, and a physician's certificate, as required by a law passed by the last Colorado legislature, is a better guard against communicable disease than a statement of the patient. Still such a law may be of use, though not so much in punishment following its violation as in the reflections and precautions which it may occasion in those who propose to marry. The laws of the different states limiting marriage relations have recently been summarized in a bulletin prepared by Dr. Charles B. Davenport and issued by the Eugenics Record Office. They are more numerous and complicated than most people suppose.

Marriage of idiots and the insane are illegal in about half the states and these marriages are presumably invalid everywhere, as such persons can not make contracts. On similar grounds in three states a marriage is invalid when one of the parties is intoxicated. Only five states forbid the marriage of those suffering from venereal disease. It should surely be made as serious a crime to communicate diseases as to commit larceny or assault and battery, and public sentiment would probably uphold legislation to this effect. In only a few cases have laws been passed with direct reference to the eugenic aspect of the case. Connecticut and Kentucky forbid illicit union with imbeciles, the latter state under penalty of twenty years' imprisonment. In Delaware a child of a parent insane before it was born can not marry. In Utah, an epileptic woman may marry after the age of forty-five, but not before.

Laws limiting closeness of relationship in marriage are based on social rather than on biological considerations. Indeed we have no scientific knowledge that would enable us to prescribe limits of consanguinity within which marriage is undesirable from the point of view of heredity or eugenics. The marriage of first cousins is illegal in about half of the states, including Pennsylvania and Illinois, yet such marriages have been and are common in all classes of society. The most distinguished family known to the writer are the seven children of Charles Darwin, who married his first cousin. The royal families of Europe are closely inbred, but form a superior group. A consideration of their heredity shows, as might have been anticipated, that both desirable and undesirable qualities are enhanced by the marriage of those related by blood.

The social reasons making it desirable to forbid the marriage of those who become related through marriage are not urgent; indeed they have practically disappeared since segregation of the sexes

has been largely abandoned. The limitations do not exist in many of the states and in others are curiously inconsistent. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not prohibited, but in West Virginia a man may not marry his deceased wife's step-daughter and in Massachusetts he may not marry his deceased wife's grandmother.

The laws in regard to intermarriage of races differ greatly in different states, as does public sentiment. Just now southern newspapers are urging the dismissal of a university professor because in an article in this journal he spoke kindly of the mulattoes. In Maryland whites and negroes or mulattoes who intermarry "are deemed guilty of an infamous crime," and are subject to ten years' imprisonment, while a mile away such marriages are legal. Apparently a white person and a mulatto who marry in Pennsylvania can return to live in Maryland, but would be subject to five years' imprisonment if they went to Texas. In California and in several other states marriage of a Caucasian with a Mongolian is illegal, and several states have laws against marriage with a North American Indian.

The diversity of the laws of the different states, marriages that are legal and approved by public sentiment in one part of the country being crimes elsewhere, indicates that it may be less difficult to apply eugenics in practice than it is to determine which kind of eugenics it would be desirable to apply.

## Canada to the Fore in the World of Art

Few Canadians realise the position that their country has won in the world of art and it will no doubt be news to many that Canada has given the world two prime donne. The fact of Albani's French-Canadian parentage is not generally known and few realize that Donaldalda is also a daughter of the Dominion.

It is only a few years since Madame Donaldalda arrived in London to put to the test the reputation she had gained in France. An immediate success was the result. She was engaged by the Royal Opera Syndicate at Covent Garden for three years, and for a further three years in Brussels, where she achieved a brilliant success, she only remained one season, paying the huge forfeit of \$11,000 in order that she and her husband might leave Brussels and accept an engagement in New York.

From there she returned to Paris to appear at the Opera Comique in "La Boheme," "Manon" and "La Traviata." Then she succeeded to the role of Madame Melba at Covent Garden, achieving distinction in all those parts in which she had won fame in America and Paris. With Caruso she sang all the principal solos in the works of the great masters, and the power of her acting and the supple quality of her voice won her thousands of fresh admirers. She then

visited Germany and Holland, and had the distinction of singing with Professor Nikisch at Leipsic; he, too, became enthusiastic over her voice.

A quality which has contributed greatly to her success is her magnificent courage a notable instance of which was shown when Madame Tetrassini was suddenly taken ill on the day before the opening of the Grand Opera Season at Covent Garden. The King and Queen were to be present to hear their favorite opera, and as soon as Madame Tetrassini's inability to sing was known her understudy was communicated with. But to the consternation of the authorities at Covent Garden, she was discovered to be lying ill at her hotel. Then commenced a search for a substitute; and one available operatic soprano after another fought shy of assuming the role of Violetta in "La Traviata" at so short a notice on so important an occasion.

It was then remembered that Madame Donaldalda had come with Madame Tetrassini on the Cunarder *Mauretania* to England and that she was then in Paris. It was late at night when Donaldalda received the summons to take the famous Florentine's place and open the grand season at Covent Garden. A perfect rendition in every detail of a grand opera character is essential to its successful interpretation and Madame Donaldalda, who rushed to London in response to the urgent cables, informed the management that she would be doing herself an injustice in appearing at so short notice without rehearsal, particularly as she was more accustomed to sing the part in French than in Italian. The management were in despair at her refusal and told her the honor of Covent Garden was in her hands; to that appeal Madame Donaldalda succumbed. Her success was never once in doubt, and her brilliant singing of "A fors e lui" was only one feature of a notable performance. No less convincing than her vocal achievements were her dramatic and pathetic picture of the hapless Violetta, but the audience did not know that in the last act, where the weakness of the consumptive heroine necessitates a reclining attitude, she was leaning over and reading from the score which had been conveniently concealed amid the stage furniture. It was on this occasion that the late King Edward, before sending for Madame Donaldalda to compliment her on her success, asked "why she did not die on the sofa instead of falling on the floor," and laughed heartily when told that in consequence of there having been no rehearsal, Caruso had not expected her death at that moment. Madame Donaldalda at this performance appeared in a twentieth century evening gown. The narrative of the opera takes place about the year 1830, but she had no stage costumes, and happily nobody appeared to notice the difference, though the rest of the cast were dressed in costumes of the proper period.



## Antics of the Driver Ant

A Striking Description of the Habits of Some Pests of the Congo

THERE are some advantages in living in a country like the Congo, says the Rev. J. H. Weeks in *Chambers's Journal*. You can grow your own bananas and oranges; you can live an unconventional life, and need not trouble about visiting-cards; the house 'boys' have no difficulty in carrying out the bulk of your furniture on Saturday morning, and stowing it on the front veranda, while they wash the house through with bucket and broom; and one is never troubled with the drawing-room chimney smoking, for in the first place, you will be extremely fortunate if you have even a sitting-room, and, in the next, there are no chimneys in the house, as fires are not required in a climate where the temperature never falls below sixty-seven degrees in the shade. These are a few of the compensations that reward the white folk for living near the equatorial line.

But there are some disadvantages that break the monotony of life; and although disagreeable at the time, they are subjects for conversation and laughter afterwards. It is midnight, and you are enjoying a sound and dreamless beauty-sleep, when you are aroused by the slapping of the cockroaches on the bamboo walls of your bungalow. It is not the first time you have heard these ominous sounds, and experience tells you that the ferocious driver ants have made an attack on your house. They have fastened on some unfortunate cockroaches that are now trying to shake off their enemies by flinging themselves against the walls, or, what is more probable, in blind panic at the attack they are trying to escape, and unheeding where they are going, and not gauging the distance and force of their flight, they are thus banging the walls.

On a small table by my bed I always keep a pair of thick woollen stockings, and reaching out for these, I draw them up well over my pyjamas, and thus equipped I am ready to meet the emergency. The stockings are too thick for the ants to bite through, and the wool is too rough for them to climb easily—a very maze in which they become bewildered—so they are quickly caught and killed before they reach the thinner material of the pyjamas. I pass out of the bedroom, across the dining-room into the study, which is also our reception and drawing room, and light the lamp. Returning, I carry out my wife, and then our two small children, and place them on the home-made sofa, and cover them with a rug kept handy for the purpose. They rest perhaps doze off to sleep again, and I sit and read to pass the time away while the ants are busy clearing everything before them.

Just stand at the door of the bedrooms, and by the light of the lamp left burning on the table watch the scene. The walls are covered with ants; they drop from the roof on to dressing table and washstand; they swarm over the mosquito-curtain, the wardrobe, and the trunks. The floor is almost brown with

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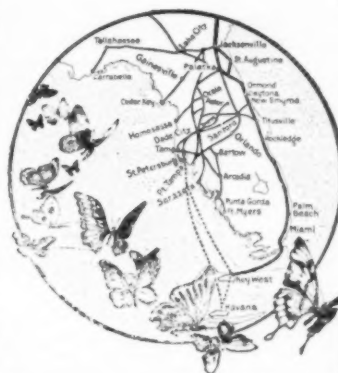
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them. No living thing can stand against their onslaught. Lizards are being dragged away, beetles and cockroaches are being carried off, the rats and mice are scuttling away, and in two hours that room is as free of insects, lizards, beetles, and mice as if it were built only yesterday. These scavenger ants are a blessing in disguise; but we should appreciate their kindly offices more highly if they would visit us at a more seasonable hour. During fifteen years of life among one of the cannibal tribes on the Upper Congo we had many visits from these ants—more than twenty; but we never knew them to come at any other time than between the midnight hour and 2 a.m.

Soon after two o'clock we return to bed, for the ants are now busy in other parts of the house, so they will leave our bedroom alone, since they never sweep through the same room twice in a visit, knowing well from instinct that they have swept it all too clean on the first foray for it to need a second.

In the morning, we go to lay the table in preparation for breakfast, we find that the main army of ants has disappeared with their loot, but a regiment has been left behind in possession of our larder. The legs of the shelves holding our food are always standing in water; but the driver ants have sacrificed thousands of lives to form bridges; the tins of water are full of ants, and over the dead bodies of their comrades the living ants, laden with food, are passing to their nests, and others are hurrying forward to secure their loads. The meat left from the previous day is one moving mass of ant life. It seems chaos in miniature; but you can see the heavily laden ants struggling from beneath the others with their loads of meat. There is no malingering in their efforts to get at the food—not to eat it, but to carry it away to their own larder.

In despair, we take up the dish and make a dash for the open, where we deposit it on the ground. We have tucked our shirt-sleeves up well above the elbows, and as with the right hand we carry out the dish the ants attempt to rush up the arm, but we sweep them back with the left hand. How fortunate it was that we turned up our sleeves! Otherwise the ants would have run under the cuffs and swarmed over our bodies in an incredibly short space of time, and we should not have been able to strip quickly enough.

We place the dish of seething ants on the ground, and make a clucking noise. The fowls hear the call; and, hurrying from all quarters, they set to work on the ants. Some of the ants escape to tell the tale of the huge enemies that attacked them with ruffled feathers and much cackling, but the majority fall an easy prey to the fowls. Everything is carried out from the larder, even the shelves and tins of water—now transformed into overflowing tins of ants—in which the legs stood; and when the eupboard is washed out with carbolic and water, then, and not till then, have we got rid of our troublesome night visitors. Troublesome? Well, not altogether, for we know it will be some time before we shall see another cockroach in the house,

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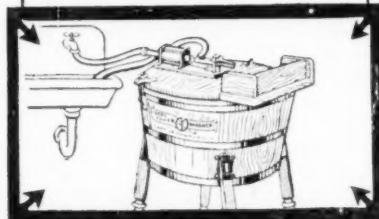
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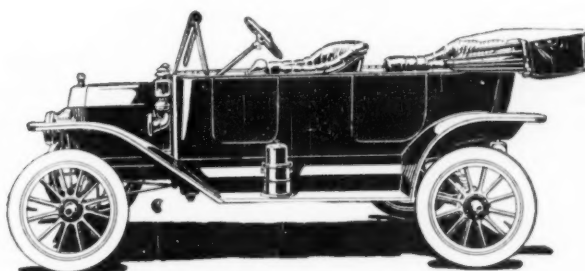




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and for a week at least we shall not hear the lizards drop from the ceiling with a thud on to the table or floor, the beetles (heavy, hard-shell fellows) will not creep out of the thatch to fall with a sharp crack on the boards below, and it will be a week or more before the rats and mice will find sufficient courage to return to their old haunts and renew their forays on the candle-box and egg-basket.

I can imagine no death more horrible than torture by driver ants; yet that was sometimes the agonizing death allotted, under certain circumstances, to persons charged with witchcraft—to be securely fastened and thrown into a nest of driver ants. I am glad to use the past tense, for this does not happen now within the sphere of Christian influence on the Congo.

Driver ants are often to be met in their marches about the country in search of food. I have known them to be three days and nights hurrying across our station in one direction, and at exposed points, such as paths, the soldier ants—fierce fellows more than half an inch long—made living tunnels with their bodies that the workers might journey in safety. Drop anything on the line, and the soldiers instantly scatter in all directions to discover the cause of the assault, and unless you have withdrawn two or three yards from the line of march they will find you, and attack you with such savage determination that they will quickly put you to rout. However, discovering nothing, they re-form the living tunnel, and the working ants, who in the meantime have not stopped for a moment their ceaseless journey, pass on with their loads. When the ant army has passed, you will notice that the hard earth is beaten smooth with their countless feet.

### My Dream Newspaper

An Experienced Journalist Describes His Ideal Newspaper

MANY people see visions of the transformations they would effect if they were Kings or Presidents. Mr. John Foster Fraser in the *Quiver* gives us the substance of his dream as a newspaper editor.

For thirty years, he says, ever since I was a lanky lad at school—I have been doing journalistic work. My experience has run the whole gamut, from reporting "drunks" in the police court on Monday mornings to acting as special correspondent in Macedonia during times of race and religious hatred and terrible butcheries; and in between have been descriptions of notorious cases in the divorce court, trials of murderers and blackguards innumerable, railway accidents, colliery disasters, all the dramatic and sensational events which go to the making of "news."

Often I read and hear complaints about newspapers being too sensational, that they minister too much to the craving for what is morbid. But newspapers are reflections of the public mind; and as there are all sorts of people, so there



are all sorts of newspapers—except that there are no newspapers so prurient as are some sections of the public. The ordinary man and woman, inclined to criticize the Press for what it publishes, are generally those who know nothing whatever about the scrupulous care taken by all newspapers which count to hide the gross details of cases which journalists often report. Indeed, writing in general terms, newspapers are cleaner than the public mind. There are inferior journals which go a long way toward contributing to the appetite for sensation. Some of them have enormous circulations, but that means there are immense masses of people who desire the things which these papers give. I grieve over both, but it is the public which decides the circulation of a newspaper.

So it is that our daily sheets, whilst providing the useful intelligence of the world, satisfying curiosity about the sayings and doings of the principal people in the world, give much space to recounting events which reveal the baser traits in our nature. An ingeniously planned and diabolical murder mystery fills long columns of the Press. A tremendous financial swindle, plunging thousands into ruin, is described with complete minutiae. All the things which men and women ought not to do receive elaborate attention. The public delight in the gruesome, the tragic side of life, and they maintain a constant inquisitiveness about the lapses of their fellows.

If a stranger from another planet visited us and drew his conclusions about human nature from the pictures given in newspapers, he would be saddened. But also he would be misinformed. For whilst in my life I have become acquainted with much wickedness, whilst I know that the full story is not always told, for it would be too distressing, I have come too close to the hearts of men and women not to be aware there are other characteristics which ought to be just as interesting; that there are actions just as dramatic, but which never get the honor of a paragraph in any of our journals.

That is a gap which my newspaper in the future—at present, alas! only a dream—will be able to fill.

Not long ago there appeared columns in the Press about the shocking cruelty to a girl by her mistress. Wherever one went people were talking about the trial. But in my dream newspaper very little space would be given to a case of this kind. For the world has much more goodness in it than evil, though people are somewhat reluctant to admit the fact. None of us, however, are quite so good as those who love us think we are, and none of us are so bad as we frequently accuse ourselves of being. Instead of columns being given presenting the details of the conduct of a heartless mistress to her servant, I should like to have a staff who would seek out the kindly actions that are done, and which would give inspiration to other folk who read about them. We have little in our modern Press about the good-hearted mistress, the woman who does her best to



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make pleasant the lives of those not so happily placed as herself.

Take up any journal, and it is likely you will find a police-court account of the heartless conduct of a man who has neglected the care of his children. In my paper there would be told the story of men who work hard and long, and for a poor wage—men who strive to feed and clothe their children, even though they themselves go short—men who do not grumble, but who heroically do their little fight in the world—men who are not brilliant, who are just drab and mediocre, but who give their ten and twenty years of service to others. We hear little about such men in our newspapers. Yet I often think they are more deserving of journalistic attention than the unfortunate creature who, saddened by drink, lapses from his duties to his children. And there are millions of such men in the world.

What bright, happy, gaily written descriptions appear in all the London papers during what is called the "season," about society's doings. There are accounts of the sybarite luxury of the present day, the gorgeous dinner parties, the crowded "At Homes," and much space is devoted to elaborate descriptions of dresses worn by lovely ladies. We read about the tiaras upon the brows of countesses at the opera, and the weeks which have been devoted by titled dames to preparations for the success of fancy-dress balls at the Albert Hall.

Yes; these are pleasant things to read about. But there is another picture which, whilst not so gaudy, is more beautiful, because it is more elevating, and about which little is ever written. There is the poor mother, with her large family, who is doing a worthier service to humanity than these charming and gracefully gowned society ladies. There is the widow, who is never more than half a dollar away from starvation, who finds it hard to get butter to put upon the bread of her children—the woman whom you may see, if you are out early enough, washing the steps of offices in the City of London; or who, bedraggled and dingy, you may meet slowly crawling home, utterly worn out, after a day of charring. I know such women. And what always strikes me as refreshing about them is that they never grumble. They just do the work which comes to them, and are grateful if they have enough money to pay the rent, and to provide their children with a little meat for dinner on the Sunday. The nobility—and it is nobility—in the lives of these poor, shrunken, bent-bodied women will receive honor in that newspaper of which I dream.

Whenever I see prizes given at schools, or watch a coveted trophy handed over to a team which has won the blue ribbon in athletic endeavor, and listen to the cheers of the crowd, my thoughts go to those who have not won. They have striven just as hard; probably they have striven harder. They deserve our admiration, but seldom do they get it. Look along the range of your acquaintances, and you know how, generally speaking,



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prosperity has come to many, possibly to most, with little striving on their part. Think also of those acquaintances who have not succeeded in forging ahead, and very likely you will find they are just as good men, frequently better men, than the others. You know how they have been putting forth all their energies, but always missing the reward. I wonder if in that newspaper of the future the readers will be interested in the things which will be written in praise of the failures of the world? I hope so, for there is always much to be said in behalf of those who have tried, but have lost the victory.

In my dream newspaper of the future there will be little record of crimes committed by the few, but some endeavor to show how great and widespread is the charity of the many. Instead of stories about murders, I would appeal to the interest of my readers with stories of the life sacrifice of men and women in order to provide comfort and shelter, and some happiness, for those who are dependent on them. Instead of columns being devoted to the empty pleasures of what is frequently described as the Smart Set, I would tell of the real joy in the hearts of people—and they are legion—when they do kindly acts in providing food and clothing for those who are unfortunate.

Sometimes I hear men preach about the growing wickedness of the world. They are quite wrong. The world was never a better place to live in than now, and never was there more real Christianity than there is to-day. Hearts are just as tender as ever they were; but it is our newspapers which give prominence to cases of hard-heartedness and sordid pleasures and the evils which exist. The badness in the world is insignificant compared with the goodness. We should do well to think more of the bright and beautiful things in life. In that distant dream newspaper of mine much attention will be paid to worthy actions, so that the reader will not put down the journal with a sigh, but with a smile of gladness.

## Are We Immoral?

No! Says One Writer. We are Only Changing Our Moral Standards and Progressing

WHAT'S WRONG with our morals? is the query propounded by Arthur Pollock in *The Forum*. That is the somewhat hysterical cry of to-day. It is the question perhaps most frequently and gravely propounded from the pulpits of our churches, and promulgated in the pages of our many publications with editorial hands, figuratively at least, upheld in holy horror. The answer might be succinctly stated, Progress!

For we are growing. And growing, we are suffering from nothing more alarming than the usual and natural growing pains. You may call this a period of unrest, or go further, as some do, and call it revolution. At any rate, it is a period of readjustment, of social, mental and moral house-cleaning. For civilization faces new problems. Their solution means a long step forward. And, in or-



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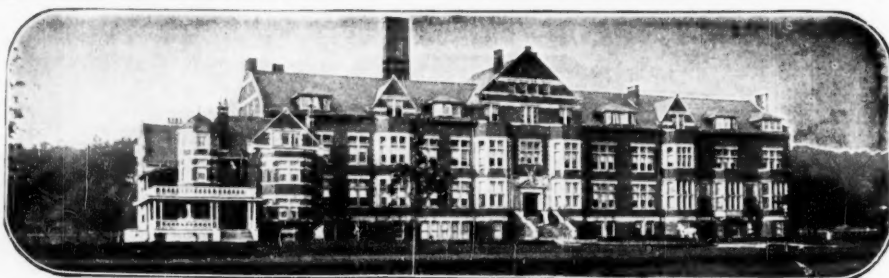
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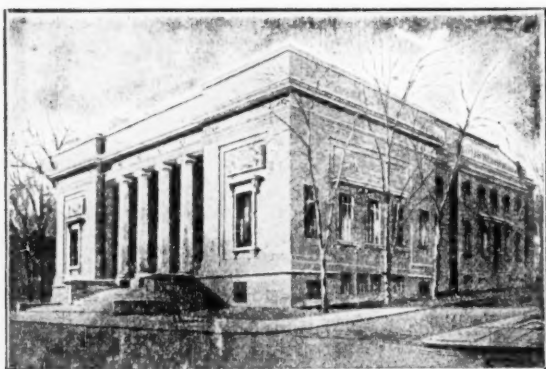
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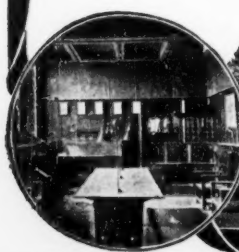
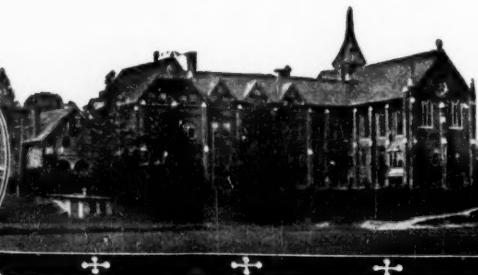

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der to take the step which the presentation of these problems has fortunately precipitated, civilization is finding it necessary to discard much of its superfluous rubbish of outworn and now ridiculous convention, for new standards more strictly in accord with natural demands and common sense.

If these problems, whose successful solution spells progress, one of the very biggest is that of the relation of the sexes. And the greatest virtue of the feminist movement is that it has forced this problem to an issue. We had become inured to the prudish habits of speech that are a cloak to slothful thinking; the fear of expressing new thoughts concerning sex had gradually brought about the inhibition of such thoughts. We had settled back complacently to snooze in the old and comfortable grooves of conventional thought, when along came the woman movement, roused us in the middle of the night as it were, and demanded a speedy solution of all sex difficulties. That is why it has "struck sex o'clock" in America.

That is why in our literature and in our life to-day sex is paramount. After all, we are, consciously or unconsciously, always striving to improve the race in one way or another. At this moment much improvement simply seems to lie along the line of sex. The whole woman movement is a question of sex. It is more than merely a question of political equality, more than a fight for the ballot. It entails a whole new set of sex standards. For that reason it has lured all our latest ideas upon the subject of such standards with salutary effect to the surface. And sex, therefore, being the object of social and political readjustment, is inevitably the subject of literature and thought. But there is nothing at all of immorality about that.

Naturally, when the discussion and consequent regulation of conditions has been lazily put off so long, the reaction is great. Hence some find the present day discussion distasteful. But it is not so because of any impropriety inherent in the discussion itself nor in the subject of it, but because it has been delayed until we have become mealy-mouthed and stultifying and falsely modest. And so each evidence of changing moral standards is heralded as horribly immoral. It may be a change for the better. No matter! It is a change. And, to those who feel that whatever is right, a change seems always dangerous—at least until the old has been forgotten and the new has become established as a custom.

And not only is sex discussion natural, necessary and inevitable, but the conditions in modern life most often made subject for criticism are not in any way immoral. Most standards of morals are, of course, unstable, many of them ridiculous. That which is hideously immoral to-day may, with the connivance of custom, become entirely moral to-morrow. Scott speaks somewhere of a woman acquaintance who read in her maturity the books that were her childhood friends, and found them impossibly improper. In the course of her lifetime ideas of proper reading had completely turned about.



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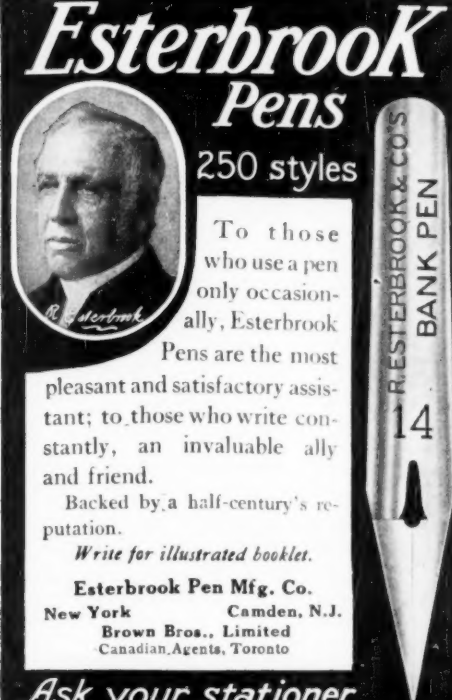
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What is indecent in America may in Africa, perhaps, or somewhere else, be quite the proper thing. It is apparently a question of geography and chronology. There can, therefore, be only one way, anywhere and at any time, to determine what is moral or immoral. As individuals and as a race we live to progress, to evolve somehow toward perfection. To reach the highest efficiency in meeting the barriers life confronts us with is our unconscious aim in life. But all progress, mental, moral and physical, toward this end is through processes of some sort of evolution. Therefore, any act or word, thought or condition, which may tend to retard or divert the proper course of the evolution of the individual or the race falsifies the laws of life and is immoral. Conduct and conditions that foster proper evolution are moral. That is the only possible and permanent standard of morality. Though superficial custom may obscure this standard, though we are in our conduct seldom conscious of it, it is the standard by which the worth of all other standards must eventually be weighed. And judged by it the present conditions are found to be not unhealthy.

The clothes of to-day show a striving in their wearers for greater freedom from useless and artificial restraint; modern dances indicate a desire for a more plastic, less mechanical—hence more healthful—outlet for energy of body and exuberance of spirit; and the literature of the theatre and the library manifests a desire on the writer's part for greater freedom of speech and subject matter, a desire to deal with the biggest things in life with a proper regard for the biggest truths of life. All of which are earmarks of a progressive spirit. But nevertheless the gowns that women wear are branded as indecent—often in language which itself is very far from decent; the plays we see and the books we read are, in lurid language, decried as feculent; and, in language often sprinkled with obscenities, the dances we delight in are called degenerate.

As a matter of fact, for the first time since the questions of modesty and comfort first became confused, clothes are now approaching their only excuse for existence—the creation of beauty and bodily well-being, both favorable factors in the progress of the race. Prudishness is not propriety. Propriety in dress is expediency and sightliness only; prudishness is an illogical and uncomfortable luxury. More than that, when it is allowed to transcend expediency and beauty, prudishness itself becomes immoral. Why should a girl be required, when once she has outgrown short skirts, to conceal the fact forever after that she was born a biped, and strive to create the impression that she moves about from place to place on rollers? Every summer the ridiculousness of prudishness in dress is manifest. Nature has horse-sense; she forces the bathing girl to wear on the beach what, on the board walk, would be heralded as immodest; in the water nature will not allow her the unnecessary convention of too much modesty, for a woman cannot swim with



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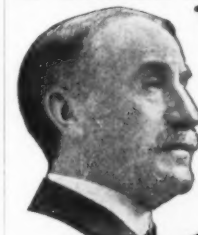
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comfort and be falsely fastidious as well. But the slit and scanty skirt is no less proper than the bathing suit. In the matter of the latter, however, necessity thrusts common sense upon the wearer; in the matter of the street skirt she is left to choose for herself. And, awkward and swaddling clothes being less inconvenient on the avenue than in the ocean, she chooses them and bears the resultant lack of freedom in the name of modesty when, at bottom, it is nearer immorality. For in so far as modesty overrides convenience and the consideration of health, it is immoral. And only when clothes show signs of becoming again the unhygienic monstrosities that they heretofore have been, need we grow alarmed as to the question of their conformance with good morals.

The drama now, so far as progress and human problems is concerned, is more moral than it ever was before. In this respect, at least, that indefatigable old preacher, Bernard Shaw, is truly superior to Shakespeare. He reveals to us more about the life we're living and the world we're living in than Shakespeare ever cared to know or tell. He is really an "interpreter of life." And, if literature and drama made from life constitute an "incursion into the sewer," so much the worse for life, so much more need that the truth concerning it be spoken.

The dances of the day reveal, not degeneracy, but the modern spirit of development. The variations of the dance which at present find favor with the public are but phases of its progress. If there is anything immoral about them, the immorality lies principally at the door of those who are too prodigal in their criticism. The critics have converted an innocent pastime into a vice, by depriving the performer of his belief in its innocence. For, lest the guileless girl who finds some pleasure in these dances forget that it is her duty rather to be shocked, all the most revolting details of their supposed origin are trotted out in print before her. If you can convince a girl that to sit at home and knit is wrong, she will do wrong to sit at home and knit; and her imagined wrongdoing will have a disintegrating effect upon her character, will even eventually be revealed in the lines of her face. Why tell a girl that if she knew how and where these modern dances originated she would never dance them? Pork is no less palatable because it was once part of a most unlovely pig. But it might easily be possible, by going into concrete and disgusting details in the presence of one who has always found pork entirely delectable, to make it forever after revolting to him. Who cares if these dances have a past, when their present is so propitious?

We are not immoral—we are "getting on." Modern dances constitute one of the small straws which show the way the wind is blowing. We are kicking over irksome traces, and, in the freedom their removal affords us, sizing up the situation preparatory to a bolt in the right

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Be this as it may, it is an indication of the trend of popular sentiment too significant to be ignored.

Editors of periodicals in which fiction plays a leading part must bow to the demand for the "So-they-lived-happily-ever-afterward" wind-up of serial and the complete-in-one-number story. When fifteen per cent. of the women who compose the bulk of the bookseller's customers turn to the last page of a novel before glancing at the first, and lay it back disdainfully upon the counter if assured by the glance that it does not "turn out well," he is a dull student of the trade-barometer who does not trim his sails to meet the favoring winds.

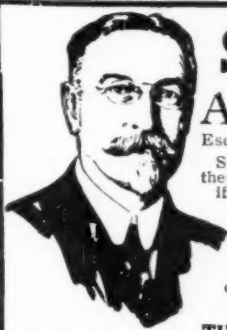
"But—" I remonstrated when an editor, in suggesting I should write a novelette for his magazine, stipulated that it should have a happy sequel—"all chronicles of real life do not end in peace and plenty!"

"My dear Madam!" replied the Man of Manuscript Letters, indulgent of my weakness, "it is precisely because so many life-histories have a gloomy close, that readers clamor for a different diet. They crave relief from the ghastly truth. To admit that a book does not have a sunny close is to brand it as a failure with the trade. People read novels for amusement alone. They want to dance, not to reflect or to weep, and we must pipe whether we want to obey or not."

Is it then a selfish desire to get out of a murky atmosphere for a brief breathing-spell, or altruistic longing for a make-believe millennial reign of peace and prosperity—the joys of the Socialist's heaven—that has begotten the new craze for a prophecy of "smooth things"?

That it is a modern development of literary taste is apparent at one glance backward.

The twentieth century censor of current literature would have none of the "glooming peace" with which the woful story of Romeo and Juliet is rounded off by antiquated Shakespeare. The young lovers would be married in the Verona Cathedral, with a Montague Jr. as best man, and a Capulet cousin, "gowned superbly," as bridesmaid, Ophelia would be rescued from "muddy death" in the



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"weeping brook," by Hamlet's arrival upon the scene as she goes down for the third and last time, and her reason be restored by the shock of the cold bath. The seducer of Effie Deans would be converted at a Covenanter camp-meeting and instantly set forth in quest of the peasant girl, never drawing rein until he marries her in the village church with Dumbiedikes grinning in the background, and Jeanie Deans weeping for joy upon her father's shoulder in the front pew. Queenly Rebecca of York would become Mrs. Ivanhoe, and calmpulsed Rowena console herself without ado with a neighboring squire.

One shudders to think of the accumulation of "Rejected, with the Publisher's thanks" MSS. in the libraries of Stratford-on-Avon, Twickenham, Gad's Hill and Abbotsford, had 1913 standards of literary taste prevailed in the Elizabethan, Queen Anne, or even the early Victorian period.

Charlotte Brontë told Mrs. Gaskell that she did violence to her artistic sense and conviction of what had really been—what to her apprehension could not have fallen out otherwise in the ideal world which was more a verity to her than the narrow, sordid sphere of her outward life—when she changed the last page of her greatest novel—Villette.

If the reader will turn with me to the complaisant ending of the book thus humanely "doctored," he finds in it the anti-climax of the matchless picture of the tempest that "roared frenzied for seven days" in the ears of the woman keeping agonized vigil in the home she had made ready for her betrothed. One rises from the persusal of the only weak paragraph in the book with the suspicion that the dutiful daughter passed over the reluctant pen to her critic, letting the Yorkshire parson have the last word.

Every writer who knows for himself the rapture of creation—ecstasy inconceivable by the mere copyist—comprehends what one who was a prince among novelists meant when he avowed in awestricken tones, that his characters sometimes "got away from him," doing and saying what they pleased in spite of him. "Then it is," he added reverently, "that I find I have done my best work. I do not explain the phenomenon. I know it to be true."

In direct phrase—"the story tells itself." Humbler artists can enter into the meaning of the four words. And having told itself, it may not be changed arbitrarily. Authors are proverbially thin-skinned, receiving suggestions as to the management of their brain-bantlings in the same temper as that which fond mothers display when their bairns are criticized unfavorably. I maintain that resentment to be pardonable which is aroused by the perfunctory admonition of publisher or editor—"We do not interfere with plan or action of the tale so long as it ends well. Upon that we insist." If the whine or snarl of the creator of plot, action and ending remind his mentor of clownish Touchstone's one flash of manly spirit—"A poor thing, but mine own!"—the employer and



prospective paymaster stands his ground. He has the public at his back.

We have all heard the musty anecdote of the tilt of wits between Ben Jonson and his crony, John Sylvester, when the latter challenged Ben to make an impromptu rhyme in three minutes. Sylvester led off with—

"I, John Sylvester,  
Kissed your sister."

The challenged party capped it on the spot—

"I, Ben Jonson,  
Kissed your wife."

"That is not rhyme!" growled disgusted John.

"No?" retorted rare Ben. "But it is true!"

I am reminded of the old joke when I am told that stories drawn from the actual happenings of everyday life are seldom, if ever, artistic. The same school of critics contend that portrait-painting, however finely executed, is of a lower grade of art than fancy sketches born of the maker's imagination. Yet La Fornarine and Mona Lisa have brought no contemptible meed of praise to their respective artists, and who will deny that Guido Reni's fame is due as much to his portrait of Beatrice Cenci as to all his other works combined? Here let us pause to consider what the highest order of art in music and painting would have lost if patrons of both had stipulated for a dash of Bacchantes and harlequins in the corner of every canvas, and for the ingenious introduction of dance-tunes and rag-time music in the noblest opus of the great master of music.

A more pertinent analogy would be the insistence that the "Dead March" in "Saul" should have a rousing finale in a stirring waltz, with never a change of key, and a "Miserere" slide into a lively quickstep.

It would be a curious study to trace backward the origin and growth of what has brought about the present craving for a sequel—not "round and perfect as a star"—but artificial in conception and in execution as conventional as the willow pattern upon a tea-plate. Our forbears may have strayed into ultra-sentimentality. Their predilection for the tragic muse may have been a shadow cast by the vanishing Dark Ages. Were their dramatists and novelists less true to life, as they knew it, than are we in an age that is at once optimistic and utilitarian. When we contend that nothing is well that does not, in outward seeming, end well?

If we relegate to the realm of fairy-lore pictures of so-called everyday, flesh-and-blood entities, (of which do not let us forget, our generation makes a vaulted speciality), then the jingle of wedding-bells, the avalanche of bouquets, the chorused benedictions of reconciled feudsmen and the listed virtues of regenerated rascals that round off the last chapters of the "best sellers," have their rightful place in the esteem of educated men, women and children. That they are contrary to the natural laws of God's universe, goes for naught from the artistic standpoint. Briars and thorns

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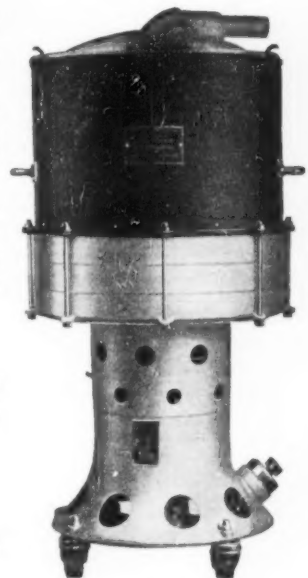
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and thistles are planted like thick set hedges throughout three hundred pages. We turn to the three-hundred-and-first, and presto!—feast our eyes upon arable fields, green and symmetrical, with straight, weedless rows of vegetables and fruits, bounded by clipped borders of privet and box. The relations of cause and effect are scouted as idle tales; sowing and reaping have not so much as collateral kinship.

Here and there, an arch heretic stands up courageously in the market place in defence of nature, truth and justice, and by the might of native genius wins the applause of the populace. Witness Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles;" Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe;" Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Story of Avis" and "A Singular Life;" Margaret Deland's "Awakening of Helena Richie." Yet great as are these masterpieces of the novelist's skill. I have heard of critics of putative refined taste and "culture" lament the "unsatisfactory conclusion of what would, but for this blemish, be a perfect specimen of the highest type of modern fiction."

The character-drawing in each is acknowledged to be inimitable; the action is spirited throughout; the interest is sustained from the first to the last page as only a master-hand could uphold and carry it onward. The diamond has one flaw; the sun a single spot and that a big one; the glorious opus leaves a discordant note.

Genius and the skill of the magician's wand have overpowered prejudice and defied false standards in the works I have named and in others as notable. Singly and united, they have not availed to weaken the greed for Stories that End Well—the anomalous product of what we vaunt as A Practical Age.

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mile apart, very little walking will be entailed to reach any particular spot above ground near the line of route.

The carriages will not be connected to each other, although they will pass through the stations close together, and only six or eight passengers will be accommodated in each. We may imagine, therefore, a row of small carriages moving through each station continuously at about three miles an hour, whilst the passengers step out on to the first half of the platform and enter from the last half. At the same time, other carriages will keep coming up and joining on behind, their speed between stations being about twenty-five miles an hour; but they are slowed down before reaching the platforms. Similarly, the carriages in front will detach themselves one by one as they get up speed again; hence they will be a long way apart in passing through the tunnels.

Of course safety devices will be provided to prevent any possibility of passengers being squeezed or otherwise hurt, and these appliances have already been invented to complete the system.

The carriages are made to run exactly as described by an enormous screw which revolves in a small subway between the rails. This screw is in the form of a tube about two feet in diameter, and has a spiral rail attached to it, the distance between the spirals being varied according to the speed required. Thus at the stations the turns of the spiral rail are only one foot apart, whilst in the tunnels they widen out to eight feet. Fixed under each carriage are two little rollers which roll on the spiral rail; hence for every revolution of the screw the carriages are moved forward one foot at the platforms and eight feet in the tunnels. With this arrangement it is only necessary to revolve the screw the correct number of turns a minute to run the carriages at three miles an hour through the stations, when they will speed up to eight times as fast in the tunnels, where the turns of the spiral are eight times as far apart.

The screw is revolved by an electric motor at each station, and it is in one length between stations, supported by rollers. At the ends of each length the spiral rail is broken for a few feet; but this does not matter, as each carriage is pushed over the gap by the one following.

There are, of course, two lines of rails and two screws, running opposite ways; whilst at each terminus there is an ingenious contrivance which automatically guides each carriage round a loop on to the other line ready for its return journey.

In between the rails is a wide slot through which the arm carrying the rollers passes to the screw, and this slot is used to guide the carriages and keep them straight by means of little wheels having vertical spindles fixed to the underside of each carriage. The latter being guided in this way, there is no need for flanges on the wheels, which are therefore flat and run upon flat rails; and as such small carriages are very light in weight, it will be practicable to make the rails of rubber or some soft material which will be silent. In any case,

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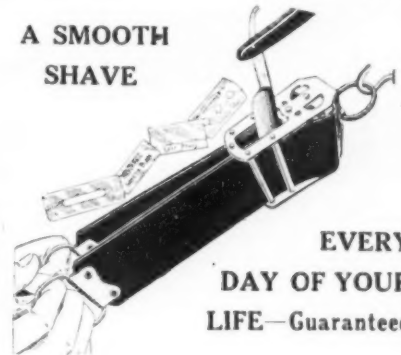
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very little noise will be made compared to the ordinary train, owing to the lightness of the vehicles and their distances apart in the tunnels. Moreover, it will be impossible for carriages to collide or to escape their guide-wheels and come off the line; and as the speed and position of each vehicle is exactly controlled by the screw, no drivers, brakes, or signals will be needed; whilst conductors will be replaced by automatic contrivances for controlling the doors.

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The quantity of pure radium at present in existence only amounts to a few grammes, and of these four are in possession of the scientific authorities at Vienna and four are housed in London's own radium institute. Four grammes represent rather less than an ounce avoirdupois and the value of the four grammes is anything from \$500,000 to \$600,000.

Locked up in the earth's crust there lies a large amount of radium-bearing ore that needs only the application of an effective process of extraction to yield up its precious contents.

Professor Sommer has not only found a way to tap these resources which have proved such a barren field to others—he has, by his process, made it possible for the radium to be extracted from the rough ore far quicker than hitherto.

Where it takes under ordinary circumstances from ten to eighteen months to extract pure radium salts from the ore, Professor Sommer can now accomplish the task in from three to four months. Further, he can in the astonishingly short time of five days prepare actual material from the raw ore.

The professor has already produced three-quarters of a gramme of radium, which at the price last obtained is worth considerably over \$100,000. The actual cost of a gramme of the precious substance to-day is \$150,000, though its normal price in recent times was \$150,000.

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## Spanish Gold

(Continued from page 32.)

"Well," said Meldon, "you can put it that way if you like. And mind this, Mary Kate — are you listening to me now?—mind this, if your grandda isn't there at half-past eight o'clock the house will be took off him whether he likes it or not. But if he's there, maybe it won't. Do you understand that?"

"I do."

"Well, now, there's one thing more. You're a mighty clever little girl, Mary Kate. I suppose now you can speak the Irish just as well as you can the English. Well, then, you be up at your grandda's house at the same time tomorrow, so as you'll be able to tell him what the gentleman says to him and tell the gentleman what he wants to say."

"Sure, there's no need."

"I know there's no need just as well as you do. But you're to be there all the same. Will you promise me now that you'll go?"

"I do be in dread of the gentleman," said Mary Kate doubtfully.

"And well you may after plaguing the life out of him all day for barley sugar. Oh, I heard about your goings on. But don't you be afraid. That'll be all right."

"Will he be for beating me?"

"He will not. I made it all right with him, and he won't raise a hand to you, so you needn't be afraid. Just you face up to him and tell him what your grandda says about the house. Now, here's the other sixpence for you. Be a good girl and mind what I said, and maybe you'll get another sixpence yet."

Meldon left the child and strolled down to the pier. He was gratified to see the two strangers in their punt rowing off to the Aureole. Their taste for scenery was evidently satisfied. He paddled out to the Spindriff very well satisfied with himself. He found Major Kent and Higginbotham sitting over the chessboard in the cabin. The Major had just been checkmated for the fourth time and was in a very bad temper. Higginbotham had taken quite the wrong way of soothing him. There is nothing more irritating than to have the mistakes of the past brought up and explained, all their foolishness exposed. Higginbotham, with that curious memory which only chessplayers possess, had insisted on going over each of the four games he had won and showing the Major where the weakness of his moves lay. Meldon interrupted the fourth demonstration.

"Wake up, you two," he cried as he entered the cabin. "and let's get tea. I'm as hungry as if I hadn't touched food to-day. I'll tell you what it is, Higginbotham, I wouldn't like to be an inhabitant of this island of yours when there's a famine on. I never came across such a place in my life for raising an appetite on a man. You ought to get your Board to run it as a health resort for dyspeptic people who can't or won't eat."

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06

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"Dyspeptic people," said the Major sullenly, "are the ones who eat too much."

"Oh! well you know the kind of people I mean. I may have got the name wrong. I'm not a boss at scientific names, and I never said I was. I leave that to you and Higginbotham. You like talking about pliocene clay and such things. Hullo! Where are you going?"

The Major had risen from his seat and was making for the galley. He disliked the mention of pliocene clay. It seemed to him that it might lead to inquiries from Higginbotham about the geological survey of the island.

"I'm going to light the stove," he said.

"Oh, I'll do that," said Meldon. "I know you hate messing about with coal and paraffin oil. It dirties your hands. You and Higginbotham spread the cloth and get out the cups and things."

"I'm afraid I can't stay for tea," said Higginbotham. "I've got a lot of writing to do."

"Nonsense," said Meldon hospitably. "You can't really want to write. No posts go out from this island."

"No, they don't. But I'm expecting some members of our Board round before the end of the month, and I like to have a report of my work written up. I didn't realize that it was so late till you came on board."

"Very well, Higginbotham, we won't interfere with your work. The Major and I both know what official work is. We're sorry to lose your company, but, of course, we quite understand. Major, if you put Higginbotham ashore in the punt, I'll light the stove. Good-bye, old fellow. Mind you don't forget to be up at old O'Flaherty's to-morrow at 8.30. It's most important. Are you ready, Major?"

Major Kent was already busy at the stove and refused to leave it. It was Meldon who took Higginbotham to the pier. When he returned the stove was lit, the kettle on it, and Major Kent was waiting for him.

"J. J.," said he, "I'll stand no more of this. If you want to entertain Higginbotham you must do it yourself. You know I'm no good at chess. What do you mean by dumping a man like that down on me for the afternoon?"

"I thought you'd like a game," said Meldon.

"You thought nothing of the sort. You knew I was no match for a fellow who has won championship cups and things. He talked to me about the Sicilian defence. What do I know about the Sicilian defences?"

"If he hadn't had Sicilian defences to talk about he'd have talked about geology, and that would have been a great deal more unpleasant for you."

"I don't see why he need have been kept here to talk at all."

"My dear Major, aren't you a little unreasonable? I had to keep Higginbotham occupied in some way. I had to keep him off the island. Don't you see that if he landed he'd have been almost certain to knock up against one or other



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of those Members of Parliament? Then he'd have let the whole thing out—geological survey, school, and all. You wouldn't have liked that. You told me yourself you wouldn't like it."

"He'll see them to-morrow anyway. It'll be all the same in the end."

"He may not see them to-morrow. They may be gone out of this. You don't realize, Major, what a restless animal the modern Member of Parliament is. He never stops long in one place. He can't, you know. The British Empire has grown so enormously of late that the Members of Parliament simply have to dart round to get a look at it at all. Besides, even if Higginbotham does see them it won't matter. I have everything fixed up for to-morrow. By the evening we'll have our hands on the treasure, and be in a position to laugh at the whole Government. Ah! there's the kettle boiling."

A few minutes later Meldon entered the cabin with the teapot in his hand.

"I was just going to tell you," he said, "when the kettle boiled and interrupted me, that I've made it all right about old Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. He won't track us to-morrow."

"What did you do?" said the Major a little anxiously. "Did you disguise yourself again?"

"I did not then," said Meldon, "but I don't deny that I more or less disguised Mary Kate's grandda, and for the matter of that, Mary Kate herself and Higginbotham. I resorted to what you military men call a stratagem."

"What did you do?"

"Well, maybe as you've been a magistrate since you've given up the army, you'll understand me better if I say that I established an alibi."

"I wish you'd talk sense, not that I care what you did. I'm past caring."

"An alibi," said Meldon, "is what they call it when a man is in another place from where the prosecuting counsel wants him to be. Now I don't want old O'Flaherty down on the pier to-morrow morning when we land. I don't want Higginbotham either. For the matter of that I don't particularly care about seeing Mary Kate there. So I've settled things in such a way that they'll all three of them be somewhere between half-past eight and half-past nine to-morrow morning. That's the alibi. See?"

"I do not."

"Well, I can't help your not seeing. The facts are just the same as if you did. We want to get off to that hole to-morrow without being tracked by old T. O. P., or talked at by Higginbotham. That's so, isn't it? Very well, we'll get off, unseen and unknown. That's what comes of managing these things with some little intelligence."

"What about the Members of Parliament, if they are Members of Parliament?"

"As I think I told you before," said Meldon, "they'll probably be gone to-morrow morning. But even if they're not, it won't matter. They went off this afternoon up to the top of the mountain to look at the view. Now fel-

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lows who go wandering about after scenery aren't likely to interfere seriously with us. We needn't bother about them."

### CHAPTER IX.

Meldon's stratagem was entirely successful. Not only did Higginbotham and old O'Flaherty keep their engagement punctually, and Mary Kate go to act as interpreter, but almost all the rest of the inhabitants of the island went to listen to the discussion. The pier and the fields through which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the path down the cliff were entirely deserted. Meldon carried a bathing towel slung round his neck. The Major had a basket with some luncheon in it. After landing they took a look at the Aureole. The two strangers were busy on deck.

"What on earth are they doing?" said the Major.

"It looks to me uncommonly like as if they were trying to pull the halyard clear of the block at the throat," said Meldon. "If they do they may reeve it again themselves. I'm not going over to help them."

"But what can they want to do that for?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Maybe they've got a new one on board. The old one's pretty bad. I shouldn't wonder if they wanted to get rid of it. But anyhow it's no business of ours. Come along."

"I wish very much," said the Major an hour later, when they were scrambling along the rocks below the cliff, "that there was some nearer way to this beastly treasure-hole of yours."

"Well, there isn't; not unless you like to let yourself down off the top of the cliff where the old boy was sitting yesterday, or off the other one on the north side of the bay. I think it dropped more sheer. By the way, that mightn't be a bad idea for getting the treasure up. You could stand on the top and let down a bag to me. I'd fill it with doubloons and then you'd haul up. See? It would be a great deal easier than carrying the stuff all round here and up the path. We'd run it down the hill to the pier in half an hour."

"It would be easier," said the Major. "But it will be time enough to arrange about that when you've got the gold."

They reached the shelf of rock outside the cave at last.

"It's a pity you can't swim," said Meldon. "You look hot enough to enjoy the cold water this minute."

Meldon himself, stripped, stood for a minute on the edge of the rock stretching himself in the warm air. Then he plunged into the water. He lay on his back, rolled over, splashed his feet and hands, dived as a porpoise does. Then, after a farewell to the Major, he struck out along the channel. In a few minutes he felt bottom with his feet and stood upright. He heard the Major shout something, but the echo of the cliffs around him prevented his catching the words. He swam again towards the shore. The Major continued to shout.



Meldon stopped swimming, stood waist-deep in the water, and looked round. The Major pointed with his hand to the cliff at the end of the channel. Meldon looked up. A man with a rope round him was rapidly descending. Meldon gazed at him in astonishment. He was not one of the islanders. He was dressed in well-fitting, dark-blue clothes, wore rubber-soled canvas shoes and a neat yachting cap. He reached the beach safely and faced Meldon. For a short time both men stood without speaking. The Major's shouts ceased. Then the stranger said:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am the Rev. Joseph John Meldon, B.A., T.C.D., Curate of Ballymoy. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Damn it!" said the stranger.

"I wish," said Meldon, "that you wouldn't swear. It's bad form."

"Damn it!" said the stranger again with considerable emphasis.

"I've mentioned to you that I'm a parson. You must recognize that it's particularly bad form to swear when you're talking to me. You ought to remember my cloth."

The stranger grinned.

"There's devilish little cloth about you to remember this minute," he said.

"I never saw a man with less. But any way, I don't care a tinker's curse for your cloth or your religion either. I'll swear if I like."

"You don't quite catch my point," said Meldon. "I don't mind if you swear yourself blue in the face on ordinary occasions. But if you're a gentleman — and you look as if you wanted to be taken for one — you'll recognize that it's bad form to swear when you're talking to me. Being a parson, I can't swear back at you, and so you get an unfair advantage in any conversation there may be between us — the kind of advantage no gentleman would care to take."

"Well, I'm hanged."

"Think over what I've said. I'm sure you'll come to see that there's something in it. By the way, I seem to recognize the rope you've got around you. If I'm not greatly mistaken, it's the throat hal-yard of my boat. I know it by the splice I put in where I cut away a bit that was badly worn. It's a remarkably neat splice. Now, if you don't mind my saying so, you're a fool to go swinging over a cliff at the end of that rope. It's rotten."

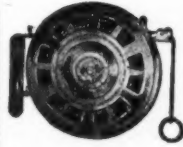
"Like everything else in your damned — I mean to say your infernal old boat. You may be a parson, but I call you a common swindler if you're the man who hired that boat to my friend Langton."

"Are you a Liberal or a Conservative?" asked Meldon in a cheerful, conversational tone.

"What the devil — I mean, what on earth has that got to do with you?"

"Oh, nothing, of course. Only as you're a Member of Parliament I naturally thought you'd like to talk politics, and it would be easier for me if I knew to start with which side you were on."

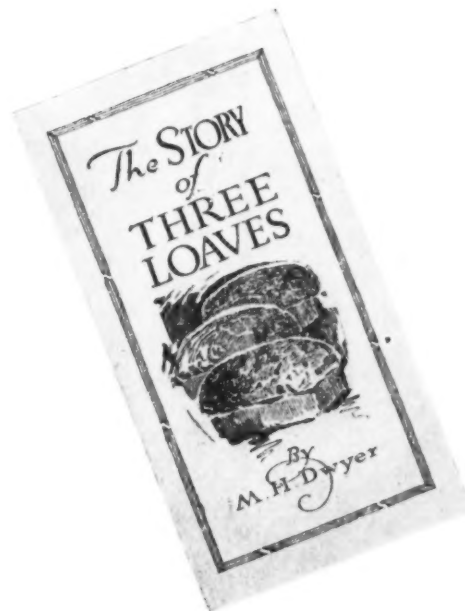
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"I'm not a Member of Parliament."  
"Well, I suppose Mr. Langton is. It's all the same thing. I might have guessed he was something of that sort when I saw him in that fur coat. Is he a Liberal or a Conservative?"

"Are you an escaped lunatic?"

"Don't lose your temper," said Meldon. "If he isn't a Member of Parliament, say so, calmly and quietly. There's nothing, so far as I know, insulting about the suggestion that you and he are Members of Parliament. Lots of fellows are quite keen on getting into Parliament and spend piles of money on it. I think myself that it's rather a futile line of life. But then I'm not naturally fond of listening to other fellow's speeches. It's all a question of taste. Some people like that kind of thing well enough. I don't blame them. There's nothing to be ashamed of in writing M.P. after your name. There's certainly nothing to get angry about in my supposing that you do. But if you like, we'll drop the subject. What did you say your name is. Mine, I think I told you. It's Meldon—Joseph John Meldon, B.A."

"And what are you doing here, Mr. Joseph John Meldon?"

"Bathing. What are you doing?"

"I'm bird's-nesting."

"Ah!" said Meldon. "Now I was very keen on bird's-nesting myself when I was a boy. I remember one time going off to an island in the lake near my old home, swimming, you know, and coming back with four waterhen's eggs in my mouth. One broke on the way and it happened to be a bit—you know what I mean—a bit high. I sometimes think I can taste it still. I couldn't spit it out on account of the other three—"

"How long do you mean to stand there talking?"

"I'm in no hurry," said Meldon. "It's early yet, and it isn't every day I get the chance of talking to a Member of Parliament."

"I've told you once already that I'm not a Member of Parliament."

"Come now, I can understand modesty, and I can understand a man's adopting a disguise. I've done that myself before. But it's a bit too thick when it comes to trying to persuade me that you're not a Member of Parliament. Is there any kind of man except an inquiring English M.P., who'd come off to Inishgowlan in a five-tonner and swing off the face of a cliff on a rotten rope? What would anybody else do it for? Tell me that. Where would be the sense in it? You tell Higginbotham you're not a Member of Parliament if you like, and he'll maybe believe you, though I doubt if even Higginbotham would. Or try it on with Major Kent. He's an innocent sort of man. But there's no good talking that way to me. If you're not a Member of Parliament, what are you?"

"Perhaps you'll believe me and clear out of this if I tell you that my name's Buckley, Sir Giles Buckley, and that I haven't been in this cursed country, or

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England either, for the last ten years until a week ago."

A sudden light flashed on Meldon's mind. Old Sir Giles Buckley, the grandfather of the man in front of him, had known about the Spanish treasure. He had heard the story, just as Captain Kent had, from Lady Buckley. No doubt he, too, had written it down in some diary, or had left notes of his expedition in search of the treasure. This man—this disreputable, disinherited son of the last Sir Giles—had of necessity been heir to Ballymoy House and the papers it contained. The situation became clear to Meldon. Here was a rival treasure-seeker, a man evidently possessed of information superior to that of Major Kent's grandfather, for he came straight to the very spot which Meldon had taken much pains to discover.

"I'm delighted to meet you," said Meldon. "Your father was always a liberal subscriber to the funds of the church in our parish. I hope you mean to keep up his subscription. The rector has been worried a lot over the loss of what your father used to give. It's most fortunate my meeting you in this way. I'll explain the situation to you in a moment. When the Church of Ireland ceased to be established by law—Gladstone, you know, I think it was in 1869—"

"I'm not going to subscribe one penny to your church," said Giles. "I haven't any money, and if I had I wouldn't give a solitary shilling towards paying a fellow like you."

"Well, anyhow it can do you no harm to understand how we're situated. Under the Act of Disestablishment the existing clergy—"

"Damn it!" said Sir Giles.

Then he pulled vigorously at the rope which was still round his armpits and shouted, "Langton, Langton, haul up, will you? Have you gone to sleep? Haul up, I tell you. Not too quick. Do you want to knock my brains out?"

(To be continued.)

### The Voice of the North

Across the land stern winter stalks in snow-white gown and cowl,  
While the frozen silence echoes to the coyote's distant howl;  
But our way is ever onward, for the spirit goeth forth  
To that alluring No-Man's-Land, the grim mysterious North.

It calls to those within whose veins the blood of vikings old  
Is ever ready for the trail, the upward path and bold.  
For them the North no terror holds: its fiercest mood is kin  
To their deep elemental joy, which loves to dare,—and win.

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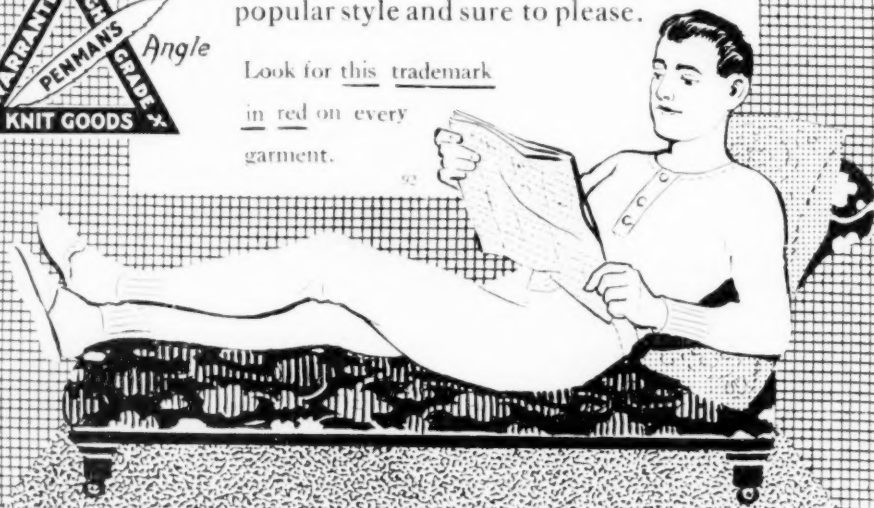
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in red on every garment.



## Test of Danforth

(Continued from page 41.)

"And what will happen if Spearing gets suspicious or impatient and starts out to find Marvel on his own account?" asked Danforth, after a pause.

"Don't worry about that," said Cavendish. "You get him into that office and the rest will be easy. Without straining my mind any I can think of about ten different ways of keeping Eli under cover."

"Look here," said Danforth, "How did you get all this inside information?"

"That," said Cavendish, with an easy smile, "I do not care to divulge. I have a personal connection with one of the interested parties."

"Does your connection assure you of getting information as to the train Spearing will come on? There are several morning trains he might take."

"There you have me," confessed Cavendish, showing a little uneasiness. "I don't suppose Spearing has decided himself as to which he will take. There's one thing certain about it. The information will be wired into Marvel's office to-night or first thing in the morning. That's where you come in. You must secure that information in time to enable you to get out and board the train at a suburban point."

At 10.15 next morning Danforth escorted a stoutish man, with a beard so long and full that it absolutely concealed his lack of a necktie, from the platform of the Grand Central depot and hailed a taxi. He bundled his companion in with great expedition and gave the driver instructions to drive to the home of Cyrus Marvel as fast as the limitations of the law and his machine would allow. When they arrived, Danforth escorted his man into the private office of the millionaire.

"This is Eli Spearing," he said. "My meeting him is a matter that will require some explanation. There will be plenty of time for that later, however, when you have finished your business with him." And he started for the door.

Marvel dismissed a stenographer, who had been taking dictation, and motioned to Danforth to wait.

"Let's have the explanation now," he said. "I already know something of this. But go on."

Danforth explained briefly how he had been approached by Cavendish and how he had ostensibly fallen in with the scheme in order to protect Marvel's interests where possible. He told of getting on the train, of striking up an acquaintance with Spearing by pretending to hold the same faith, and finally, of his volunteering to take the old man to Marvel's office.

"I suspected it," said Spearing, with a grating chuckle, when the recital came to an end. "You're a poor actor, young man. I spotted you right off. Next time you attempt to pass yourself off as a man of religious turn, study the scriptures first. I knew that my coming to New York was expected here and, when there

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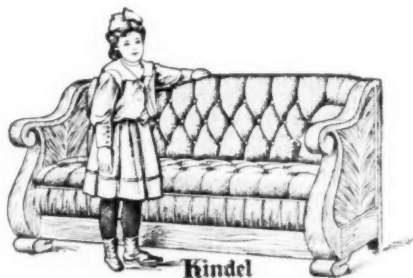
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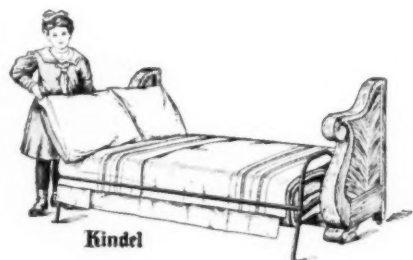
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was no one at the station, I felt sure something was wrong. I had half a notion to call the police and hand you over as an imposter. Then I thought I'd let you go ahead and get a sure case. But if that driver hadn't come straight here—I know something of New York, after all—the trip would have ended up suddenly and the police would have you now, young man."

"And this man Cavendish—" began Marvel.

"Is my nephew," declared Spearing, with another chuckle, "and a scoundrel he is. He's got all the family shrewdness without any of our moral ballast. One of these days, he'll trip up."

"That explains how Cavendish got his information," put in Danforth.

"It does not," rasped Spearing. "He didn't get any information from me. He had confederates in this very office."

"Nothing could get out at this end," asserted the millionaire, positively.

"Explain to me how you found out when I was coming to New York," demanded the holder of the controlling stock.

"You have been watched for days by a confidential agent of mine."

"He followed me to the station and wired you I suppose. Now here's the point. I didn't make up my mind as to what train I would come down on until five minutes before I started. How, then, did the information about the train get around, if it didn't leak out in the office here?"

"Perhaps Mr. Danforth can explain," said Marvel.

Danforth hesitated: "The information came from this office," he said finally.

"Then," said Marvel, "I believe I can easily find out who was responsible."

"Mr. Marvel, I wish you to understand that my object in getting the information," declared Danforth, earnestly, "was a worthy one. Still, if there is any blame to attach to the incident it belongs absolutely to me."

"The party who assisted you—"

"Knew that I needed the information to prevent Cavendish from carrying out his scheme. I trust that you will not endeavor to probe into this matter any further," said Danforth, anxiously. "I would indeed regret if any harm came out of this to the one who innocently assisted me."

"I am not inclined to blame Miss Gray," said Marvel, drily. "You see, I am a good guesser."

"That's all very well," broke in Spearing, in his high pitched voice. "Just the same if any employee of mine, man or woman, gave out information about my affairs, I wouldn't bother going after the motive. I'd bounce 'em out right off. I want dependable help."

Spearing had a nervous habit of fidgeting his whiskers. Several times, Danforth had imagined he saw something familiar and yet baffling about the old Seven Sealer. As Spearing ended up with a vicious bob of the head, Danforth, who had been fixing him with an indignant stare, glimpsed something which made him sit up with surprise. Leaning over suddenly and reaching out,

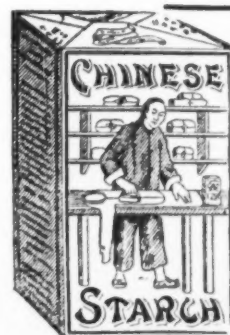
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he seized the ample hirsute appendage of the old man and gave it a tug. The whiskers came away in his hand. Jules Cavendish stood, or rather sat, revealed.

"Cavendish," gasped Danforth, hardly able to believe his eyes. "What kind of a trick is this?"

"My cue to exit," said Cavendish, getting up with a laugh. "I'm rather put out, Danforth, that you were able to detect my disguise. Rather prided myself it was good. See you later." And he strode with a jaunty air out of the room.

"There is an explanation due you now," said Marvel, plunging at once into the breach. "It will be given in due time. For a time permit me to dismiss this incident entirely, though I want first to thank you most heartily for the part you took in my interests. I believe you were entirely influenced by a regard for my welfare."

"I bungled things terribly somewhere," said Danforth, highly puzzled at the turn of events.

"My sister and daughter have returned home and I want you to dine with us to-night," went on Marvel. He leaned over and touched the younger man on the arm. "Danforth, I'm a man of few words. When I desire a thing done, I go the most direct way about to get it done. I tell you frankly that nothing would please me better than for you to marry my little girl. You have convinced me of your honesty and worth. If you ever try to win my girl, you will do so with my full approval."

To be nominated as the husband of the heiress of countless millions by the possessor of the millions himself was so complete a surprise that Danforth was too taken aback to reply for a moment. "You overwhelm me with this evidence of your regard," he said, finally. "I cannot conceive why you should hold so good an opinion of me. But what you suggest is impossible. In the first place, Miss Marvel who is noted for her beauty and accomplishments would never take notice of an ordinary fellow like me. And in the second place, I am in love myself, already."

"Don't make up your mind now," urged Marvel. "Do you realize that all I possess will go to my daughter? It would make you the richest man in America, perhaps in the world."

"I am sorry not to be able to fall in with your views. Soon you will be glad that I did not for you will realize then, as I do now, how completely unworthy I am. Still, I may as well confess that I contemplate robbing you, if not of a member of your household, at least of a member of your staff. I have conceived a very deep regard for Miss Gray."

"Then your mind is made up?"

"Yes."

Marvel touched an electric button and issued a command for the appearance of the librarian. In a minute or two she appeared, a little flushed and excited.

The old financier rose. There was just a touch of the theatrical about the flourish he gave as he announced;



"Mr. Danforth, I desire to present you to my daughter."

It took a full minute for Danforth to collect his scattered senses after this startling climax to a series of upsetting surprises. He saw the girl glance reproachfully at her father and heard her say, "Now dad, you have spoiled everything," punctuating it with a little stamp of the foot.

The millionaire, puzzled at the reproof, withdrew hastily from the room.

"Yes, it is right. I am Molly Marvel," said the girl, then. "There is a long story to tell. Will I explain it all to you now?"

"Please," said Danforth, but without any enthusiasm. He was beginning to realize that the turn events had taken had completely upset the roseate plans he had been entertaining. He felt that he could have won Mary Gray, the librarian. But with Molly Marvel his pretensions became almost an impertinence, it seemed to him.

She took her father's chair and instructed Danforth to draw one up beside her.

"I hardly know how to begin," she said. "Father should not have given me away so soon. It was planned that you were not to know until—until—"

"Why did you have to be anyone else but Mary Gray?" he asked, gazing at her with somewhat the same wistful expression that a child would use in looking at a toy which had been taken from it and placed back on the shelf as too dear to purchase.

"It need not make any difference with our friendship," she said, softly.

"I shall probably never see you again," he declared, restraining his emotion with an effort. "I—it will be best for my peace of mind to go now."

"You must not say that," urged the girl earnestly. "Do not let my change of name and position be a bar to our continued acquaintance. I want you for a friend, John."

To hear her speak his name sent a thrill through and through Danforth. Emboldened, he reached out as though to seize her hand.

"Mary—" he said. Then he stopped and slowly leaned back in his chair again.

"If I had been Mary Gray," she asked, "would you have stopped there?"

"What I could say to Mary Gray, I cannot say to the daughter of Cyrus Marvel," declared Danforth, sadly but firmly.

The girl sighed. "I knew it would be that way," she said. "Now that father has given the plot away, I am afraid that I shall have to—Well, I will tell you the story anyway."

"I saw you one day," she went on, "when father and I were out driving along Broadway several months ago. You were on foot and you looked so handsome and noble and nice that I—Well, I have always been very decided in my preferences. I told Dad that he had never refused me anything in my life and that now he simply had to get you for me. He laughed at first but finally had you followed. Then he

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traced up your record and everything he learned about you was good. So then he decided to arrange things so that we could meet. During this time I had seen you often but you never once deigned to notice me. You seemed always to walk as though you were away up in the clouds.

"Dad and Jules Debord, his secretary, worked out a plan between them. Jules is a bachelor so he persuaded your landlady to take him in under the name of Cavendish. Then Daddy wrote you, and got you to come here often to work at your dear, funny old theories and things. It was lucky you were interested in the sciences for Daddy has always been interested too and it made him kindly disposed to you at the start. It was planned that I was to meet you there as Miss Gray, the librarian, the real Miss Gray being given a holiday. That part of it was my own idea. Father wanted to introduce you in the regular way but the other seemed so much more romantic, and besides I was afraid you would not let yourself like a millionaire's daughter, because it might look like fortune hunting, while you might get to like a mere librarian."

A pause.

"Don't you think this would be a good place for you—well, to make some comment?" she hinted, archly.

"You were quite right, Mary," he said, tensely. "I proved an easy victim of the plan and if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I did fall in love with the mere librarian. For that matter, I would have fallen in love with Molly Marvel too. I don't see how I could have helped falling in love with you no matter who you might have been."

The girl smiled radiantly. "I believe I make rather a good librarian," she went on. "It was the first real work I had ever done. At first it was hard but gradually I got interested in it and finally I liked it much. I believe this is going to make a great change in my life and that I will never again be the careless, idle butterfly that I was before I met you. Do you realize what a good influence you have been to me, sir?"

"Father soon became almost as enthusiastic about you as a certain other member of the family. But it has been one of his rules that you have to test a person before you can really tell what they are. So he decided to test you. You see, he has always been afraid of fortune hunters where I was concerned. He always said that, when he found a man who did not take any interest either in the making or the spending of money, he would force me to marry that man."

"That was why Jules Debord proposed this scheme to you. He has a most peculiar sense of humor, and nothing would do him but to invent that elaborate story about T. & O. P. stock and to then impersonate Eli Spearing himself. And he insisted that he was going to make you dress yourself in the same ridiculous way. You do look rather funny, John. Do please forgive me for laughing at you. I hope you are not



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offended at the way we have used you. It worried me a great deal to think that perhaps at some stage you would find out it was all an imposture and go away.

"It was all an invention of Jules Debord's. Father has owned T.&O.P. for a year now. It was a shaky old road when he got it but now it is beginning to pay. There is no such person as Eli Spearing and no such sect as the Seven Sealers. Parlow and Hartley are not opposed to us in business matters now. You see, Father counted on your not knowing anything about such matters as you have never been interested in business."

"I'm afraid that I know more of the canals of Mars than I do of our own railroads. I am beginning to realize the profundity of my ignorance," said Danforth, with a contrite air.

"You are wonderful!" declared the girl, warmly. "You have given your time to the things that really count. The stars are much more interesting than stocks and bonds—now."

"Does not money rank with the things that count?" he asked.

"No," she replied, simply.

Another pause.

"I suppose you think me very bold to have done all this, and very unwomanly to have told you about it," she went on, after a pause. "But what else could I have done? We would never have known each other if I had not taken the initiative in this way. My position was the penalty of being the daughter of a rich man. Do you—think very hardly of me for it?"

"I love you," he said simply. "And, although I shall never forget my grief at losing you, I shall always consider it the greatest thing in my life that I had the opportunity of knowing."

"Please, John," she pleaded. "Don't leave it all to me. I have said too much already."

"Molly," he cried, suddenly, taking both her hands in his, without meeting any resistance on her part. "You are the heiress of countless millions. I have an income of twelve hundred a year. Can I honestly ask for your hand in marriage?"

She did not reply but her bowed head did not seem to express dissent.

"There is a way out of it, darling," he said. "Come with me and be content with what I can give. Leave all this wealth behind you. I'll make up for the years I have wasted. I shall work hard to make a home for you. It will be a poor home for you, sweetheart, but if love can be any substitute for luxury, I offer it to you."

"It is all I want, John," she said, nestling passively and happily in his arms.

"Then you consent?" cried Danforth, in a transport. "You make me the happiest of men. We shall have a little nest of our own, Mary. With you always by to encourage me, how I shall work!"

"I have never cooked anything in my life," she confessed, "but I can try."

"You will make a wonderful cook," asserted John. "Won't it be splendid, just you and I with our own home and our own way to make in the world? You

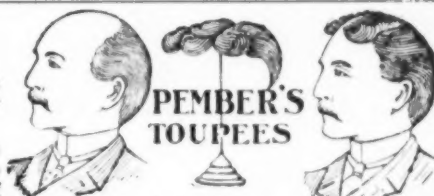
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were intended for this rather than for a life of empty pleasure, with no responsibility, nothing to do, the mere shadow of the real life."

"I love to hear you talk that way," she said. Then, after a pause, softly: "And of course, John, if things do not go right and if I made a very, very poor cook, we would always know that there was Dad to fall back upon."

## \$1,000 For Country Teachers

(Continued from page 36.)

read twenty-five or thirty standard English books under the teacher's supervision, write a good many compositions and essays, and take a little advanced arithmetic? Would not such a course impose very little additional burden upon the teacher? And would not the pupil who had taken it have a better furnished mind, and be better fitted to take a worthy place in the life of the community than many of those who have passed through the secondary schools at the present time? We have been fond of comparing our school-system to a ladder with its top in the university and its foot in the public school, but we have not provided landings for the great majority who never reach the top. Why not provide a landing where those who can go no further than our rural schools may get off and find themselves somewhere instead of nowhere?

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But, to this, to make our rural schools an inspiration to thought and culture in the rural communities, we must have better teachers. At present of the 5,728 teachers of rural schools in Ontario, but 882 are men, and the rest are girls and women, most of them immature, many of them indifferent teachers, and very few of them expecting to remain in the profession for any length of time. They are, however, on the average, perhaps better than the men. Of the total number of teachers, more than half have third-class certificates or less, and almost a third have no certificates, or only a temporary one! We must have better teachers, but how can we get them?

If we could establish a minimum rural salary of say \$900 or \$1,000, we no doubt could get good teachers. For that salary we would likely get men who were not using teaching as a mere stepping stone to something else, but who would make it a life-work, perhaps married men, who would be quite permanent in their positions and would be real leaders in the rural communities. Then we might expect the rural public schools to be real educational factors. But again the question comes up "How can we get the money?"

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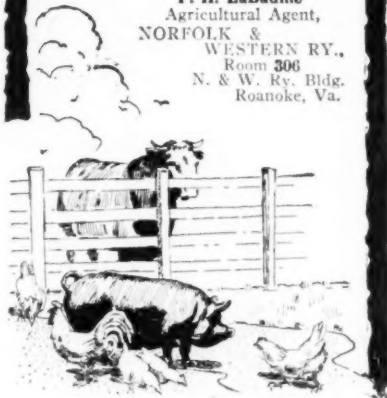
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ally "No," and he has reason back of him. He is already about the highest taxed person in the community, discriminated against by our fiscal system, and with his actual investments yielding less than current rates of interest. In fact, so highly is he taxed that he is leaving the farms in thousands. But, as we showed in the beginning, it is the business of the whole community to see that the country-people have at least a fair degree of education, and the whole nation suffers if they have not. As a nation we apparently have money to burn. We can spend millions on absolutely useless public works. The Federal Government wastes enough in training a diminishing number of militiamen to pay fair salaries to rural teachers all over the Dominion. The money would give better returns spent in educating our country children than in a costly and useless headquarters staff. We can advocate trunk roads for automobiles, to be built at enormous cost; we can give millions to mendicant railway magnates; we can afford to build an enormously costly navy. Surely we can afford a few millions for the essential work of rural education. Even a little of the money that our Provincial Department of Agriculture spends in exhorting the stupid and unappreciative farmers to work harder and grow bigger crops, might be better spent in helping them to get a better education for their sons and daughters.

The best products of the farms of our country are the bright-eyed, vigorous rosy-cheeked children. Let us see to it that while we are preaching better cultivation for our fields we are not neglecting the cultivation of this most important crop of all.

## Greater Love Hath No Man

(Continued from page 44.)

curl back like ocean waves breaking upon jagged rocks.

He had little time to think now for his brain was too much dazed by the swift movement. He was surprised, nevertheless, to find that he felt no pain, and when the motion ceased he was able to breathe without much difficulty. This gave him new hope, and he believed that air must be coming to him through some opening. He could not see, but he began to grope around with his hands through the soft yielding snow. Presently they struck something hard, and to Tim's delight he found it was a large tree which had withstood the fierce impact of the slide. In feverish haste he tore away more of the snow and found that on one side of the tree the mass was very hard, while on the other it was quite loose. In some manner he had escaped the tree and had been swirled around below as if

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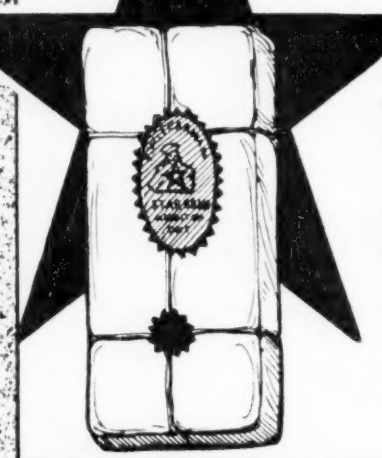
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in an eddy. New hope now seized him. The tree would mean his salvation. Working himself forward inch by inch from his cramped quarters, he was ere long able to reach a limb some distance above. By means of this he slowly pulled himself up. Then he gained another, and still another. Often he paused for he was very weary, and becoming weaker all the time. But still he struggled upward, the snow getting lighter as he rose. Then, what was that? Light, thank God, it was light, the light of the sun. Never did it seem so good to him as he struggled from that ocean of snow and fell forward senseless.

And there he was found by the Indians when they came to view the snow-slide, and taking him to their village nursed him back to life. But of the madman nothing could be found; the Napoleon of the mountains had at last met his Waterloo.

## A Confidant of Queen Mary

During the past few years there has come to front at the Court of Great Britain a woman who, in many respects, is the most powerful unofficial individual in England. Her name is hardly known even to the best informed man in the street, while little or nothing is known of her personality. Yet by her influence over Queen Mary upon the social usages and the ceremonial part of the Court life her power is enormous.

This woman who prefers to pull the wires in the background is a widow. Before her marriage she was Lady Bertha Wilbraham, daughter of the late Lord Lathom. Officially, she is one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen, but in reality she is the favorite friend of Her Majesty and occupies very much the same position in the present Royal household as Miss Knollys occupied in that of Queen Alexandra when she was the first lady in the land.

The ladies-in-waiting are usually on duty at Court for periods of three weeks each, the various ladies of the household taking turns at the duties. But Lady Bertha Dawkins, for the past eighteen months, has been almost continuously at Court, and Her Majesty is coming more and more to leave the control of the Royal visiting list in her hands, which is tantamount to investing her socially with an almost autocratic power. All who are pushing and struggling to be asked to meet royalty at any house party or to secure an invitation to any Court function have, as a first step, to secure the favor of Lady Bertha Dawkins, just as in days gone by, great ladies plotted and schemed to get into the good graces of Miss Charlotte Knollys.

During the season King George and Queen Mary dined on six occasions with various people other than those of Royal rank, and on such occasions among the list of guests chosen by Queen Mary to sit at the Royal table there were always two or three special friends of Lady Bertha.



## Between Two Thieves

(Continued from page 24.)

court of admiring beauties gathered round him, and the wife of the English Ambassador sitting upon his right hand—the man whose astrakhan-trimmed Hussar jacket, stiff with tarnished gold lace, was slashed to ribbons; whose busby had been shorn by a sword-cut of its red plume and gilded cord—whose crimson overalls were stained like the tights of a street tumbler—who had lost his sabretasche and half a spur, and whose boots—once the pride of a Pall Mall maker's heart—were slit in places and had burst in others, was the most cosseted, complimented, caressed and waited-on of all those who basked in the light of admiring glances and the warmth of approving smiles.

As Houris in rustling silks, marvellous lace mantles, and bonnets of the latest Parisian mode hovered about him, ministering with champagne-cup, Russian tea, caviar sandwiches, little Turkish pastries, and large Turkish cigarettes to his imperial needs, you saw him as a man of forty-nine or thereabouts, tall and lean in figure, sinewy of muscle, long of bone. His features were boldly aquiline and not unhandsome; his eyes were of keen, sparkling yellowish hazel, his reddish curling hair and bushy, untrimmed whiskers of the same shade were just sprinkled with gray. The outline of his jaw had the sharp salient line that distinguished the bows of the brand new pivot-gun screw-steamer that lay anchored with the French and British line of battleships in the roads at Beshiktash; his smile revealed a magnificent unbroken row of shining white teeth, and his left arm was bandaged and slung. Also, he had a Russian sabre-cut on his sharp cheekbone, and a Russian bullet in the muscles of his ribs made him catch his breath and grimace occasionally. For this egregious dandy, the owner of the luxurious steam-yacht and many things more desirable; who said "aw" for "are" and "wheiah" for "where," and "Bay Jove!" with the drawl one has heard Bancroft use in Robertson comedies, was Lord Cardillon, the Brigadier who had led the famous Light Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, on the white-legged, big brown horse—who was even then being pampered with cakes and sugar in his loose box in the 'tween decks—and whose tail the hero-worshipping crowd were to pluck bare when he got back to London.

Now, as the gold and crimson twenty-six-oared State caique with the gilded whorl and the preening peacock at the prow, shot upstream towards Therapia, Cardillon laughed, and said to the middle-aged handsome woman who sat near, the diamonds on her white hands flashing in the sunlight as she stitched at a masculine garment of coarse white calico. . . .

"You haven't asked how my audience went off, Lady Stratelyffe?"

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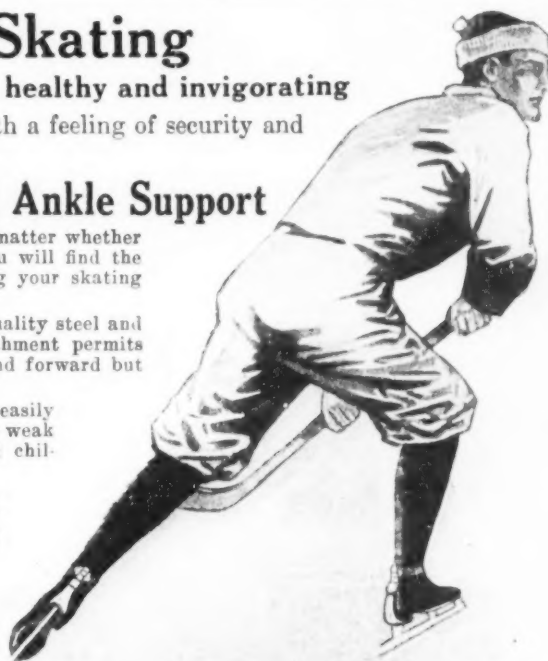
is a great benefit to all skaters. No matter whether you are an expert or a beginner you will find the "Perfection" a great aid in making your skating more enjoyable and less fatiguing.

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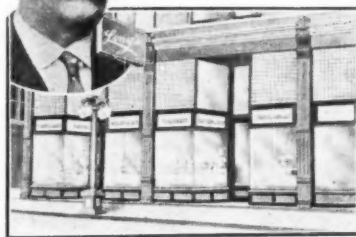
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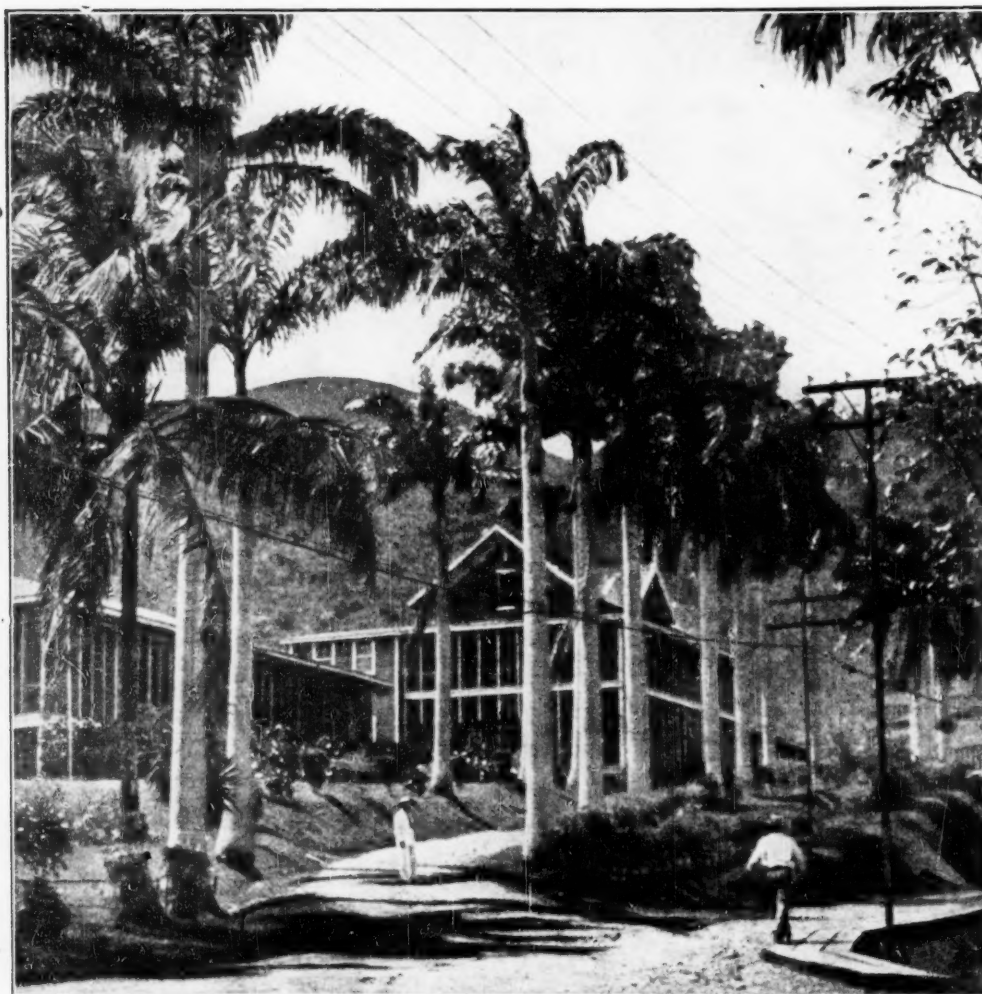
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the very best. The evenings are cool and you just wonder what you will do. Listen—take this tip, built a boat for yourself now—it will be great fun; pleasant, instructive. Then when the spring comes you will have a brand new boat—spick and span, all ready for the water—and it will only have cost a trifle. Let us tell you all about our plan. Tell us your ideas, what kind of boat you'd like—no matter what—motor boat, yacht, tenders, semi-speed cruising, launches or knock-down motor boats of any description.

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*Address your correspondence to the Travel Department*

**MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE**  
143-149 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

"I had forgotten," she answered, "but I presume nothing new or original was said or done, and that you were dismissed with the customary compliments?"

His laugh, rather sharp and hard, rang out again clearly. People were listening, and his white teeth gleamed in rather a self-conscious smile.

"After the usual stage-wait—filled up with coffee and chibuks—we found his Sublimity at the top of a long crystal staircase, illuminated with red glass lustres. The Shadow of Omnipotence took exception to the condition of my toggery. He said to Prince Galamaki, who presented me: 'Mashallah! but the infidel's clothes are torn and filthy! Does the Queen of England pay her Pashas so badly that they cannot afford to buy new uniforms?'"

There was a burst of laughter, masculine and feminine. He went on, in the dandified drawl, pulling at his bushy whiskers with the free unbanded hand:

"Galamaki—who had the honor of meeting you at Petersburg, Lady Stratelyffe—and who had attended to make his bow prior to leaving for the Embassy at Vienna, looked civilly agonised, not having mentioned to the Padishah that I understood Turkish pretty well. So I said, in that language, that in England we considered that the uniform of a soldier who had seen service was his robe of honor. And that I had dressed to wait upon the Sultan as I should dress to wait upon the Queen!"

There were "bravos" and the clapping of hands. Faces of both sexes turned towards the speaker; and though he hid his pride and exultation at the homage under an affectation of cynical indifference, it expanded his sharply-cut nostril and burned in his light hazel eyes. He went on:

"Though the look of some of these fellows we're waiting for might scare her. . . ."

"Oh no!" said Lady Stratelyffe, looking up from her work. "How could you possibly imagine that?"

"English ladies are all so brave, nowadays!" he returned, with an inflection of sarcasm.

Said a velvet voice behind him, with a sweet foreign accent that added honey to the implied compliment:

"Milord, the English ladies but follow the example of the English gentlemen!"

"Capital, Madame de Roux!" called out a handsome gray-haired man, rather formally and stiffly dressed for a yacht party, who had been conversing with a French officer in Zouave uniform. "You scatter your sugar plums broadcast!—even a diplomatist may hope to pick up one in the scramble. . . . Now, if you had said 'The English Army,'—Lord Cardillon would have taken the compliment to himself!"

Cardillon returned, ignoring the prick of sarcasm:

"Madame de Roux, who is upon her way to the Crimea, to confer supreme happiness upon a gallant countryman, can afford to give English ladies due credit for bravery. When do you sail, Madame?"



## Make Money by Writing

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Miss Susie Swartz, Berlin, Ont., writes: "I cannot say enough for what 'Actina' has done for my eyesight. When I was eight years old I had to start to wear glasses. The doctor said I could never expect to go without glasses. I have used 'Actina' only six months and can now see and do all my work without glasses. I had worn glasses for seventeen years."

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She thought in two days' time. . . He said, with gallant regret:

"I wish I might have had the pleasure of carrying you there in the Foam Star. But I am compelled to return to England, worse luck."

Ca-dillon had sighed, and his sighs were not generally wasted. Henriette turned upon him the eyes that had always reminded Dunoisse of moss-agates gleaming under running brook water, and said with the subtle, half-mischiefous smile that crinkled the corners of her eyelids, and hardly curved her mouth:

"You should have nothing left to sigh for at this hour!" He said:

"But I have! I sigh for one of those violets you are wearing."

She glanced down at the knot of pale purple blossoms pinned at the bosom of her lawn chemisette, revealed by the unfastened mantle of sables. Emboldened by her smile, he stretched a hand to them. But she leaned back, avoiding the contact of the sinewy, sunburned, covetous fingers. She had grown pale, her eyes and lips had shadows round them—she looked older, more worn. Then, as he hesitated whether to pursue his intent or withdraw his hand, she rose in a frou-frou of silken draperies, and was gone upon the arm of Lord Stratelyffe, leaving only a perfume and a desire behind her. . . . And Lady Stratelyffe, looking across her sewing, said quietly:

"Answer me, since even our exquisite ally must not be trusted with official secrets! . . . With whom does the blame rest? Need our army of invasion have suffered all these hardships and privations and miseries? How comes it that we are so lamentably deficient in Commissariat and transport arrangements? Why—I quote your own words—have we 'nothing that we ought to have'?"

He glanced about him before replying. But, seeing him engaged in talk with the Ambassadors, his guests had moved away, leaving an island of gleaming white planks about them. He said:

"Dear Lady Stratelyffe, the system of our army administrations has been, from first to last, a system of contracts. One must own it has not been a success. Contractors are not, as a rule, trustworthy or conscientious. . . . Ours have not proved themselves exceptions to the rule!"

XC.

He stooped to pick up her forgotten work, and added, as he laid the mass of coarse white calico back upon her knee: "Do say what this is you have been sewing at? It looks like—dare I say?—a nightshirt?"

"It looks as it ought," she answered, placidly threading a gold-eyed needle. "And Ada will applaud me. Your recognition of the garment should lend it value in her eyes."

"It is for the hospital?" He added as she signified assent:

"How is Miss Merling, by the way? She got in yesterday morning, I understand, with her staff of nursing ladies—of all denominations, according to the



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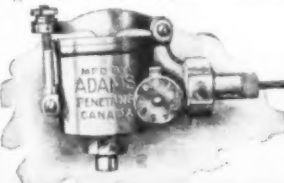


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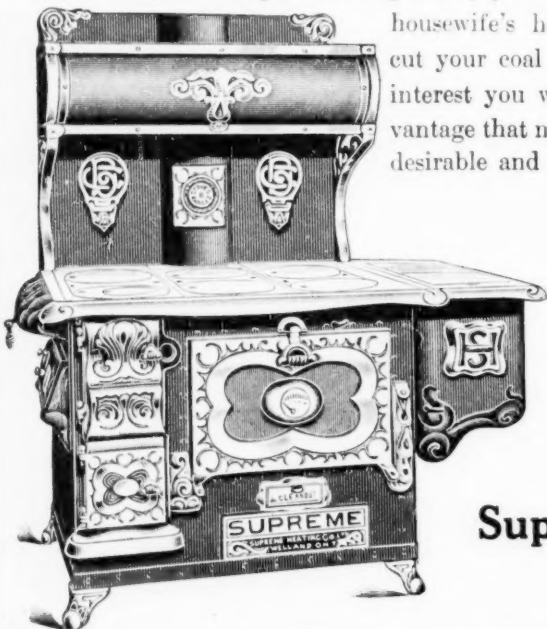
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newspapers. . . . One hopes they exaggerate?"

She answered:

"The Sisters are strictly bound not to speak of religious matters to any patient who is not of their church. . . . I am sure that they can be depended upon. So far as I can judge, their demeanor is perfect. It struck me that they accorded a more prompt obedience to Ada's orders than the other nurses displayed. And when one remembers that they only arrived yesterday morning, the changes that have already been wrought are astonishing. I could not have believed it had I not seen!"

He asked:

"And the lady-in-chief. One hopes she is serenely confident in the success of her great undertaking?"

Something in his tone stung. Lady Stratclyffe answered, with her eyes upon her work:

"The undertaking is great, undoubtedly. As you must know, her letter volunteering to assume its burden crossed that which Robert Bertham had written entreating her to accept it. The Barrack Hospital here and the General Hospital will be under her sole direction. She has also the supervision of all other British military hospitals in the East. But I can detect no 'confidence' in her bearing. . . . It would be more appropriate to describe it as calm."

"The Mediterranean is calm," Cardillon said, smiling and shrugging. "Yet I've been three times wrecked in it and once in the Ionian Sea!"

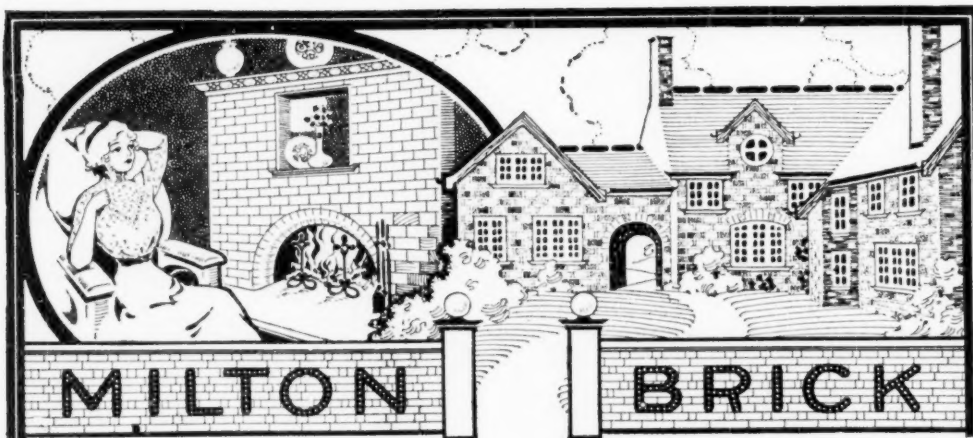
"There is no storm behind Ada's calm," said Lady Stratclyffe, "though when she found that the head and foot-pieces of two thousand iron bedsteads sent out from England in our transport The Realm for use in the Barrack Hospital here, had been buried under mountains of shot and empty shell, destined for the batteries of Balaklava, she was certainly not complimentary to the contractor who supplied, and the agent who undertook to pack and ship them! For the shot and shell must be unloaded at Balaklava before Ada can receive the missing parts of the beds. And that may mean a matter of weeks: From the windows of the Embassy I saw the transport pass this morning—a magnificent vessel!"

He asked:

"You are speaking of The Realm?" Adding, as she signified assent: "It was to her I referred just now when I said that all stores and clothing needed by the army were even now on their way up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. Your bungling agent is a well-known middleman between Government and its purveyors. Has a son, by the way, for whom he got a commission in the Guards, and who has good blood in him—however he may have come by it! Was mentioned in despatches from headquarters after the Alma. Not bad for a callow ensign, it appears to me!"

"Do tell me what he has done!" she begged. "I have missed so much that has been reported!"

"I'll do better than tell you. You shall hear the story from his company captain, Caddisbroke!"



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The hirsute and bandaged wearer of a superlatively shabby red coat which had formed the centre of a group gathered near the saloon-cabin companion came limping on a crutch across the deck, followed by the silken swish of feminine skirts and the creak of masculine boots.

"You called me, Lord Cardillon?"

"To tell Lady Stratelyffe what young Jowell said at Alma to the dandy False Retreat in the Hussar jacket and red forage cap."

A pretty woman with an infantile lisp wanted firht to know what with a Falth Retreat? The crutched new-comer answered, exchanging a glance with the Brigadier:

"We're beginning to get used to 'em, Madame de Bessarine, in moments of crisis. In fact, they're a feature of this campaign. They're mounted officers with airs of authority, and staff epaulets and brassards as correct as their English accent. Buglers with 'em too, up in all our calls—particularly numbers four and seven. . . . And when the Light Division were beginning to reckon with the six Vladimir battalions, the 'retire' was sounded, and in the confusion the Ruskis broke in on their centre and left—and tried to take the colors, and there was trouble. So Sir Bayard Baynes rode back to us—and you may guess we were well in the background, having Royalty to keep in a handbox!—and suggested an onward movement. And the Duke of Bambridge gave in. And we came up at the double, hurrying like mad, and had no sooner begun to pound the two great columns of gray coats into smithereens than up comes a dandy False Retreat riding with an order "The Duke requests the Cut Red Feathers to retire without delay!" And the bugler-blackguard blew—and our bugles sounded down the line—and our men called out 'No, no!' And this young Jowell—acting as lieutenant for his half-company in place of Ardenmore killed—calls out—and I heard him from the ditch I'd tumbled into when they shot me: 'The Duke never gave that order—and I'm dam' if I'll obey it!—I'm blest if I do, so there!' And when His Royal Highness heard it, he was uncommonly tickled—and said they should hear it at home!"

#### XCL

The south-westerly breeze had shifted. Sky and water darkened, a cold north wind blew, scattering some sleety drops of rain. And as the squall broke, and the awnings tugged at their reevings, came the splitting crack of the old brass Turkish canon from the batteries of Deli Talian, and the deeper, more sonorous boom of ships' guns answering back again.

Eighteen guns. They were coming! they were coming! The men of Alma and Balaklava and Inkerman, whom their country and the nation they had fought for could never praise and honor enough.

They came! and from the flagships of the English, French and Turkish Admirals anchored at Beshiktash the guns boomed out their welcome—the Three

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"I was at the rugby match at Ottawa," said a prominent owner of a Russell Six. "It was a bitter day. My friends could not see how we were able to sit in comfort in our open car, while they found it unbearably cold in their limousine. I explained the Russell Heating System—how by running the engine slowly the car was most comfortably warm the whole afternoon."

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Nothing less than complete comfort, as embodied in the Russell-Knight should satisfy. Russell owners—not merely pleased, but enthusiastic—have voluntarily written these fine letters.

#### No. 14

Winnipeg, Nov. 18, 1913.  
Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,  
346 Donald Street,  
City.

Gentlemen:—  
It may be of interest to you to know that I am very pleased with my Russell Knight "28," purchased from your Company last spring. All being well, I hope to have a second car of your make next year.

One cannot say too much of the comfort of your "28"; it surely has no superior, is a very smooth operating car and easy riding.

I desire to express my fullest recognition of the quality of the Russell-Knight Car and bespeak for you continued success.

Yours truly,  
(NAME ON REQUEST)

#### No. 11

Calgary, Nov. 25, 1913.  
Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,  
1504 1st Street East,  
Calgary.

Gentlemen:—  
With reference to the Russell Model "28" purchased from you three months ago, I have driven the car about three thousand miles, and during the time I have had it I have not had a particle of trouble in any way. The electric starter is a marvel, never having failed me once.

It is the seventh car I have had and needless to say, it is the best. Its finish and riding qualities are much admired by all who see and ride in it.

In my opinion the car is better than any other sold at the price.

Yours truly,  
(NAME ON REQUEST)

## RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO, LIMITED

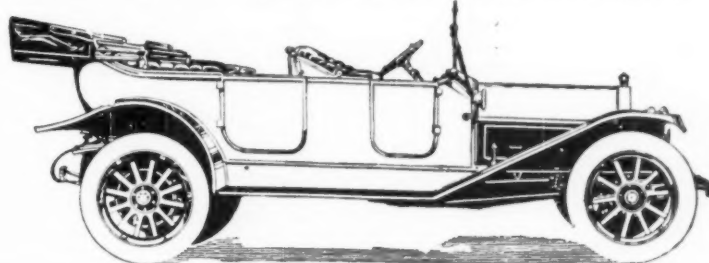
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**Write to-day for more information and demonstration that awaits your request.**

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The Barr Register is a bona fide Canadian invention, fully protected by valid patents. There is not and never has been any legal proceedings against above patents, notwithstanding all competitors' talk to the contrary. We make this announcement as we understand that some merchants have been imposed upon and induced to buy other account registers through such talk.

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Ensigns dipped as in a royal salute. But the cheers and acclamations died in the throats of the thousands whose eyes were nailed upon those mighty argosies, deep-laden, deck-piled, with Death's blackening harvest. The shouts went up, quavered, and broke, and died.

The transports followed each other at an interval of a cable's length. They moved slowly, laboriously, painfully, like living creatures enfeebled by famine and sick to death. Such canvas as they spread hung crookedly; their tangled cordage, hanging in neglected loops, gave to them a strange air of neglect and dishevelment. Their sails had proved useless; their auxiliary steam-power alone had proved available. For the wounded and the pestilence-smitten, the dead and the living, were herded and packed and crowded on those dreadful decks, as wantonly as though some giant child had been playing at soldiers with real men and real ships—and had wearied of the game half through, jumbled the men in anyhow—and given each ship a spiteful shake, and gone sulkily away.

One day a great writer will rise up, who will tell this story as it should be told. You will burn and thrill, you will weep and laugh as you read. . . . Meanwhile, be patient with the feeble pen that stumbles and falters, lost amidst a wilderness of nameless, forgotten graves.

Not that they suffered and died for nought, these men who upheld the honor of England at Alma, and Balaklava, and Inkerman. With the odor of their filthy garments, the stench of their gangrened wounds, the exhalations of fever and pestilence, they brought with them the perfume of sublime obedience and the fragrance of great acts of heroism, for ever buried in the silence of official reports.

### XCII

"WHOM the gods would destroy, they first make mad" is a hackneyed adage, undeniably true in the case hereunder quoted. For when young Mortimer's not very shining repartee to the False Retreat in the dandy red forage-cap was mentioned in Despatches, by request of the Duke of Bambridge, and reproduced, with additions and embellishment, in all the daily papers, headed "Amusing Incident During The Action of Alma," or "Good For The Guards," or "Smart Retort Of A Young Ensign," the joy of Thompson Jowell almost turned his brain.

The man exulted like a triumphant ogre. He had said to the boy "Win distinction!—it's in your blood!" and by Gosh! the youngster had gone and done it! He wearied Cowell, Sewell, Dowell, and the rest to the verge of tears with endless boasts—with windy prophecies of Morty's future greatness. At home, or at his office or Club, or in the sacred ante-rooms of stately Government Departments, he would sit heaving and swelling and fermenting like a large moist, crimson heap of beetroot being distilled into the old Jamaica rum supplied by Mowell to Her Majesty's Forces—until he broke and burst in bubbles of pride. On an average he must have re-



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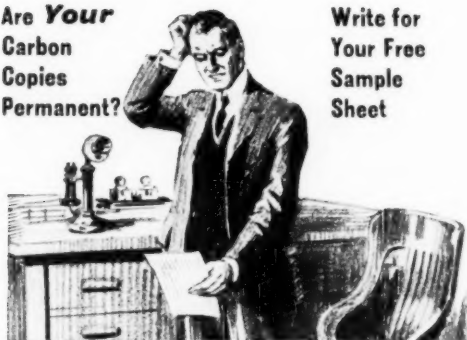
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peated the "I'm dam' if I retreat! I'm blest if I do, so there!" utterance upwards of a hundred times a day.

The fact of his son having ceased to write to him since his unrelenting reply to the letter we know of, did not shake the monstrous egotism of the father's certainty that all would be well between them by-and-by. Meanwhile he laid domineering, greedy hands on all letters that the son wrote to his mother—opening them first, and permitting that much-bullied woman, as a favor, to read them when he had done. He had only to get richer, and Mortimer would come to heel, like a blundering young pointer, none the worse in his owner's estimation, for having shown spirit in threatening to break away.

It had been a wild, wet summer in the British Isles that year, and a wild, wet autumn had followed. November had set in with gales and thunderstorms. The floods were out when Jowell went down to his little place in Sloughshire. Suppose him humming "Marble Halls" and building castles in the air of Government hay-trusses at twenty pounds a ton, as the train carried him through the summer-merged country, where men in punts were lassoing the floating stacks and cornricks, and fishing with grappels for drowned pigs, sheep, and cows.

Arrived at his "little place," the large pretentious country mansion standing in its brand-new shrubberies and experimental gardens on the outskirts of a rustic hamlet within a mile of Market Drowsing, the Contractor sent for his agent—who in a petty way was another Thompson Jowell, and went—thoroughly as was his wont—into his rents and dues.

His gross shadow loomed large upon the village, the greater part of which belonged to him, in virtue of his benevolent habit of advancing money upon mortgage to small freeholders who were in difficulties, and subsequently gulping down their land. His trail was upon the ancient Church—where the brazen pulpit-lamps by which the Parson read his sermon on winter evenings—the font in which infant pagans were made Christians—the harmonium that chased the flying choir to the last line of the hymn, the copper shovels upon which the Churchwardens collected halfpennies and buttons—bore brazen plates, testifying that they had been presented by Thompson Jowell, Esq. And in the churchyard an imposing vault, containing the remains of his deceased mother, transferred from a remote burying-ground in the neighborhood of Shadwell—where the honest soul had kept a little tobacco-shop—awaited the hour when her son should condescend to die.

Death did not hover in the mind of Jowell at this particular juncture. He was happy as he issued mandates for Distrain upon the goods of non-paying cottage tenants, and indicated those mortgagors who were to have a little rope, and those others who were to be shown no quarter. Chief of these unfortunates was Sarah Horrotian, to whom her kinsman had, some seven years pre-



Mr. White, the senior partner, is away, so his stenographer spends her time reading and doing fancy work. Mr. Black, the junior partner, had only six letters to dictate, so his stenographer gets through and goes home early.

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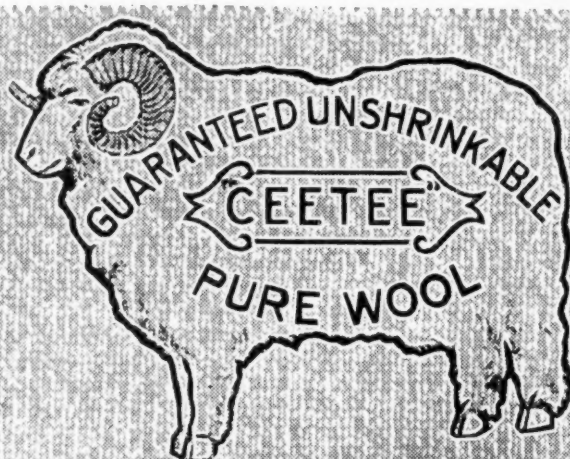
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viously, lent cash upon her freehold of the Upper Clays.

"She's letting the place go to rack and ruin," said the agent. "For her own good, sir, you ought to foreclose!"

His master pondered, routing in the stiff upright hair that had perceptibly whitened lately. Then he roused himself with a snort, and said that as it was a fine morning after yesterday's rain, and The Clays not two miles distant, he would walk over there, by Gosh, he would! and see the widow himself.

When he set out, a tussle was going on between the business side of him and the part that was paternal. The woman owed him money, but her son had saved his son. . . . One may suppose, that at first he had some vague idea of appearing before his debtor in the character of a grateful father. But as exercise quickened Jowell's brain, he perceived that this would be wrong. People who had the impudence to borrow money without the means to pay it back, were presumptuous no less than improvident. Ergo, to waive his claim to arrears of interest, was to encourage Sarah Horrotian in presumption and improvidence.

Things had gone ill at The Clays since the Second Exodus of Joshua Horrotian. Betsey Twitch, the half-widow, having been taken on as dairymaid in place of Nelly, had, in company with the pigman, Digweed, been detected in scarlet doings, and, with her fellow sinner, incontinently cast forth. And without even such clumsy supervision as the departed Jason's, Sarah's laborers had ceased laboring and her weeders took their rest.

Stock had to be sold ere long, to pay up interest due on Jowell's mortgage. The stately hayricks vanished one by one. After the Declaration of War, read by the Mayor from the balcony of the Town Hall in Market Drowsing, Sarah ceased to sell her eggs, chickens and butter on Thursdays in the shadow of the civic edifice. She even left off attending the local Bethesda, where the Mayor was regarded as a shining light.

The last beast had been sold to pay the poor-rates. Her purse was as empty as the heart behind her wedge-shaped apron-bib, when Thompson Jowell threw open the half-door, and rolled into the kitchen, keeping his curly-brimmed, low-topped hat upon his pear-shaped head, and flourishing his gold-mounted cane.

"What's this I hear?" he said blusteringly. "Now what does this mean, Mrs. Horrotian? Here have I come marching up your muddy lane to know! You're a religious woman and you don't pay your debts! Do you call that a-keeping up of your profession? Four hundred pounds of my money has gone to bolster up this here farming-business of yours, and two years' interest will be due in a week. You may tell me that Juffkins has taken stock and what-not from time to time, on account of my Twenty-five per cent. Aye! and he may have—but Cash Payments should be made in cash. Those cows and pigs and that hay of yours fetched nothing—I'm a loser by the sum



I allowed you for 'em. I am, and by Gosh! ma'am, what have you got to say?"

"It is the will of the Lord," returned Sarah Horrotian, returning Jowell's stare unflinchingly, though her thin face was as white as chalk between her gray hair-loops, and her heart beat in sickening thumps. "Though, if my son were here he would find a word to say for the mother that suckled him, and the farm be his, take it how you like it. He have been of age these ten years and ought to ha' been considered. There would be lawyers should say as I ought never to ha' borrowed money on th' property wi'out his written name!"

She had put her bony finger on the weak place in Thompson Jowell's mortgage. If he had for a moment intended to spare her, the flicker of pity died out in him as he stood rolling his moist eyes and blowing at her in his walrus-style. His mind was made up. He would foreclose at once, in case the bumptious ne'er-do-well of a son should live to come home, and—taking dishonest advantage of the flaw—rob his son Mortimer of his hunting-box. There should be no delay.

Meaning to turn the widow out, without fail, upon the morrow, he spoke of time to pay, even hinted a further loan. Then Sarah broke down and wept with loud hard sobs. This brought the ready tears into the eyes of Thompson Jowell. He called her his dear Cousin Sarah, quoted the adage about blood being thicker than water, even made an uncertain dab with his pursed-up mouth at the knobby forehead between the black-gray hair-loops, as though to plant a cousinly kiss there—thought better of it, took leave, and went upon his way.

Fate, the grim executioner, walked behind Thompson Jowell as he waddled across the Upper Clays farmyard, sloppy as of yore, but populous no longer with squattering ducks, musing pigs reclining on moist litter, and hairy faces of cows and plough-horses contemplating their world across the half-doors of stables and sheds.

The white gate clashed behind Fate as well as the Contractor; and, when he struck into the narrow hedgerow-bordered lane dividing the westerly slope of the claylands, whose deep, sticky mire had made havoc of his brown cloth spatterdashes on the way up, Fate followed at his heels.

### XCHII

THE REALM had got into harbor on the previous evening. Some of the troops on board—a draft of the 146th—had already been landed. The others came ashore after the ship broke up.

Fate sent young Mortimer Jowell down from the Front that morning, in charge of a fatigue-party, detailed to draw rations of hard biscuit, salt-pork, and the green coffee-berries supplied by a maternal Government to men who had no fires to roast or mills to grind them with.

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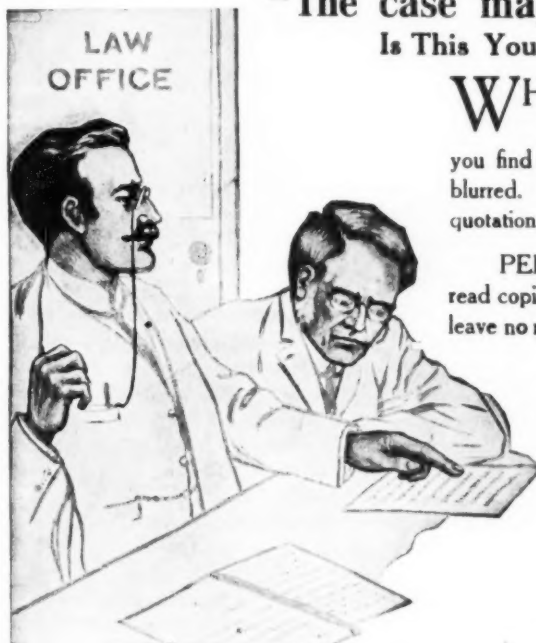
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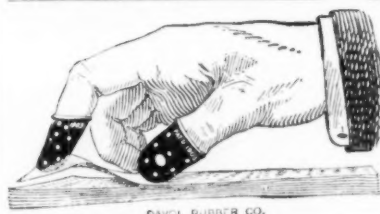
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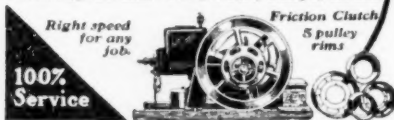
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Suppose that you see the Ensign, with his sergeant and section, tramping down the miry main street of the South-Crimean coast-town, between villas that had been clean and dapper and habitable when the Allied Armies rolled down from the North.

An endless procession of men on foot, men on horseback, men driving beasts or chariotteering vehicles of various descriptions, passed up and down that swarming thoroughfare, all day and nearly all night. Lean dogs and ownerless swine routed in piles of offal and garbage. And—for Death constantly dropped in in the shape of shell or round-shot—and dysentery and cholera were always with the Army—human refuse lay sprawled or huddled in strange fashion, waiting for the burial which did not always come.

A store-ship sent out many months previously had just unloaded a cargo of Showell's Army boots by the simple process of digging them out from the hold with shovels, filling boats with them, and emptying the boats on the beach close to low-water mark. And a half-company of Fusiliers, barefooted, and several degrees more ragged than those of Morty's fatigue-party, had been marched down and directed to take what they needed from the pile.

The boots were all too small. You saw men eagerly turning over the heaps, sorting and comparing, pitching away and swearing, sitting down and trying in vain to force the ridiculously inadequate coverings on their swollen, bleeding feet. A minority succeeded in getting shod—after a fashion. But upon the hairy faces of the muddy, ragged, hunger-bitten majority, anger and disgust and disappointment were vividly painted; and presently found vent in words.

Their N.C.O.'s—in like case with them—vainly endeavored to cast oil upon the troubled waters. Then the officer in command of the party emerged from a low-browed beach cafe, built of mud, mules' bones and Army mess-tins, where a red-fezzed Greek sold coffee, vodka, rum, and Crimean wine. He said—shouldering a net of potatoes, tucking the head of a dead fowl under his sword-belt, and sucking his moustache, gemmed with ruby drops of generous liquor:

"Whass this, Rathkeales? . . . Sergeant-Major Loneran, bring these mutinous divvies up before me! Can't get

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the boots on, is that whass the matter wit' you? And whoever thought you could?—and your feet swelled to the size of pontoons with chilblains and frost-bite! Whass that you're saying, Private Biles? 'Women's and children's sizes'? Get to the divvle with your women and children! Do you suppose the Government's a fool?"

But the production of a bundle of elastic-sided foot-coverings of unmistakably feminine proportions reduced even the Captain to silence; and a pair of little clump-soled shoes brandished in a gaunt and grimy hand, put a clincher on the case.

"Who says they're not child's sizes now?" shouted the owner of the grimy hand hoarsely. "Are these men's boots? Maybe you'll look and say!" He added: "And may the feet o' them that has palmed 'em off on us march naked over Hell's red-hot floor, come the Day o' Judgment! If there's a God in Heaven, He'll grant that prayer!"

He threw down the little hobnailed shoes, and went over, muttering, and scowling, and staggering in his gait, to where the stark body of a long-booted navy lay in the shadow of a pyramid of Commissariat crates.

His comrades and officers and Mortimer Jowell watched in silence, as he sat himself down opposite the dead man, and measured the soles of his feet against the rigid feet. They were of a size. He nodded at the livid blue face of their late owner, and said grimly:

"You and me, matey, seem about the same size in corn-boxes. Maybe you'll not grudge to part with your boots to a covey who'll be in your shoes next week or to-night!"

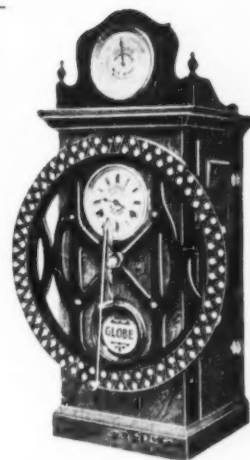
Mortimer Jowell sickened as the ghastly process of removal was completed, but the ugly fascination of the scene held him as it did other men. Nobody had noticed the blue haze creeping in from the sea, pushed by a wind that had veered suddenly. As the soldier stood up in the dead navy's boots, the gale yelled, and broke. . . .

## XCIV

It came from the south-west with hail and blizzards of snow in it. Tents scattered at its breath like autumn leaves—iron roofs of Army store-sheds took wing like flights of frightened rooks. Thunder cracked and rolled incessantly—fierce blue lightnings cleft the mirk with jagged yataghans of electric fire. Huge waves beat upon the narrow beaches, and leaped upon the towering cliffs, dragging mouthfuls of acres down. Ships and steamers, large and small, crowding the Harbor, were jumbled in wild confusion.

As store-ships and troop-ships beached, and pivot-gun war-steamers foundered—and great line-of-battle ships staggered out to sea—The Realm set herself to ride out the gale with full steam up and both anchors out. But as red sparks

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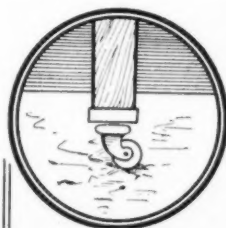
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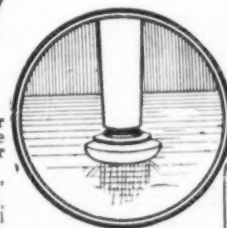
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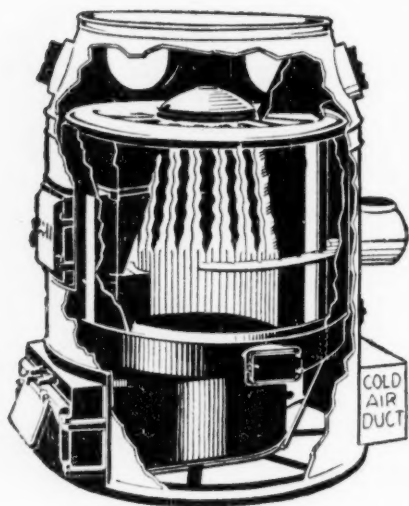
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Because a Kelsey consumes about one-third less coal than an ordinary furnace it is more economical to operate.

A house heated with a Kelsey is worth more to live in and will rent or sell for more money.

The cost of a Kelsey is small when the saving in coal bills and repairs is considered.

This economical heating system is fully described in our booklet, "Achievements in Modern Heating and Ventilation." Send for it.

**The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Ltd.**  
Brockville, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.



May you live all the days of your life.—SWIFT.  
The food value of the juice of good, rich

**Oporto Grapes**

is greater than that of any Fruit extract enjoying the popular favor, its superior quality is due to the larger proportion of sugar, fruit acids and mineral salts which are essentially the nutritive constituents of the grape.

**Peruvian Cinchona Bark**

the use of which can be traced further back than 1638 is procured from the forests of Peru, South America, and is acknowledged by the medical authorities to be the principle febrifuge known to modern science.

**Wilson's Invalids' Port** (à la Quina du Pérou) with which is combined extract of Cinchona Bark, is the FINEST TONIC WINE ever produced, and its ever-increasing popularity is explained by the confidence it has gained with Canada's leading Physicians. 240M



**WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT**  
A LA QUINA DU PÉROU

## Talking to the Point—

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. get right down to the point at issue. If you want something, say so in a few well-chosen words. Readers like that sort of straight-from-the-shoulder-talk, and that is the reason why condensed ads. are so productive of the best kind of results.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS. are always noticed. They are read by wide-awake, intelligent dealers, who are on the lookout for favorable opportunities to fill their requirements.

TRY A CONDENSED AD. IN THIS PAPER.

and black smoke weltered out of her funnels, and the great iron cables rolled off her capstan-drums—one after the other those port and starboard anchors went to the bottom with a roar. And the gale took the brand-new two-thousand-six-hundred-ton Government transport, twisted her round, lifted her up and broke her, as a child breaks a sugar ship that has come off the top of a birthday cake.

... And then The Realm bumped thrice—and broke into barrel-staves and flinders. And her cargo of good goods and bad goods—bogus goods and no goods—and nearly every living soul aboard her—went to the bottom of the Euxine. And young Mortimer Jowell, who had skirted the Harbour on its windward side, and climbed the towering wall of rock that gates it from the Bay, shut up the Dollond telescope through which he had witnessed the tragedy—and sat down upon the hailstone-carpeted ground behind a big shoulder of pudding-stone to recover and think over things.

"O God, save those poor beggars!" he had groaned out over and over, as the little red and black specks that were men bobbed about in the boiling surf. It was quite clear to him that they were shrieking, though the howl of the sleety gale had drowned their cries.

"Damn the old man! He's done it, as he said he would!" he muttered, hugging his knees and blinking as the stinging tears came crowding, and a sob stuck in his throat. "And I used to chaff him for being such a thundering old Dodger! Gaw!" He shuddered and dropped his haggard young face into his grimy, chil-blained hands.

He knew he could never again face his brother-officers. . . He knew he could never, never again go home. He roused himself out of a giddy stupor presently at the sound of voices. Two officers of the Fleet had taken refuge from the blizzard in a buttress-angle of the Fort wall, not far distant. They were talking about the wreck of The Realm, and, sheltered as they were from the wind, their voices reached the ear of Jowell's son.

"It's a gey guid thing for the Contractors," said one man. "They've saved their bacon by letting the Army salt-pork and junk go to Davy Jones's locker, ye ken!"

And his companion answered significantly:

"Supposing it ever was aboard!"

"Ay!—now I come to think of it," said the first man, who had a North of the Tweed accent, "that was varra odd the way the port and starboard cables went ripping oot o' her. Will we be getting any explanation of that circumstance, do ye suppose, later on?"

"Undoubtedly, if we wait until the Day of Judgment," said the second speaker, who seemed a bit of a cynic. "And meanwhile—I'll bet you a sovereign that more stuff will be proved to have gone down in her than ever could have been got into her holds. She'll be the scapegoat of the Commissariat—and by Gad! they want one!"

Said the other man:

"Ay! do they—gey and badly! Come,



let's be ganging doon. I'm sorely wanting a nip!"

And their figures crossed the threshold of the broken doorway, and Mortimer Jowell heard the pebbles rolling under their sliding feet as they negotiated the downward path.

"If I were the kind of man I'd like to be, I wouldn't even take the twenty-five thousand pounds he settled on me when I got my Commission," he muttered. "No sir! I'd send it back—and send in my papers—and get a berth in the Sultan's pay. Turn Bashi, perhaps, though I hate Turks, filthy beggars! Still . . . Gaw! . . . that ain't half a bad idea!"

He looked at his watch. It was twelve o'clock. The storm that had brewed and burst with the diabolical suddenness peculiar to Black Sea hurricanes had begun to pass over. Tears in the pall of sooty vapour rushing northeast showed patches of chill blue sky and blinks of frosty-pale sunshine. The batteries had never for an instant ceased bellowing and growling. Now men who had left off work, or play—to stare from the cliffs at the sight of war-steamers buckling up, and transports smashing like matchwood—went back to play or work again.

But, where the cliff lowered to a saddleback below the Fortress, a rescue-party of men of both Services—with life-buoys and lines and a rocket-apparatus—were energetically busy—and the Ensign joined them and asked the reason why? When they pointed to the brink of the cliff, he crawled on his hands and knees, and, craning his neck over—saw that shipwrecked mortals no bigger than swarming bees were clinging to a fragment of wreckage—jammed amidst jagged rocks and boiling surges, a sheer three hundred feet below.

The question argued was, who should be lowered down and make fast a line, by which these perishing wretches might be hauled into safety? They would have settled the thing by drawing of lots. But Fate stepped in the person of the bullet-headed young subaltern of the Cut Red Feathers, who shouted as he unbuckled his sword-belt, untied his sash, and threw off his mud-stained fur coat.

"I'm the owner's son, and this is my affair, I'm blest if it ain't! I'm dam' if anybody goes down that cliff but me!"

He had not the least desire to die, but it had suddenly been revealed to him as by a mental lightning-flash, that there was but one way to cleanse the tarnished name of Jowell. Not by discarding it—but by good deeds purifying it, and sweetening it in the nostrils of honest men.

As they made fast the line about him he fumbled in his breast and pulled out a little note-case, calling out:

"I want some fellow to take charge of this!"

No one volunteering, he scanned the faces of the throng about him—and lighted on one that, despite a shag of crimson beard—he knew. He said, moving over to the owner, a tall, broad-shouldered, ragged soldier, in the tatters of a

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☞ Comparing with other Machines as does the *Disc* Talking Machine to the *Cylinder*.

☞ It is the *direct Time Saver* to the Busy Man.

☞ It enables the Typist to *Double* his or her Output.

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Over 20,000 in actual use to-day—an absolute perfect device for affixing stamps—every stamp accounted for.

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL. Ask for Booklet  
"M," telling how to test a stamp affixer.

CANADIAN MULTIPOST CO., LIMITED

362 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.



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Suppose you look at it this way—without a Dictaphone you are paying money out of your pocket that should be going in your pocket. How? You have, say, 50 letters to write—your stenographer takes your notes—she's spending minute for minute with you—hour for hour—you spell out words—repeat sentences—answer her questions—**TIME LOST.**

With the **DICTAPHONE** you don't need the stenographer for notes—don't answer questions or repeat sentences. Your mail is finished in half the time.

Meanwhile your stenographer has been busy with other duties—dollars saved—time saved—a greater output for the same wage—money in your pocket.

Moreover, your letters are clearer—thinking has been uninterrupted—personality preserved—prestige.

Don't begin the New Year with old methods, start now and put the stenographer's wage in your own pocket.

Telephone or write to our nearest branch, or better yet, call

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Ottawa, Ont.—Hope Chambers.

Quebec, P.Q.—1230 Rue St. Valler.  
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(REGISTERED)

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Laneer uniform, and holding out his hand to him:

"You're the man who saved me in the wreck of The British Queen, and wouldn't tip me your fist afterwards. Have you any objection to doing it now?" He added, as Joshua Horrotian complied shamefacedly: "And as you're a kind of cousin, you might look after this 'ere notecase. There are some flimsies in it, and two letters that are to be posted, supposing I don't come up from down there! You can keep the tin in the event I've mentioned, and spend it as you choose! Do you twig? And have my sword and sash sent to my mother! Now, ain't you beggars about ready to lower away?"

And they lowered away—swimmingly for a hundred-and-fifty feet or so, and then the gale—that had been crouching and holding its breath—roared and leapt. And the hope of the House of Jowell was beaten into a red rag against the face of those stupendous precipices of pudding stone, in less time than it takes to write these lines.

He sobbed out "Mummy!" as the life went out of him, and something plucked at the vitals of a dowdy woman, separated from him by thousands of miles of dry land and bitter water, and she cried out: "My boy! . . ." And then there was nothing left for those on the cliff-top, but to haul the limp and broken body up again.

XCV

Upon the morning that saw the wreck of The Realm in Balaklava Bay, Thompson Jowell travelled up to London, big with the determination that what he had planned should not be carried out. It would be difficult to arrest the hand of his hired Fate, but with tact and promptitude it could be managed. He eased his mind by saying that it could, as the London Express carried him to Paddington at the Providence-defying speed of thirty miles an hour.

Even as he composed his cautiously-worded cablegram a wire from the Admiralty was lying on his office-desk. But he felt happier than he had done for months, and correspondingly virtuous as he chartered a hackney cab and drove to the City—and got out at the paved entrance to the narrow alley of squalid houses in the shade of the Banking House of Lubbock & Son.

It was a moist, foggy November forenoon, and the yellow gas-jets made islands of light in the prevailing murkiness. . . . BROADSHEETS papered the gutters, advertising the Latest Intelligence from the Crimea. Fate had arranged that Jowell's newspaper should not be delivered at his country seat that morning, and that—absorbed in the composition of his message—he should have omitted to buy one at the railway station. It occurred to him that he would buy one now.

He thrust his big hand in his trousers-pocket and wagged his umbrella at a scudding newsboy. The boy darted on, and Jowell condemned him for a young fool. Then a coatless, shivering misery,



with wild eyes staring through a tangle of matted hair—padded upon blue and naked feet and thrust a paper under the nose of the Contractor, saying:

"Buy it, sir! It's the last I have!"

"Give it here!" snorted Jowell, grabbing it and fumbling for a penny. As he dropped the copper in the dirty hand, he knew that he and the sea-green Standish had met again. The ex-clerk laughed huskily as he recognized his old tyrant, and said, in a voice that shook and wobbled with some strange emotion:

"Keep your damned money! I'll make you a present of the paper! I've prayed for a chance like this ever since my wife died!"

With a shrill, crazy laugh he shoved the penny back into the stout hairy hand with the big showy rings upon it, and was swallowed up in the moving crowd and blotted out. And Jowell damned him for an impudent hound, and pitched the coin angrily after him. And a guttersnipe pounced on it, turned a Catherine-wheel with a flourish of dirty heels and vanished. And Jowell, standing under the gas-lamp at the head of the alley, tucked his umbrella under his arm, and opened the newspaper. These headlines caught his eye:

**GREAT GALE IN BALAKLAVA BAY**  
Damage to Allied Fleets' War-Ships.  
**FOUNDING OF 'THE REALM'**  
**TRANSPORT WITH ALL HANDS.**  
Heroic Conduct of Young British Officer.  
Meets Death in Effort to Save Ship-  
wrecked Men."

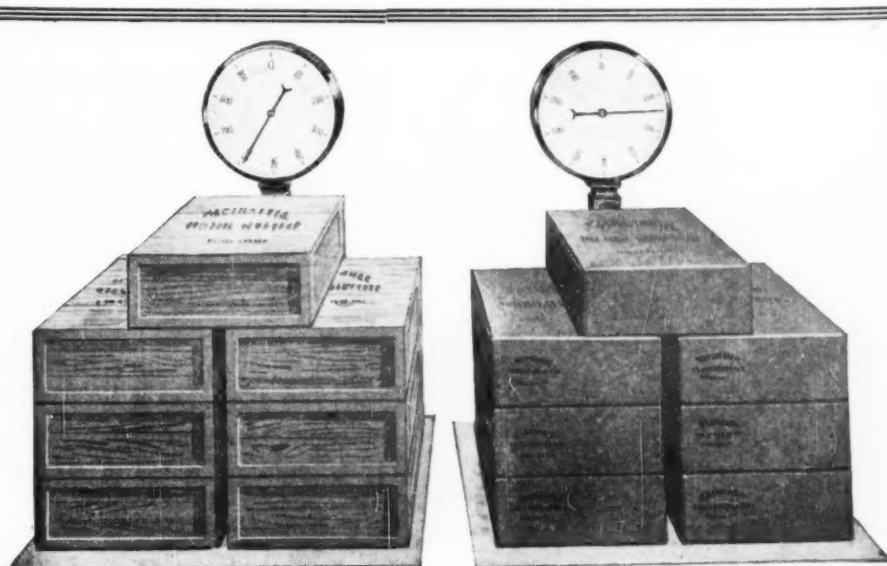
By Gosh! the thing had happened, and would have to be made the best of. The boy would come round, by-and-by. Thompson Jowell folded the newspaper, and walked down the alley to his office, and rolled in amongst the pale-faced clerks, who did not dare to lift their heads from their ledgers, knowing what they knew already, and went in silence to his private room.

And Chobley, the Manager, peeping out of his own little glass-case said to himself that it would be better to leave his employer to himself for a little. Hence we may gather that Chobley had peeped into the Admiralty telegram that lay waiting on the blotting-pad.

Jowell opened it, sitting at his table. It briefly conveyed the news, and con-  
doled with him on the irreparable loss of his gallant son. He did not collapse as on a previous occasion. He sat very still after he had read the message, with his ghastly face hidden in his thick, shaking hands.

His son, for whom he had saved, and planned, and plotted, and swindled, who was to become a Titled Nob and found a race of Nobs that should carry down into remote posterity the glories of the paternal name, had repudiated the name, and cast off his father, and gone down to death, defying and disowning him.

He lifted his livid face and rolled his bloodshot eyes about the office, and the sentences of the letter he had burned seemed written on the dingy wall-paper and woven into the dirty carpet on the floor. An organ in the street was grinding out a popular air, and they fitted



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The illustrations depict an actual case, showing the dollars-and-cents saving a well-known automobile concern makes on shipping radiators between Chicago and Rochester, New York, for example, by using **Hinde & Dauch Corrugated Fibre Board Boxes**. The identical shipment that formerly weighed 595 pounds and cost \$2.08, packed in wooden boxes, now weighs 245 pounds and costs only 86c, packed in **Hinde & Dauch Boxes**—a saving of 58.7%. Apply this to your own business. Also remember that low transportation charges are bound to win good will in cases where the man at the other end foots the bill. On this account alone will it not pay you to investigate? But that is not all—

## HINDE & DAUCH

Corrugated Fibre Board Boxes

not only save on freight. The cost, to begin with, is 10 to 20% less than wooden boxes—the automobile manufacturer mentioned above saves over 60 cents on each case. They cut down your storage space 9-10, for they fold flat. They save at least 75% in packing time.

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**H & D Boxes** are stronger than wooden boxes—tougher and more resilient. A smash that would demolish a wooden box will ordinarily have no effect on a **H & D Box** or its contents. **H & D Boxes** afford

cheap insurance against damage claims. Moreover, they are dirt-proof, damp-proof and secure against pilfering.

It makes little difference what your product is—whether it is hardware, china, millinery, foodstuffs, bottled goods, clothing, tobacco, glassware, or whatnot—there is a particular **H & D Box** for your particular product if it can be packed in reasonably sized boxes. Many years' experience in solving the packing problems of thousands of businesses have put us in a position to solve yours. Simply tell us what you pack—how big it is—how much it weighs—and how many you pack in each case; our Service Bureau will study your problem, and send free of cost or obligation, direct to your office or factory, the shipping case best suited to your particular needs. Please write on your business stationery. Also—

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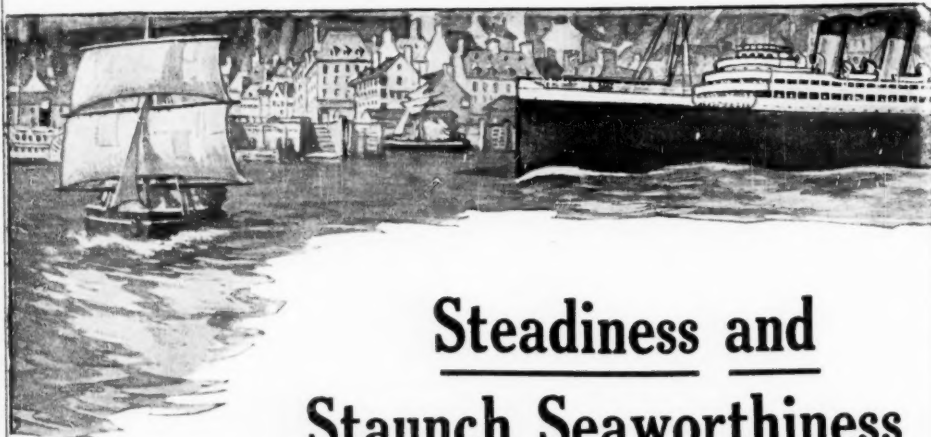
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\* .....

Wed., Feb. 25

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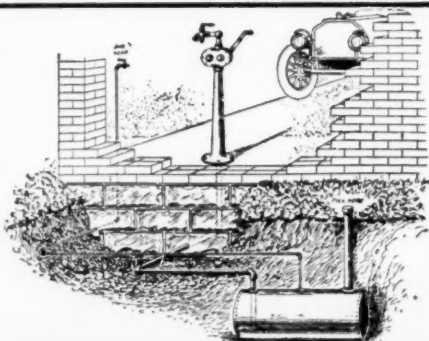
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WINDSOR, ONTARIO



themselves to it, were jarred out over and over in maddening repetition. He knew that he must soon go mad if this sort of thing went on.

There was courage in the man. He took pen and paper and wrote a letter to the firm of underwriters who had insured The Realm, making it clear that he would accord no grace in the matter of the great sum they would have to pay. His name was Peter Prompt in such matters, he added, and had always been. And then he penned an additional sentence or so that made the Senior Partner open his eyes. He did not know that he had wound up his communication to the underwriters by quoting the words of his dead son's last letter:

"If you do this thing that you have planned to do I will never come home again or call myself by your name, or take another sixpence of your money. Don't do it Governor; Don't do it, for God's sake! He might forgive you! I never should, I know!"

His letter directed, sealed and stamped, he pulled himself out of his chair, took his umbrella from its usual corner, and went about his City business in the usual way. Save that his eyes were bloodshot, and that he wore no hat, there was nothing out of the common in his appearance. Yet, wherever he went, by something that, unknown to him, kept cropping up in his conversation—he left the impression that grief had turned his brain.

He became conscious ere long that he was bareheaded, and supplied himself with the needed article—with the latest thing in mourning bands upon it—at his hatter's in Cornhill. Leaving the shop, he found himself in the street, walking Westwards at a great rate. . . It was now dark, and very wet—and the people who passed him were for the most part sheltered by umbrellas, and omitted to notice the stout man in the mourning hat-band and flaring waistcoat, who walked with his coat unbuttoned, heedless of the pouring rain. . .

He let himself into the great house in Hanover Square, shut up and blinded and looked after, in his absence from town—by a housekeeper and an under-butler. He was expected, and preparations had been made to receive him. But, explaining to the curtsying housekeeper that he would want no dinner, he passed into his sumptuous library and locked the door. Nobody ventured to disturb him, and when he came out it was nearly midnight. To the under-butler, who was waiting up to valet him, he spoke quite gently, bidding him fasten up the house and go to rest.

And then he took his candlestick from the hall-table and passed up the wide, shallow-stepped, softly-carpeted staircase and went into the splendid suite of rooms he had furnished for his boy. . .

(To be continued.)



# The Business Outlook

Canadian Investments Have Been in the Nature of Productive Improvements and the Wheels of Commerce Ought Soon to Turn Faster

By JOHN APPLETON

"The annual produce of land and labor of any nation can be increased in its value by no other means but by increasing the number of its productive labors, or the productive power of these laborers. It is by means of additional capital only that the undertaker of any work can provide his workmen with better machinery. When we compare the state of a nation at two periods and find that the annual produce of its lands and labor is evidently greater at the latter than at the former, that its lands are better cultivated, its manufactures more numerous and flourishing, and its trade more extensive, we may be assured that its capital must have increased during the interval between those two periods, and that more must have been added to it by the good conduct of some, than has been taken from it by private or public extravagance."—Adam Smith.

Canada has increased the number of her productive laborers and has provided them with machinery by importing capital. Both means of increasing annual produce, as outlined by Adam Smith, have been adopted by Canada, with the result that production has increased by leaps and bounds.—Editor.

PROFESSOR ALFRED MARSHALL says that a "rise in the rate of interest increases the desire to save; and it often increases the power to save, or rather it is often an indication of an increased efficiency of our productive resources." Borrowers in Canada appear for the time being to realize more fully the extent to which interest rates have risen than the importance of being frugal. In the annual reviews which reached the public at the close of 1913 much has been said by very competent writers of the advance in interest rates and its effects. High though they are at the present moment the investors of Europe and many within the Dominion itself are holding back their gold with a view to still getting higher rates. At the high rates that have prevailed during the year there has been more borrowing by Canada than in any previous year. We are therefore compelled to ask the question: Has the nation been acting wisely in thus borrowing so heavily at a time rates are so very onerous, and of which, Mr. Hirst, the editor of the Economist goes so far as to state that they are usurious? That question is not a fair one in the case of Canada. She was caught on an advancing market, in so far as rates of interest are concerned, when in actual need of much capital to complete special undertakings on which vast sums had been spent. To have stopped borrowing no matter how high the rates of interest were, would have caused the loss of, or severe depreciation, of capital already laid out. Necessity played an important part in the rush to the market for money at a time when interest rates were high. Having had to pay this high rate for money it is safe to say that the desire to save on the part of the Canadian borrowers will be very much stimulated. There will have to be much saving, more production and more frugal private and national conduct to take care of the obligations which the nation individually and collectively has assumed.

Professor Mavor, whose opinions have come to be very much respected in Canada, stated in an article in The Financial Post that the demand for, following a period during which there was an accumu-

lation of, capital was caused by the increase in population, the increased actual comfort and a demand for greater comfort. Admitting that this is perfectly true as applied to the older nations and in a more limited sense to Canada, where undoubtedly higher standards of comfort are being desperately striven for, the main cause of the demand for capital in Canada has been for investment in machinery of production. Canada has not been extravagant. For instance, she has not been guilty of over-adorning her cities. Some regard has been paid to such necessities as sanitation but no competent critic will charge Canada with extravagance in beautiful but unproductive public undertakings. Her great national parks are but as yet reservations. What monuments she boasts of are very utilitarian. Her achievements in railway building, are her greatest monuments. What can be more practical?

Her national as well as her private ambition, in the last decade has been to lay down such plants as would start the development of the resources of her vast territory. No young nation has hitherto tackled so big a project. When her scattered peoples were brought together under one political entity the first thought was to connect the territory by a railroad. To get the capital a tremendous price was paid for it and that price is still being paid. But who can dispute the enormous increase in production which followed. Railroads are being placed indiscriminately with a shrewd eye to traffic. They make the land accessible to population and bring the forest and mineral areas within practical reach of commercial exploitation. Both these agencies of production, railway building and commercial enterprises fed recently on capital supplies, are growing and each year their new capital requirements increase. Behind them is the clear incentive of gain through possibilities in the way of production.

A railroad would not be built but for the prospect of getting traffic as a result of the wealth the area it serves will produce and that wealth will have to be carried to another point where it can be exchanged for other wealth. Students

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of Adam Smith will remember his telling of the great difficulties which, in the old days Scotch farmers had in getting their wool to Yorkshire to sell to the weavers who thrived there. Neither the weavers of the latter country nor the farmers of Scotland at that time had sufficient capital to bridge the difficulties of transportation. After those difficulties disappeared, when capital became available in more recent times for roads and then railroads the increase in production was tremendous. In Canada, at a time when capital is more readily available, and distances are so much greater and the land naturally more fertile, the transportation difficulty is the first one. That has been solved partially by heavy borrowing which has helped materially to stiffen the rates of interest, but it has only opened up a still greater demand for capital to lay down the plant for the exploitation of the resources which the great transportation lines have made accessible. If then our demands for capital have sent up the rates of interest it is an evidence of increased efficiency in our productive resources.

Canada's contribution to the world-wide scramble for capital arises from her national ambition to turn to account rapidly her great resources. While her people have striven to obtain a larger measure of comfort they have not been as a whole extravagant, comparatively speaking. Capital accumulated and that which is brought into the country is being turned into productive machinery which is bearing fruit in a much larger volume of wealth produced each year.

We might here refer to some of the facts which are given in the annual reviews with regard to the progress of Canada during the past year as well as for the past forty years or thereabouts. In The Financial Post of Dec. 27, a diagram is given, showing the trend in volume of production in Canada since the year 1870. For twenty years, from 1870 to 1900, the value of the crop product of the Dominion annually was practically stationary at \$200,000,000 a year. In thirteen years from 1900 to 1913 the amount rose from \$200,000,000 to \$550,000,000. In the same period, that is from 1900 to 1913 the value of the output of industries rose from approximately \$500,000,000 to \$1,100,000,000. Taking crops, manufactures, minerals, forest and fishery products together the value is practically three times as great as it was in 1900. This has been made possible by the acquisition of more population and more capital, particularly the latter. Although the population of the Dominion has doubled in forty years the production of wealth is five times as great at the present time as then. The cause of this is the employment of more capital which made the producing machinery more efficient.

In efficiency as well as quantity there have been great strides in production in Canada during recent years and it has not been until quite recently that Canada has become a great borrower upon the London and European markets. The fact, therefore, that the extent of the requirements of Canada, in conjunction



with the large demands of other countries for capital has sent up the rate of interest need cause no fear or alarm in Canada. What Canada has procured capital for and what capital she will procure is not going into armaments but into machinery of production. The figures quoted are based upon official returns and are near enough to exactness to warrant the conclusion that the increased efficiency of productive machinery in Canada is in proportion to her borrowings as demonstrated by the output. If Canada had to pay higher interest rates upon capital that was not going into productive enterprises there would be cause for genuine alarm. But it would appear from present indications that the Dominion is on the threshold of an era of still greater production as the result of putting into fuller operation the plant that has been in the course of erection during the past few years. A fact too often overlooked is that it takes sometime to get machinery into smooth running order. The productive machinery being installed in Canada is of extraordinary dimensions and at least a few years will elapse before we can expect to see the full fruits of its use. A few thousand invested in almost any business may not bear full fruit for many years and it will take longer to turn to full account the expenditure of the millions invested in Canada during the past few years. A successful builder in Toronto says that for nine years his gross earnings annually were less than \$350 but now he is wealthy. His small capital was a long time in bringing in results but he had faith in the city in which he dwells and he had as great faith in the Dominion as a whole. But few can doubt the great resource to which so much capital has been applied and likewise but few will have so poor an estimate of the shrewdness of the Canadian to think that he will not be more frugal as interest rates advance. He would be utterly stupid however if he allowed what capital he has borrowed to depreciate rather than pay a higher rate for what more he needs to equip his producing plant. That plant is steadily improving in efficiency and has the advantage of unsurpassed resources to work upon. Its results will dissipate very soon what doubt has arisen with respect to the business outlook for immediate future.

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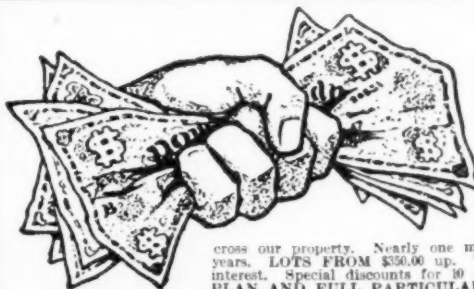
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# Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace

Character Sketch and Account of the Life-work of the Great Scientist

AMONGST the high names which marked the Victorian age, that of Charles Darwin occupies the chosen place. There were others who were caught up by the central current of evolutionary thought—Lyell whose strong support Darwin and Wallace at first sought; Galton, who left the beaten track to found a new city whose builder was to be rejuvenated man; Huxley, the brilliant defender of Darwinism; Herbert Spencer whose incomparable fertility of creative thought entitled him to share the throne with Darwin.

Amongst these illustrious pioneers, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, of whom Mr. James Marchant in the *Review of Reviews* gives an excellent character sketch, occupied a unique place, and with his death the great epoch of the introduction of evolution ceases.

After a school education which failed to draw out his natural gifts Wallace became a land surveyor, devoting his spare time to botany. On coming of age he arrived in London without employment. This blessed misfortune set him planning a wild scheme to go off to the unknown Amazonian forests to observe Nature and make a living by collecting. "I possessed at that time," he said sixty years later, "a strong desire to know the cause of things and a great love of beauty in form and color." He found a kindred spirit in Henry Walter Bates and with Darwin's Journal, Humboldt's Travels, Lyell's Geology and Chamber's Vestiges in his knapsack he began his long wandering in the Amazon, and later in the Indo-Malay Islands, far from clothes and civilization, in hourly contact with Nature in her ever changing wondrous moods; observing like Darwin, too, with great surprise and delight, the uncontaminated savage—true denizens of the Amazonian forests; sleeping in dense jungles; collecting vast numbers of butterflies, beetles, and birds, and a vaster store of first-hand knowledge which was to prove him, like Darwin, a born naturalist, and to form the foundation of his life's work. There he accumulated the facts upon which he was to build up his fascinating story of the utility of colors in protecting insects, birds and animals from destruction, and as recognition marks. There he began the study which led up to his great work on the geographic distribution of animals and of plants; and there, too, he saw Nature in her most dazzling and sublime aspects—"the sombre shade of the dense forest scarce illumined by a single direct ray even of tropical sun; the enormous size and height of the trees, most of which rise like huge columns a hundred feet or more without throwing out a single branch . . . ; the rarest of birds; the most lovely insects; the most interesting mammals and reptiles—the jaguar and the boa constrictor; and, amidst the densest shade, the bell bird tolled his peal."

tor; and, amidst the densest shade, the bell bird tolled his peal."

Whilst on these travels he was brooding over the origin of species. In 1855 he wrote his first paper, "On the Law which has Regulated the Introduction of New Species," and three years later the essay which was to link his name forever with Darwin's as the co-discoverer of the theory of natural selection.

The story of the origin of the "Origin of Species" has become part of our literary heritage. There are, however, personal and dramatic elements in it which should be recalled in any character estimate of Wallace. Darwin, in a letter to Hooker, disclosed the first steps of the great discovery. "I determined to collect blindly every sort of fact which could bear any way on what are species. . . . At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. . . . I think I have found out (here's presumption) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends." So the truth dawned upon Darwin, and he committed it to writing, and communicated with Hooker and Lyell.

About that time, far away in the virgin forests of Ternate, Wallace lay smitten by malarial fever. As he mused over the same old problem, the truth also flashed upon him, and as soon as the fever abated, he wrote it down and sent it to Darwin. "This essay," said Darwin, "which was admirably expressed and quite clear, contained exactly the same thing as mine. If Wallace had my MS. sketch, written out in 1842, he could not have made a better short abstract. Even his terms stand now as the heads of my chapters. So all my originality will be smashed. I have been anticipated with a vengeance."

The behaviour of the two men is a conspicuous instance of what has been called "the one high virtue, that exalted and magnanimous generosity which can never fail to touch a multitude." "As to the theory," wrote Wallace to Darwin, "I shall always maintain it to be actually yours, and yours only. . . .

All the merit I claim is the having been the means of inducing you to write and publish it at once." "What a fine philosophical mind your friend Wallace has; and he has acted, in relation to me, like a true man with a noble spirit," Darwin wrote to Bates. This is the point of this fragrant story of which I have retold a fragment—the men themselves were greater than the theory of evolution which has illumined the world. And through all the years of their relations not the faintest shadow of rivalry came between them. They both possessed in an enviable degree that calm tranquility born of true science and a devotion to



truth for its own sake which is in danger of being lost in this feverish and jealous age.

His wanderings over, he married in 1866 Annie Mitten, daughter of the eminent botanist, and commenced that happy home life which set him free to write.

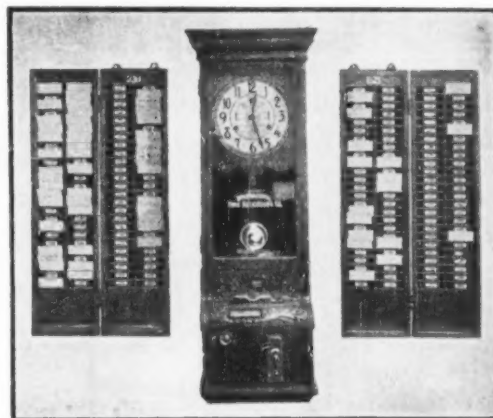
Speaking of his habits and manner of living his daughter says of him, "If he had no writing, his chief interests were in the garden, where he was always planning fresh beds or moving choice plants to better situations. He raised hundreds of plants from seeds sent from all parts of the world, and if there was any new plant in flower we were always told of it.

"He was very independent—always did everything for himself, was never read to, and only quite recently did he have any help with his correspondence. Walking was one of his great pleasures in the early days, and it was a family institution to go out for the whole day, taking lunch with us. Whenever we went for a holiday we walked every day, thoroughly exploring the new district in every direction with the help of an ordnance map which we took with us on our walks. He had no fear as to microbes or any such "nonsense," and would have drunk any water that looked clear. I remember he used to carry a little drinking cup, and on one delightful and never-to-be-forgotten walk in the Epping Forest he produced from his pocket a length of indiarubber tubing which he let down into a wayside stream and offered me a drink. If we cut our fingers they were bound up with stamp-paper, and this he always used for himself quite up to the end of his life.

"As to general characteristics, he was always cheerful, and always took a hopeful view of life and things in general. He hated pessimism. His interests and knowledge were so varied that he was able to talk on any subject, and to us was a veritable living encyclopædia supplying inexhaustible information. He was fond of little children, and liked me to have one or two pupils. If there were none, he always asked if any were coming, and was quite disappointed if I said no. I don't think he was really fond of animals; he put up with them, but took little notice of them, though he allowed the cat to lie on his table so long as it did not disturb him, and he was fond of watching kittens at play. An old cat we still have, aged 19½, was generally to be found in the study asleep amongst the books and papers."

Home and religion grew together, secret and deep as life itself. "The completely materialistic mind of my youth and early manhood," he wrote to the present writer not long before his death, "has been slowly moulded into the socialistic, spiritualistic, and theistic mind I now exhibit—a mind which is, as my scientific friends think, so weak and credulous in its declining years as to believe that fruit and flowers, domestic animals, glorious birds and insects, wool, cotton, sugar and rubber, metals and gems, were all foreseen and fore-or-

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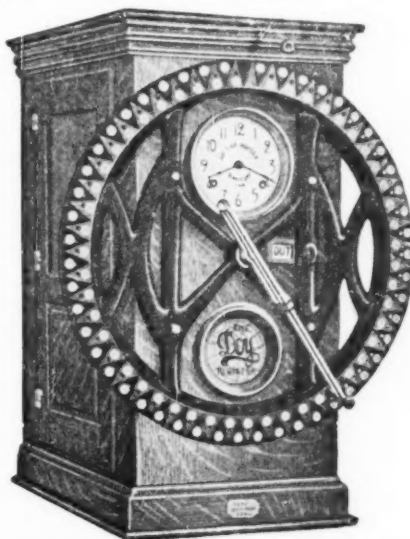
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clained for the education and enjoyment of man."

And again, in a later letter: "Laws of Nature apart from the existence and agency of some such Being or Beings are mere words that explain nothing—are, in fact, unthinkable. . . . Whether the 'Unknown Reality' is a single Being and acts everywhere in the universe as direct creator, organizer and director of every minutest motion in the whole of our universe, and of all possible universes, or whether it acts through infinite grades of beings, as I suggest, comes to much the same thing. Mine seems a more clear and intelligible supposition, and it is the teaching of the Bible, of Swedenborg, and of Milton."

There is, he contended, a creative Power, a directive Mind, and an ultimate Purpose in the very existence of the whole vast life-world, in all its long course of evolution through the aeons of geological time. This purpose is the development of man, the one crowning product of the whole cosmic process.

He believed that we could hold effective intercourse with spirits beyond the veil; that the cumulative weight of evidence for such communion was amply sufficient to convince the unprejudiced mind. To the cocksure opponents of super-naturalism he would have replied, with Carlyle: "The course of Nature's phases in this one little fraction of a planet is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of courses) our little epicycle revolves on? To the minnow every cranny and pebble and quality and accident may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds and monsoons and moon's eclipses, by all which the condition of the little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough) be quite upset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek this planet earth; his ocean the immeasurable all; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through aeons of aeons."

The wide realms of science and religion did not exhaust his interests. He was not quite sure of, although he wrote the above letter to disclose, the order of the development of his mind. His social views, however, largely occupied his later years. They were red with his life's blood. These views are given in many of his essays, but the final expression of them in Social Environment and Moral Progress, actually the last book he wrote, may be appropriately recounted. The book is an indictment of our present social environment. He shows by apt illustrations that the essential character of man—intellectual, emotional, and moral—is inherent in him from birth; that it is subject to great variation from individual to individual, and that its manifestation in conduct can be modified in a very high degree by the influence of public opinion and by education. These latter changes, however, are not hereditary, and it follows that no definite advance in morals can occur in any race unless there is some selec-



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five or segregative agency at work. He declares that history shows that the increase of wealth and luxury has been distributed with grave injustice. The first duty of a civilized Government, he says, is to "organize the labor of the whole community for the equal good of all," and to take immediate steps to abolish death by starvation and by preventable disease due to insanitary dwellings and dangerous employment. He saw, with Carlyle, that injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest.

And now hear the conclusion of his indictment of a nation which he heavily underscored in his manuscript:—"Taking account," he wrote, "of these various groups of undoubted facts, many of which are so gross, so terrible, that they cannot be overstated, it is not too much to say that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the social environment as a whole, in relation to our personalities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen."

What in his judgment is the remedy? There are conditions which indirect solvents can alone effectively break up. But Dr. Wallace believed that the existing social system must be completely overthrown by a frontal attack. First, there must be universal co-operation instead of universal competition; secondly, a system of economic brotherhood in place of economic antagonism; thirdly, freedom of access to land and capital for all; and lastly, equality of opportunity for all or of universal inheritance of the State in trust for the whole community. "We have ourselves," he says, "created a criminal or immoral social environment. To undo its inevitable results we must reverse our course. We must see that all our economic legislation, all our social reforms, are in the very opposite direction to those hitherto adopted."

What amazing versatility all this implies a glance over the catalogue of his writings will disclose. In the MS. before me they occupy thirty closely typed foolscap pages, and range over earth and sky and sea—for he was a biologist, a naturalist, a geographer, a sociologist, and he was familiar with the courses of the stars.

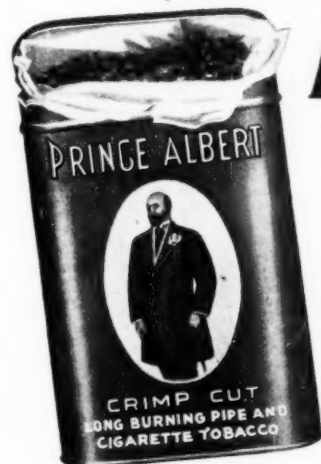
In one book he is engaged on a critical examination of Lowell's evidence for the habitability of Mars and on an exposition of the place of man on the earth in the universe; in another he is discussing with a vast wealth of first-hand observations, the permanence of continental and ocean areas; now he brings his analytical mind to the examination of the alleged results of vaccination, and again to an investigation into the phenomena of hypnotism, of which he had experimental knowledge; one period is given to a masterful survey and development of what he magnanimously calls Darwinism, which, with equal justice might have been called "Wallaceism," and another to the illuminating story of mimicry, and again to the wonderful nineteenth century. And, as we have seen, he brought the full weight of his knowledge and the deepest convictions of his heart to bear upon the causes of the suffering and oppressed which identified him with the

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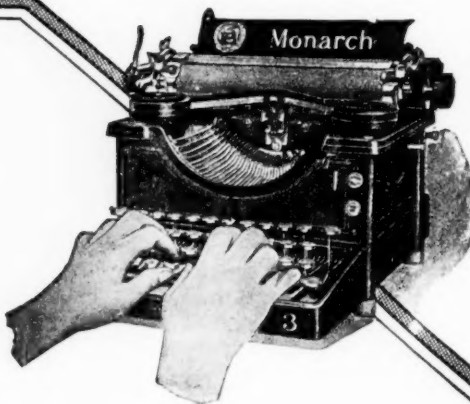
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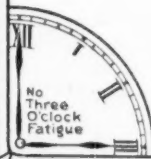
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revolt of democracy. The famous saying in the *Memoirs of Sully* might have been his: "It is never from a passion for attack that the populace rebels, but from impatience of suffering."

In every phase of these wide and varied themes Wallace had something practical to say which commanded a patient hearing, and whilst meeting the immediate need he saw the entwined roots of its origin, and the far-off historic complexities to which it would give rise. He never flinched from the uttermost results of his reasoning, and was courageous enough to take his own measure. If his reasoning led to anti this or anti that, he did not stop to count the cost to his scientific position, but loyally welcomed unpopular belief. And being desperately in earnest he could not cheerfully abide the frivolous or superficial man.

Yet in a singular degree he had the charming virtues of simplicity and transparent modesty, whilst his lofty spaciousness of outlook ranged over the long succession of past generations. Above all else, let it be repeated, he had a reverence for truth, which was his means of salvation. And his epitaph might justly be "*Veritatem dilexi.*"

Soul and body were well matched in Wallace. He had a fine presence, tall and remarkably erect, with a firm step and gracious demeanour. His noble head was at once the most attractive in any company, plentifully covered with beautiful white hair, his beard coming down over his breast. His eyes could not be clearly seen because he wore blue glasses, but as he talked a gentle smile played over his features. He sat with one leg over the other, quite at ease, his hands clasped in front of him. His voice was rich and mellow, like a good organ note, making it delightful to listen to the wonderful flow of his conversation, free from any trace of weakness.

He was about to begin writing a new book when the end suddenly approached. He literally fell asleep of old age on Friday, November 7th, in his ninety-first year. On Monday, the 10th, followed by his son and daughter and sister-in-law and a small company of kindred souls, he was buried with touching simplicity in the little cemetery of Broadstone, on a pine-clad dune swept by ocean breezes. There is a vacant spot beside the illustrious Darwin where by right of greatness he should have reposed, but the family and his own wishes prevailed. Before long, however, visitors to the Abbey may find his name engraved upon a medallion and bust beside Darwin's; in the Royal Society and our National Gallery a portrait by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., as a companion to Darwin's; and at South Kensington Museum, if funds permit, a statue. For in death, as in life, Darwin and Wallace are united. Here or yonder, they were members of the

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## William McMaster's Dynamics

(Continued from page 13.)

"You know," he replied, "I am Scotch to the very marrow. I suppose I am very conservative. I believe in the good old-fashioned virtues of loyalty and perseverance. I think it is a mistake to be too ambitious for immediate success. Young men nowadays too often gamble with their careers. The philosophers tell us that 'Heaven lies about us'—that happiness is not a thing of far-off attainment, but that it is ours here and now, if we will but recognize it. I believe it is the same with success. You will often see a young man throw up a fairly good, assured position, for a new and untried position that offers him for the moment more salary. The consequence is that in the long run he is frequently worse off instead of better. Looking back over my own acquaintances, it seems to be that the majority of those who have succeeded best are those who have gone steadily ahead—who have seen the possibilities lying immediately about them, and made the most of those. I don't mean to say that a man should work in a blind alley. He owes it to himself to see that his position offers reasonable prospect of success. But if those prospects do exist, then my experience is that the man who perseveres along his chosen line of endeavor is the one who most often wins. So much depends," he continued, "on the point of view. 'I don't think we can do our boys any better service than to teach them that useful work is wise work. To be honest and useful in our work; to be cheerful and fair, as in play; to shun waste of labor and of time; and to study and practice co-operation—these are the things that make for success.'"

But while Mr. McMaster has all his life been an enthusiastic worker, he has not allowed business entirely to absorb his interests. He has taken an interest in philanthropy—he is a life governor of the Montreal General and Western Hospitals and in the work of the Presbyterian Church in contributing to the building up of character. He has also been fond of sports all his life. Here, again, the character of the man stands out. The sport which appeals to him is the sport in which he can himself take part. He has never been found in the rank of baseball fans, but golf, and yachting, and the personal in the open are the things that have appealed—and at lacrosse, skating, snowshoeing and still appeal to him in the way of recreation. In his younger days he was keen at lacrosse, skating, snowshoeing and tennis besides, and he has never given up his daily horseback riding.

"If we've got to grow old, let's grow old as gracefully as we can," is one of his mottos. Perhaps this point of view towards life has had more than anything else to do with his buoyancy of mind and physique.

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If there is any condition of your skin which you want to improve, read the five treatments printed below. Here are simple, natural methods to correct the most common skin troubles—methods based on John H. Woodbury's years of experience in treating thousands of obstinate skin cases. Begin today to get their benefits.

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**2nd—For sluggish skins.** Rub a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap into the skin. Leave it on about five minutes. Then rinse the face with lukewarm water, and rub it gently for five minutes with a piece of ice.

**3rd—For hard, dry skins.** Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

**4th—For sallow skins.** Dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself, letting its lather remain on over night.



Try this treatment for whitening the skin to-night.

**5th—For users of cold creams.** Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and massage it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

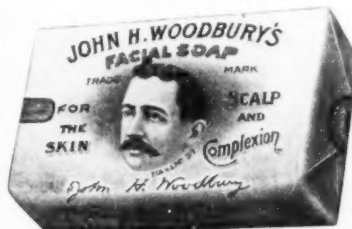
Begin tonight the treatment above best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that finer texture and velvety smoothness that you have always coveted for it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try your treatment above, tonight.

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Mr. McMaster is a Conservative, and has always been an active supporter of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. In the course of his business career he has seen a revolution in business methods. He has seen great, all-embracing corporations take the place of a multiplicity of small competitive businesses.

"Do you think," he was asked the other day, "that the future trend of business and manufacture will be more and more along the lines of what we call Trust methods, or do you think that the agitation against great corporations, such as is now going on in the United States, will eventually break down the Trust system?"

"I think," he said, "that both in manufacture and distribution the most efficient economic method is the method that will prevail, despite everything. I remember that in one of the trade organizations to which I belong, the complaint came up that department stores were selling a certain line of goods hitherto confined to one special line of stores. We were told that this was unfair competition, and we were asked to protest against it. But the stand I took was this—that if the department store method of distribution was the economic method, of reaching the consumer, then that was the right one, and things must settle themselves on that basis.

"It is the same with business. Whatever makes for economy in production is the method that will prevail. I think that in the future we shall see an extension of what are called Trust Methods of manufacture and distribution, wherever those methods are the economic ones. And speaking of great corporations, I think that they act against their own interests when they demand high protection or extort big profits. I think it is better for them and for their shareholders if they seek not a high, but a fair, protection, and if they are satisfied with small profits on the goods they produce. The whole effect of Trust methods should be to bring about such economy in production and distribution as will make for a better standard of wages for the workmen on the one hand, and a cheaper product for the consumer on the other hand. Small profits relatively are the ones that make high returns in the aggregate, and it will be, I think, just in proportion as they justify themselves economically that Trusts will, in the future, succeed or fail."

## Telephone from Holland to England

A submarine telephone is to be laid between Holland and England. The cable will be 105 miles in length and the total expense is estimated at more than \$3,000,000, which will be borne conjointly by the two countries. On the Holland side the starting point will probably be Westkapelle on the island of Walcheren. The English terminal has not yet been decided on.



## Best Selling Book

(Continued from page 16.)

ten on shipboard, while crossing the Atlantic.

"The Following of the Star" was written at the Villa Trollope in Florence, being a favorite spot of authors and composers, notably among whom were George Eliot, Mrs. Browning and Lord Lytton. Of present-day writers it has been used by Thomas Hardy, Eden Phillpotts and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Of Mrs. Barclay's books Morley Adams said recently, "They proclaim the same gospel that her forbears preached, but her congregation is the world."

It is interesting to note that it was through the influence of Mrs. Barclay's uncle, the learned Arabic scholar Professor Cowell, that Fitzgerald began the study of Arabic and he obtained considerable help from Professor Cowell in connection with the translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

### List of the Best Selling Books

Canadian Summary Compiled by Bookseller and Stationer

Fiction		Points
1.—The Inside of the Cup, Winston Churchill	.....	140
2.—The Broken Halo, Florence M. Barclay	.....	120
3.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me, Hall Caine	.....	102
4.—T. Tembarom, Frances Hodgson Burnett	.....	86
5.—Behind the Beyond, Stephen Leacock	.....	44
6.—Laddie, Gene Stratton Porter	.....	40
Non-Fiction		Points
Drummond's Poems	.....	36
Songs of a Sourdough	.....	26
Crowds	.....	20
Roughing It In the Bush	.....	20
Peloubet's Notes	.....	18
Canadian Days	.....	14

### Juveniles

	Points
Boys' Own Annual	52
Chums	36
Chatterbox	32
The Oz Books	24
Young Canada	22
Girls' Own Annual	20

### Best Selling Novels in England

Compiled for MacLean's Magazine by W. H. Smith & Sons

Hagar, May Johnson.  
T. Tembarom, F. Hodgson Burnett.  
The Judgment of the Sword, Maud Diver.  
The Witness for the Defence, A. E. W. Mason.  
The Custom of the Country, E. Wharton.  
Her Ladyship's Conscience, E. Thorneycroft Fowler.

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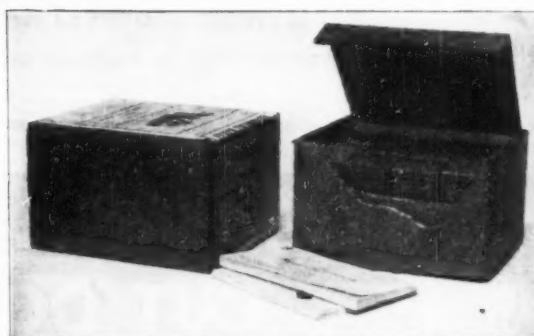
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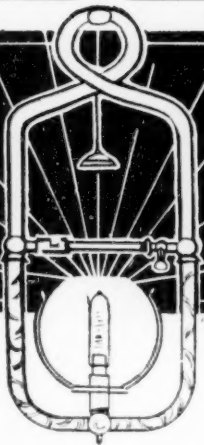
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	Points.
1.—The Inside of the Cup. Churchill	295
2.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine	275
3.—Laddie. Gene Stratton Porter	252
4.—The Iron Trail. Beach	104
5.—V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison	80
6.—T. Tembarom. Burnett	77

## The Solidarity of the Gooderhams

(Continued from page 8.)

Bay, though he has latterly substituted motoring for yachting to a considerable extent. This same member of the family may be regarded as the hobbyist of the tribe. He has dabbled in many pursuits and has collected all sorts of collectable objects, being at one time owner of the finest lot of terriers on the continent.

As a race the Gooderhams are a stalwart lot, physically large men of erect bearing and good presence. William Gooderham is recalled as a tall, well-proportioned man, a good specimen of the old-time English gentleman. His son was also a big man, stouter even than his father, while his grandsons conform to the family standard. Temperate habits and a somewhat stolid, unexcitable disposition, have combined to maintain the physical supremacy of the race.

Among all the characteristics which have been mentioned, it should not be difficult to estimate the reasons for the family success. For the family has enjoyed a continuance of prosperity that is rarely observable. The old saying, back to the soil in three generations, obviously fails in their case. They have carried along the family fortunes with uniform results and have done nothing to minimize the reputation established by the founder of the business.

Commencing with a capital which, for the times, was comparatively large, they have never hazarded its safety in foolish speculations. The Gooderhams are not speculators in the common acceptance of the term; they have not gained their wealth in real estate or promotion. It has all come from business and investment.

They are men again who are never phased by big figures. When perhaps the judgment of the average person might be unstrung by the very magnitude of a certain transaction, they bring to bear just as much coolness on its consideration as on a trifle of a few hundreds. One might not consider them brilliant financiers in the sense of being quick-moving, but they are very sane and sensible and their decisions are rarely wrong. They are masters of negotiations, evincing a baffling skill in "jolly-ing" their opponents.



Habits of industry and thrift, taught young, a sound mentality in strong bodies, pleasant home surroundings,—all these have contributed to the welfare of the family. Their recreation and outside interests have not been allowed to interfere with their work, nor have they let politics withdraw them from the business arena. They have above all trimmed their sails to meet every favorable breeze and have done nothing, apart from arousing the natural enmity of the temperance party, to incur popular displeasure. If to this be added a notable loyalty one to the other and a quiet attention to their own business, perhaps enough will have been written to explain, in part at least, the success of the Gooderham family.

## Why Mexico Boils Over

(Continued from page 15.)

power. Simple, is it not? And the process is subject to no possible variation.

To call such a country a republic is an absurd misnomer. It is nothing more or less than a military despotism, and it will so remain until some mailed hand is rudely laid upon it and crushes it into some tangible form of representative government, voicing the wishes of a majority of the governed. At the present time how this is to be done remains a matter of doubt. It is one of the most serious problems confronting President Wilson and the United States, to whom and which it seems to have been delegated by the European powers, who also are largely interested in its solution.

I have no doubt that the near future will see the termination of Huerta's sway in one way or another—possibly before this article reaches the reader's eye. Yet that will not complete the task. Poor, revolution-torn Mexico! When shall come a surcease to your interminable struggles? How long shall it be ere again you may see a return to the days of the true patriot, though only an Indian, Benito Juarez, or even to the peace and plenty under the Aztec realm?

## An Interesting Find on Tunis Coast

The wreck of an ancient vessel which, it is believed, was lost about 86 B.C., has been discovered on the Tunisian coast by Greek sponge fishers, lying at a depth of 130 feet. The craft seems to have been of about 400 tons, with a length of 100 feet, and a beam of 25 ft., but the most interesting part of the discovery is that she was laden with many valuable art treasures, bases and capitals for columns, effigies, statuary, furniture, tiles, leaden piping, lamps, etc. Sixty columns of bluish-white marble, each 13 feet high, were stowed in the hold. It is believed her cargo was part of the spoil taken from Athens by Sulla in the year 86 B.C.

# Quick Work on Trial Balance

DAILY LEDGER CONTROL PROOF and BALANCE SHEET										LEDGER A to C	
										MONTH	
DEBITS					CREDITS						
DATE	SALES	JOURNAL	VOUCHER RECORD	TOTAL	BALANCE	TOTAL	CASH	CR. MEMO	JOURNAL	VOUCHER RECORD	
1	100.00	100.00		100.00		100.00	100.00				
2	200.00	200.00		200.00		200.00	200.00				
3	300.00	300.00		300.00		300.00	300.00				
4	400.00	400.00		400.00		400.00	400.00				
5	500.00	500.00		500.00		500.00	500.00				
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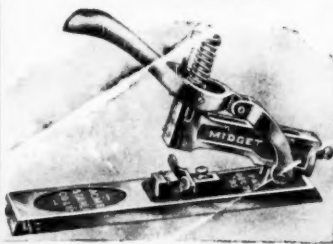
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#### THE MIDGET



(Patented)

## The Value of a Professor

A Scientific Seer Who Has Unravelling  
Many Apparently Unsolvable  
Things

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES has been more fortunate than most scientists, in that he has lived to see the universal acceptance of the ideas which were sneered at when he first suggested them more than a generation ago. The election to the presidency of the Royal Society, the oldest and most renowned of the scientific associations of Great Britain is a fitting honor to crown the career of one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is now in his eighty-second year, and a half century has passed since he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

A writer in an American exchange says, "His active life has then covered almost the entire period of the development of modern chemistry, and much of its history he has recorded in the weekly numbers of the Chemical News, which he founded in 1859 and has edited ever since. Much, too, of modern chemistry we owe to his own discoveries, for he possesses the rare combination of speculative insight and practical skill; no branch of chemistry was too humble and none too abstruse to receive his attention. He has guarded the health of London by daily analyses of its water supply and sewage.

Crookes first began to be heard about in the days when it was believed that the universe was built up of some seventy irreducible elements and the atom was thought to be the ultimate unit of matter. Official science stated that the atoms of an element were identical "like manufactured articles" and theologians took delight in the phrase as a confirmation of theism.

Conceive, then, of the shock to scientific orthodoxy when Professor Crookes came forward with the theory that all the elements are but different forms of some primordial stuff that he called "protyle" and that the atomic weight instead of being one of the "constants of nature" is "a mean value around which the actual weights of the atoms vary within certain narrow limits." It appears now that the chief fault in this statement of Crookes is the use of the word "narrow," for we are now told that the atoms of the same element may vary as much as eight units in the case of some of the higher elements. These are the metals of the rare earths which Crookes worked over for so many years, and when he found they could be separated by chemical means he talked about "meta-elements" or intermediary elements, much to the disgust of tidy chemists who wanted every element neatly packed in the pigeonhole that Mendeléeef had provided for it. But in 1900 Crookes himself proved the transmutation of the elements by extracting the radio-active element "Uranium X" from the mother of elements, uranium.



Then there was the Crookes tubes which their inventor persisted in saying contained matter in a "fourth state" as different from the gaseous as the gaseous is from liquid or solid; presumptuous in him, said or thought his colleagues, who saw in his tubes only a very rarefied gas, a closer approach to the vacuum. But now we know that these ghostly greenish rays that stream out from the cathode and bend to the magnet are corpuscles of negative electricity, almost dissociated from inert matter. The green or rosy tubes of liquid light that we see in photographic galleries and offices are but modifications of the original Crookes tubes. His "rare earths" are rare no longer; thorium and cerium make our gas mantles. In the jeweler's window we see the radiometer, its vanes of metal, black on one side and bright on the other, whirling as the sunlight strikes it. In fact we all owe something to this ingenious scientist. Our clothes may be dyed by the Crookes method; the gold and silver in our pockets may have been extracted from the ore by his amalgamation process.

### Visits to the Other World

JULES VERNE was a scientific man, says H. H. Windsor in *Popular Mechanics*, and many regard his fiction stories of submarine and aerial flight—which at the time they were published seemed wild dreams—as a serious prediction of what he believed would be accomplished. As a matter of fact he did live to see the submarine an accepted arm of two navies, and the Wrights were well advanced toward success before he died. There remains his "Trip to the Moon," which seems absolutely impossible of accomplishment. Nevertheless there are scientific men who dare to reach out into space and chart a pathway to other worlds. One of these, M. Ernest Archdeacon, who ranks among the foremost authorities in France on aviation, predicts our present aviation machines, which at best could not encircle the earth in less than eight days, will be abandoned for air craft which will girdle the globe in 66 minutes. "All the peoples of the earth will then form a sole and single nation."

Man, insatiable in his ambition, is contemplating interplanetary flight, and M. Esnault Pelletier believes the vehicle will be a self-propelled rocket (Verne again) with a speed of seven miles a second, which is estimated to be sufficient velocity to carry the projectile beyond the zone of terrestrial attraction. At this rate the moon would be reached in less than ten hours—assuming, of course, the vehicle was not melted long before by the heat generated in its terrific flight. Radium is suggested as a possible motive power. The idea of interplanetary flight, from our present viewpoint seems of course impossible, the submarine was 400 years in developing. Mr. Archdeacon says, "I am convinced that in a certain number of centuries the inhabitants of all the planets will have made acquaintance with one another, and I foresee the day when a world's interplanetary congress will be held."

## Saving a Dollar by Stopping a Leak

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Just remember this: That a leak keeps right on leaking. You can't be too watchful nor look it up too soon. Within the last two months several thousand retailers have asked for this bulletin. They want it just to learn new ways, or better ways, to stop a leak here—to save a dollar there—in their businesses.

We can afford to give the Bulletin to you, because when you have used these suggestions and have saved money from these little leaks, you will naturally want to stop any big leaks or learn how to make or save still more money—and you will then want us to show you how others are doing just that by using the Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine.

We make bookkeeping machines to fit any line of business—one that will fit right into your business—at just the price your business can carry as investment (not expense)—one that will pay its way and save its cost. Only a few of these machine methods are mentioned in the book, "Stopping Store Leaks." Send the coupon or enclose the coupon in your letter. We will show you a Burroughs now if you wish.

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The \$1,250 Overland has just as complete and just as expensive equipment as most \$1,500 cars. *Compare and see.*

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And we can offer this exceptional value because we are the largest makers of this type of car in the world.

Why hesitate? There are more Overlands being sold to-day than any other similar car made. And this is because we continue to give more standard car for less actual money.

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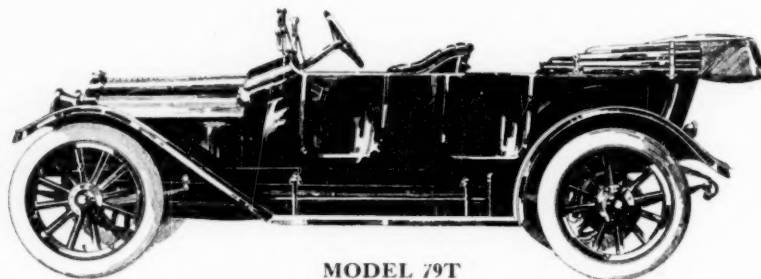
### Specifications:

Electric head, side, tail and dash lights  
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## Why the "Sovereign" must have an Increased Heating Capacity

THE "Sovereign" hot water boiler is not a departure from the general lines of the conventional type of hot water boiler.

It consists of an ample fire-pot with sloping, corrugated walls, enclosed in a water-jacket, and having a series of boiler sections above the fire-pot and a sifting grate and ash pit beneath it.

Where the "Sovereign" is different is in the arrangement and proportion of the interior parts.

**INTERIOR WALLS OF THE WATER JACKET:** These are corrugated so that the water flows against a greatly increased surface of heated metal.

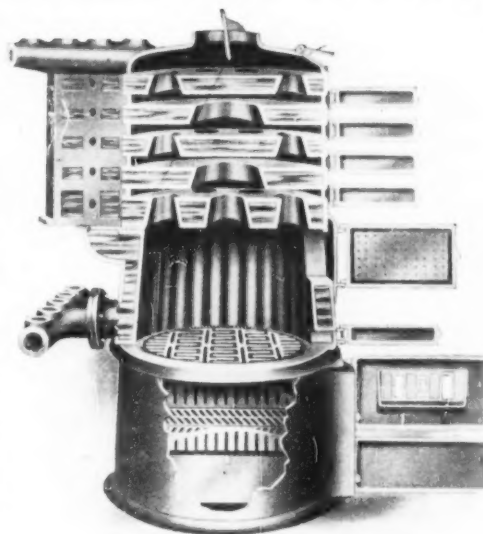
### LARGER FIRST SECTION:

The first boiler section, the one directly over the bed of the fire, is made one-third larger than the other sections. This brings a larger volume of water into the path of the most intense heat and prevents any possibility of boiling, which would have the effect of raising steam and delaying circulation of the heating medium.

**FLARED FLUES:** The flues, or vents in the boiler sections, through which the heat travels on its course to the chimney, are made larger than is usual and have flared walls—are bell mouthed. And these flues are placed to one side of each other so that the course of the fire travel is "baffled," or zig-zag.

**INDIVIDUAL CLEAN-OUT DOORS:** Each of the boiler sections has a separate clean-out door, so that soot and fine ashes may be removed from the sections without chilling the boiler and causing a loss in radiation.

**THESE APPARENTLY SMALL IMPROVEMENTS IN CONSTRUCTION GREATLY INCREASE THE HEATING CAPACITY OF THE "SOVEREIGN" AND ADAPT IT FOR BURNING HARD OR SOFT COAL OR WOOD.**



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